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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

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OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

LONDON:

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

Westminster Abbey

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN;

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL POEMS, TALES, AND TRANSLATIONS;

WITH NOTES

BY

THE REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.; THE REV. JOHN WARTON, M.A.;

AND OTHERS.

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THE HON. MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD, D.C.L.,

THIS EDITION OF

THE POETICAL WORKS OF DRYDEN

IS INSCRIBED

BY

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March, 1851.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE LIFE OF DRYDEN, BY DR. JOHNSON i

UPON THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS 1

VERSES TO J. HODDESDON 3

HEROIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL, WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL 4

ASTRÆA REDUX; A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES II., 1660 7

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY; A PANEGYRIC ON THE CORONATION OF KING CHARLES II. . 12

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE; PRESENTED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1662 13

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1662 15

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK, ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY GAINED BY THE DUKE OVER THE HOLLANDERS, JUNE 3, 1665, AND ON HER JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO THE NORTH 16

ANNUS MIRABILIS; THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666; AN HISTORICAL POEM 17

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE, BY MR. DRYDEN AND THE EARL OF MULGRAVE 41

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL, PART I. 46

——————————— PART II. 64

KEY TO ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL 77

THE MEDAL; A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION 78

RELIGIO LAICI; OR, A LAYMAN'S FAITH 84

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS; A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM, SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF KING CHARLES II. 94

VERSES TO MR. J. NORTHLEIGH, AUTHOR OF THE PARALLEL, ON HIS TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY 99

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER; A POEM, IN THREE PARTS 100

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA; A POEM ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE 131

MAC-FLECKNOE 135

EPISTLES:

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, SIR ROBERT HOWARD, ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS 138

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, DR. CHARLETON, ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS; BUT MORE PARTICULARLY HIS TREATISE OF STONEHENGE, BY HIM RESTORED TO THE TRUE FOUNDER 139

PAGE

EPISTLES—(*Continued.*)

TO THE LADY CASTLEMAIN, UPON HER ENCOURAGING HIS FIRST PLAY 141

TO MR. LEE, ON HIS ALEXANDER 141

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE . . 142

TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK, ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, IN THE YEAR 1682 . . 143

TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE 143

TO MR. SOUTHERNE, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED, "THE WIVES' EXCUSE" 144

TO HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ., ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL . 144

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. CONGREVE, ON HIS COMEDY, CALLED "THE DOUBLE DEALER" . 145

TO MR. GRANVILLE, ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY, CALLED "HEROIC LOVE" . . . 146

TO MY FRIEND, MR. MOTTEUX, ON HIS TRAGEDY, CALLED "BEAUTY IN DISTRESS" . . 146

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN, JOHN DRYDEN, OF CHESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQ. 147

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER, PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY 149

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS:

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM 151

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY, MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW, EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING. AN ODE . . . 151

UPON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF DUNDEE 153

ELEONORA; A PANEGYRICAL POEM, DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON 154

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS; A PASTORAL ELEGY 159

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN 160

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS, OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE 160

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL, SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW 160

EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITMORE 161

EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY 161

UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE, BEFORE HIS "PARADISE LOST" 161

ON THE MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY, WHO DIED AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED 161

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON, OF BURNINGHAM, IN NORFOLK 162

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER 162

SONGS, ODES, AND A MASQUE:

THE FAIR STRANGER, A SONG 163

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN 163

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687 163

SONG. "FAREWELL, FAIR ARMIDA" 164

THE LADY'S SONG 164

SONGS 165

A SONG. TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY, GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING . . . 165

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC: AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY 166

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS, PARAPHRASED 168

THE SECULAR MASQUE 168

SONG OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS, WHO BEING CROSSED BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER, AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM 169

PAGE

SONGS AND ODES—(*Continued.*)

SONGS IN THE "INDIAN EMPEROR" 170
SONG IN THE "MAIDEN QUEEN" 170
SONG IN THE FIRST PART OF "THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA" 170
SONG, IN TWO PARTS, IN THE SECOND PART OF "THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA" . . . 171
SONG OF THE SEA-FIGHT, IN "AMBOYNA" 171
INCANTATION IN "ŒDIPUS" 171
SONGS IN "ALBION AND ALBANIUS" 172
——— "KING ARTHUR" 172
SONGS TO BRITANNIA, IN "KING ARTHUR" 173
SONG OF JEALOUSY, IN "LOVE TRIUMPHANT" 173

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES:

PROLOGUE TO "THE RIVAL LADIES" 174
——— "THE INDIAN QUEEN" 174
EPILOGUE TO DITTO, SPOKEN BY MONTEZUMA 175
——— "THE INDIAN EMPEROR," BY A MERCURY 175
PROLOGUE TO "SIR MARTIN MAR-ALL" 175
——— "THE TEMPEST" 175
——— "TYRANNIC LOVE" 176
EPILOGUE TO "THE WILD GALLANT," WHEN REVIVED 176
PROLOGUE, SPOKEN THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE ACTING AFTER THE FIRE . 176
EPILOGUE TO THE SECOND PART OF "THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA" 177
PROLOGUE TO "AMBOYNA" 177
EPILOGUE TO DITTO 177
PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE, MARCH 26TH, 1674 . . . 177
——— TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1674; SPOKEN BY MR. HART 178
——— "CIRCE." BY DR. DAVENANT, 1675 179
EPILOGUE INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE LADY HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH, WHEN "CALISTO" WAS ACTED AT COURT 179
PROLOGUE TO "AURENGZEBE" 179
EPILOGUE TO "THE MAN OF MODE; OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER." BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676 180
EPILOGUE TO "ALL FOR LOVE" 180
PROLOGUE TO "LIMBERHAM" 180
EPILOGUE TO "MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS." BY MR. N. LEE, 1678 180
PROLOGUE TO "ŒDIPUS" 181
EPILOGUE TO DITTO 181
PROLOGUE TO "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA." SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON, REPRESENTING THE GHOST OF SHAKSPEARE 182
PROLOGUE TO "CÆSAR BORGIA." BY MR. N. LEE, 1680 182
——— "SOPHONISBA," AT OXFORD, 1680 182
A PROLOGUE 183
PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681 183
——— HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1682 184

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES—(*Continued.*) PAGE

PROLOGUE TO "THE EARL OF ESSEX." BY MR. J. BANKS, 1682. SPOKEN TO THE KING AND THE QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE 184
AN EPILOGUE FOR THE KING'S HOUSE 184
PROLOGUE TO "THE LOYAL BROTHER; OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE." BY MR. SOUTHERNE, 1682 185
——— TO THE KING AND QUEEN, UPON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1682 185
PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF "THE SILENT WOMAN" 186
EPILOGUE, SPOKEN BY THE SAME 186
——— AT OXFORD, BY MRS. MARSHALL 187
PROLOGUES TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD 187
PROLOGUE TO "ALBION AND ALBANIUS" 188
EPILOGUE TO DITTO 188
PROLOGUE TO "ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA," REVIVED. BY LODOWICK CARLELL, ESQ. SPOKEN BY MR. HART 189
PROLOGUE TO "DON SEBASTIAN." SPOKEN BY A WOMAN 189
——— "THE PROPHETESS." BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, REVIVED BY MR. DRYDEN. SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON 189
PROLOGUE TO "THE MISTAKES" 190
——— "KING ARTHUR." SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON 191
EPILOGUE TO "HENRY II." BY MR. MOUNTFORT, 1693. SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE . 191
PROLOGUE TO "ALBUMAZAR" 191
AN EPILOGUE 192
EPILOGUE TO "THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD" 192
PROLOGUE TO "THE PILGRIM." REVIVED FOR OUR AUTHOR'S BENEFIT, ANNO 1700 . . 193
EPILOGUE TO "THE PILGRIM" 193

TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS, AND HORACE:

AMARYLLIS; OR, THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS, PARAPHRASED 201
THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS, FROM THE EIGHTEENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS. 202
THE DESPAIRING LOVER; FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS . . . 203
THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIUS 204
——— SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIUS 204
THE LATTER PART OF THE THIRD BOOK OF LUCRETIUS, AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH . 205
FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF LUCRETIUS 207
THE THIRD ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE; INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, ON HIS INTENDED VOYAGE TO IRELAND 208
THE NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE 208
THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE; PARAPHRASED IN PINDARIC VERSE, AND INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. LAURENCE, EARL OF ROCHESTER . . 209
THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE 210

FABLES:

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND 211
PREFACE PREFIXED TO THE FABLES 214

PAGE

FABLES—(*Continued.*)

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND 224
PALAMON AND ARCITE; OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE. BOOK I. 226
——— BOOK II. 231
——— BOOK III. 238
THE COCK AND THE FOX; OR, THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST 249
THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF; OR, THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR. A VISION 256
THE WIFE OF BATH, HER TALE 262
THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON 267

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOCCACE:

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO 268
THEODORE AND HONORIA 275
CYMON AND IPHIGENIA 278

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES:

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD RADCLIFFE 284
THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES 289
MELEAGER AND ATALANTA, OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES . . 298
BAUCIS AND PHILEMON, OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES . . . 301
THE FABLE OF IPHIS AND IANTHE, FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES . 303
PYGMALION AND THE STATUE, FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES . . 305
CINYRAS AND MYRRHA, OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES . . . 306
CEYX AND ALCYONE, OUT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES . . . 309
ÆSACUS TRANSFORMED INTO A CORMORANT, FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES 313
THE TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES WHOLLY TRANSLATED 313
THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES, FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES 320
THE STORY OF ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA, FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES 325
OF THE PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY, FROM THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES 327

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES:

PREFACE CONCERNING OVID'S EPISTLES 333
CANACE TO MACAREUS. EPIST. XI. 338
HELEN TO PARIS. EPIST. XVII. 339
DIDO TO ÆNEAS. EPIST. VII. 341

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE:

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE 343
FROM OVID'S AMOURS. BOOK I. ELEG. 1. 350
——— BOOK I. ELEG. 4. 350
——— BOOK II. ELEG. 19. 351

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL:

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL AND PROGRESS OF SATIRE 352
THE FIRST SATIRE 389
THE THIRD SATIRE 392
THE SIXTH SATIRE 397

PAGE

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL—(*Continued.*)

THE TENTH SATIRE 405

THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE 411

TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS:

THE FIRST SATIRE 412

THE FIRST SATIRE. IN DIALOGUE BETWIXT THE POET AND HIS FRIEND OR MONITOR . 413

THE SECOND SATIRE 416

THE THIRD SATIRE 418

THE FOURTH SATIRE 420

THE FIFTH SATIRE. INSCRIBED TO THE REV. DR. BUSBY 422

THE SIXTH SATIRE. TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET 425

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER:

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS 428

THE LAST PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE, FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD 435

THE ART OF POETRY:

CANTO I. 437

CANTO II. 439

CANTO III. 440

CANTO IV. 444

THE LIFE OF DRYDEN,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

OF the great poet whose life I am about to delineate, the curiosity which his reputation must excite will require a display more ample than can now be given. His contemporaries, however they reverenced his genius, left his life unwritten; and nothing therefore can be known beyond what casual mention and uncertain tradition have supplied.

JOHN DRYDEN was born August 9, 1631,* at Aldwinkle near Oundle, the son of Erasmus Dryden of Titchmersh; who was the third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, baronet, of Canons Ashby. All these places are in Northamptonshire; but the original stock of the family was in the county of Huntingdon.†

He is reported by his last biographer, Derrick, to have inherited from his father an estate of two hundred a year, and to have been bred, as was said, an Anabaptist. For either of these particulars no authority is given. Such a fortune ought to have secured him from that poverty which seems always to have oppressed him; or, if he had wasted it, to have made him ashamed of publishing his necessities. But though he had many enemies, who undoubtedly examined his life with a scrutiny sufficiently malicious, I do not remember that he is ever charged with waste of his patrimony. He was indeed sometimes reproached for his first religion. I am therefore inclined to believe that Derrick's intelligence was partly true, and partly erroneous.‡

From Westminster school, where he was instructed as one of the King's Scholars by Dr. Busby, whom he long after continued to reverence, he was in 1650 elected to one of the Westminster scholarships at Cambridge.§

Of his school performances has appeared only a poem on the death of Lord Hastings, composed with great ambition of such conceits as, notwithstanding the reformation begun by Waller and Denham, the example of Cowley still kept in reputation. Lord Hastings died of the small pox; and his poet has made of the pustules, first rosebuds, and then gems; at last he exalts them into stars; and says,—

> "No comet need foretel his change drew on,
> Whose corpse might seem a constellation."

At the university he does not appear to have been eager of poetical distinction, or to have lavished his early wit either on fictitious subjects or public occasions. He probably

* Mr. Malone has lately proved that there is no satisfactory evidence for this date. The inscription on Dryden's monument says only *natus* 1632. See Malone's Life of Dryden, prefixed to his "Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works." p. 5. note.—C.

† Of Cumberland. Ibid. p. 10.—C.

‡ Mr. Derrick's Life of Dryden was prefixed to a very beautiful and correct edition of Dryden's Miscellanies, published by the Tonsons in 1760, 4 vols. 8vo. Derrick's part, however, was poorly executed, and the edition never became popular.—C.

§ He went off to Trinity College, and was admitted to a Bachelor's Degree in Jan. 1653-4, and in 1657 was made M.A.—C.

considered, that he, who proposed to be an author, ought first to be a student. He obtained, whatever was the reason, no fellowship in the College. Why he was excluded cannot now be known, and it is vain to guess; had he thought himself injured, he knew how to complain. In the Life of Plutarch he mentions his education in the College with gratitude; but, in a prologue at Oxford, he has these lines:

> "Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
> Than his own mother-university;
> Thebes did his rude, unknowing youth engage;
> He chooses Athens in his riper age."

It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a public candidate for fame, by publishing *Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector;* which, compared with the verses of Sprat and Waller on the same occasion, were sufficient to raise great expectations of the rising poet.

When the king was restored, Dryden, like the other panegyrists of usurpation, changed his opinion, or his profession, and published ASTREA REDUX; *a Poem on the happy Restoration and Return of his most sacred Majesty King Charles the Second.*

The reproach of inconstancy was, on this occasion, shared with such numbers, that it produced neither hatred nor disgrace; if he changed, he changed with the nation. It was, however, not totally forgotten when his reputation raised him enemies.

The same year he praised the new king in a second poem on his restoration. In the ASTREA was the line,

> "An horrid *stillness* first *invades* the *ear*,
> And in that silence we a tempest fear—"

for which he was persecuted with perpetual ridicule, perhaps with more than was deserved. *Silence* is indeed mere privation; and, so considered, cannot *invade;* but privation likewise certainly is *darkness*, and probably *cold;* yet poetry has never been refused the right of ascribing effects or agency to them as to positive powers. No man scruples to say that *darkness* hinders him from his work; or that *cold* has killed the plants. Death is also privation; yet who has made any difficulty of assigning to Death a dart and the power of striking!

In settling the order of his works there is some difficulty; for, even when they are important enough to be formally offered to a patron, he does not commonly date his dedication; the time of writing and publishing is not always the same; nor can the first editions be easily found, if even from them could be obtained the necessary information.*

The time at which his first play was exhibited is not certainly known, because it was not printed till it was, some years afterwards, altered and revived; but since the plays are said to be printed in the order in which they were written, from the dates of some, those of others may be inferred; and thus it may be collected, that in 1663, in the thirty-second year of his life, he commenced a writer for the stage; compelled undoubtedly by necessity, for he appears never to have loved that exercise of his genius, or to have much pleased himself with his own dramas.

Of the stage, when he had once invaded it, he kept possession for many years; not indeed without the competition of rivals who sometimes prevailed, or the censure of critics, which was often poignant, and often just; but with such a degree of reputation as made him at least secure of being heard, whatever might be the final determination of the public.

His first piece was a comedy called the *Wild Gallant.* He began with no happy auguries; for his performance was so much disapproved, that he was compelled to recal it, and change it from its imperfect state to the form in which it now appears, and which is yet sufficiently defective to vindicate the critics.

* The order of his plays has been accurately ascertained by Mr. Malone.—C.

I wish that there were no necessity of following the progress of his theatrical fame, or tracing the meanders of his mind through the whole series of his dramatic performances; it will be fit, however, to enumerate them, and to take especial notice of those that are distinguished by any peculiarity, intrinsic or concomitant; for the composition and fate of eight-and-twenty dramas include too much of a poetical life to be omitted.

In 1664 he published the *Rival Ladies*, which he dedicated to the Earl of Orrery, a man of high reputation, both as a writer and as a statesman. In this play he made his essay of dramatic rhyme, which he defends, in his dedication, with sufficient certainty of a favourable hearing; for Orrery was himself a writer of rhyming tragedies.

He then joined with Sir Robert Howard in the *Indian Queen*, a tragedy in rhyme. The parts which either of them wrote are not distinguished.

The *Indian Emperor* was published in 1667. It is a tragedy in rhyme, intended for a sequel to *Howard's Indian Queen*. Of this connection notice was given to the audience by printed bills, distributed at the door; an expedient supposed to be ridiculed in the *Rehearsal*, where Bayes tells how many reams he has printed, to instil into the audience some conception of his plot.

In this play is the description of Night, which Rymer has made famous by preferring it to those of all other poets.

The practice of making tragedies in rhyme was introduced soon after the Restoration, as it seems by the Earl of Orrery, in compliance with the opinion of Charles the Second, who had formed his taste by the French theatre; and Dryden, who wrote, and made no difficulty of declaring that he wrote only to please, and who perhaps knew that by his dexterity of versification he was more likely to excel others in rhyme than without it, very readily adopted his master's preference. He therefore made rhyming tragedies, till, by the prevalence of manifest propriety, he seems to have grown ashamed of making them any longer.

To this play is prefixed a very vehement defence of dramatic rhyme, in confutation of the preface to the *Duke of Lerma*, in which Sir Robert Howard had censured it.

In 1667 he published *Annus Mirabilis*, the *Year of Wonders*, which may be esteemed one of his most elaborate works.

It is addressed to Sir Robert Howard by a letter, which is not properly a dedication; and, writing to a poet, he has interspersed many critical observations, of which some are common, and some perhaps ventured without much consideration. He began, even now, to exercise the domination of conscious genius, by recommending his own performance: "I am satisfied that as the Prince and General [Rupert and Monk] are incomparably the best subjects I ever had, so what I have written on them is much better than what I have performed on any other. As I have endeavoured to adorn my poem with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution."

It is written in quatrains, or heroic stanzas of four lines; a measure which he had learned from the *Gondibert* of Davenant, and which he then thought the most majestic that the English language affords. Of this stanza he mentions the incumbrances, increased as they were by the exactness which the age required. It was, throughout his life, very much his custom to recommend his works by representation of the difficulties that he had encountered, without appearing to have sufficiently considered, that where there is no difficulty there is no praise.

There seems to be, in the conduct of Sir Robert Howard and Dryden towards each other, something that is not now easily to be explained. Dryden, in his dedication to the Earl of Orrery, had defended dramatic rhyme; and Howard, in the preface to a collection of plays, had censured his opinion. Dryden vindicated himself in his *Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry:* Howard, in his preface to the *Duke of Lerma*, animadverted on the Vindication; and Dryden, in a preface to the *Indian Emperor*, replied to the Animadversions with great asperity, and almost with contumely. The dedication to this play is dated the year in which the *Annus Mirabilis* was published. Here appears a strange inconsistency; but Langbaine affords some help, by relating that the answer to Howard was not published in the first edition of the

play, but was added when it was afterwards reprinted; and as the *Duke of Lerma* did not appear till 1668, the same year in which the dialogue was published, there was time enough for enmity to grow up between authors, who, writing both for the theatre, were naturally rivals.

He was now so much distinguished, that in 1668* he succeeded Sir William Davenant as poet laureat. The salary of the laureat had been raised in favour of Jonson, by Charles the First, from an hundred marks to one hundred pounds a year, and a tierce of wine; a revenue in those days not inadequate to the conveniences of life.

The same year, he published his essay on Dramatic Poetry, an elegant and instructive dialogue, in which we are told, by Prior, that the principal character is meant to represent the Duke of Dorset. This work seems to have given Addison a model for his Dialogues upon Medals.

Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen (1668), is a tragi-comedy. In the preface he discusses a curious question, whether a poet can judge well of his own productions? and determines very justly, that, of the plan and disposition, and all that can be reduced to principles of science, the author may depend upon his own opinion; but that, in those parts where fancy predominates, self-love may easily deceive. He might have observed, that what is good only because it pleases, cannot be pronounced good till it has been found to please.

Sir Martin Marr-all (1668) is a comedy, published without preface or dedication, and at first without the name of the author. Langbaine charges it, like most of the rest, with plagiarism; and observes, that the song is translated from Voiture, allowing however that both the sense and measure are exactly observed.

The Tempest (1670) is an alteration of Shakspeare's play, made by Dryden in conjunction with Davenant; "whom," says he, "I found of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him in which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the Latin proverb, were not always the least happy; and as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man."

The effect produced by the conjunction of these two powerful minds was, that to Shakspeare's monster, Caliban, is added a sister monster, Sycorax; and a woman, who, in the original play, had never seen a man, is in this brought acquainted with a man that had never seen a woman.

About this time, in 1673, Dryden seems to have had his quiet much disturbed by the success of the *Empress of Morocco*, a tragedy written in rhyme by *Elkanah Settle*; which was so much applauded, as to make him think his supremacy of reputation in some danger. Settle had not only been prosperous on the stage, but, in the confidence of success, had published his play, with sculptures and a preface of defiance. Here was one offence added to another; and, for the last blast of inflammation, it was acted at Whitehall by the court-ladies.

Dryden could not now repress those emotions, which he called indignation, and others jealousy; but wrote upon the play and the dedication such criticism as malignant impatience could pour out in haste.

Of Settle he gives this character: "He 's an animal of a most deplored understanding, without reading and conversation. His being is in a twilight of sense, and some glimmering of thought which he can never fashion into wit or English. His style is boisterous and rough-hewn, his rhyme incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers perpetually harsh and ill-sounding. The little talent which he has, is fancy. He sometimes labours with a thought; but, with the pudder he makes to bring it into the world, 'tis commonly still-born; so that, for want

* He did not obtain the Laurel till August 18, 1670, but, Mr. Malone informs us, the patent had a retrospect, and the salary commenced from the Midsummer after D'Avenant's death.—C.

of learning and elocution, he will never be able to express anything either naturally or justly."

This is not very decent; yet this is one of the pages in which criticism prevails over brutal fury.

He proceeds: "He has a heavy hand at fools, and a great felicity in writing nonsense for them. Fools they will be in spite of him. His King, his two Empresses, his Villain, and his Sub-villain, nay his Hero, have all a certain natural cast of the father—their father was born and bred in them, and something of the Elkanah will be visible."

This is Dryden's general declamation; I will not withhold from the reader a particular remark. Having gone through the first act, he says, "To conclude this act with the most rumbling piece of nonsense spoken yet:—

"'To flattering lightning our feign'd smiles conform,
Which, back'd with thunder, do but gild a storm.'

"*Conform a smile to lightning*, make a *smile* imitate *lightning*, and *flattering lightning:* lightning sure is a threatening thing. And this lightning must *gild a storm.* Now, if I must conform my smiles to lightning, then my smiles must gild a storm too: to *gild* with *smiles*, is a new invention of gilding. And gild a storm by being *backed with thunder.* Thunder is part of the storm; so one part of the storm must help to *gild* another part, and help by *backing;* as if a man would gild a thing the better for being backed, or having a load upon his back. So that here is *gilding* by *conforming, smiling, lightning, backing*, and *thundering.* The whole is as if I should say thus: I will make my counterfeit smiles look like a flattering stone-horse, which, being backed with a trooper, does but gild the battle. I am mistaken if nonsense is not here pretty thick sown. Sure the poet writ these two lines a-board some smack in a storm, and, being sea-sick, spewed up a good lump of clotted nonsense at once."

Here is perhaps a sufficient specimen; but as the pamphlet, though Dryden's, has never been thought worthy of republication, and is not easily to be found, it may gratify curiosity to quote it more largely:—

"'——— Whene'er she bleeds,
He no severer a damnation needs,
That dares pronounce the sentence of her death,
Than the infection that attends that breath.'

"*That attends that breath.*—The poet is at *breath* again; *breath* can never 'scape him; and here he brings in a *breath* that must be *infectious* with *pronouncing* a sentence; and this sentence is not to be pronounced till the condemned party *bleeds;* that is, she must be executed first, and sentenced after; and the *pronouncing* of this *sentence* will be infectious; that is, others will catch the disease of that sentence, and this infecting of others will torment a man's self. The whole is thus; *when she bleeds, thou needest no greater hell or torment to thyself, than infecting of others by pronouncing a sentence upon her.* What hodge podge does he make here! Never was Dutch grout such clogging, thick, indigestible stuff. But this is but a taste to stay the stomach; we shall have a more plentiful mess presently.

"Now to dish up the poet's broth, that I promised:—

"'For when we're dead, and our freed souls enlarged,
Of nature's grosser burden we're discharged.
Then, gentle as a happy lover's sigh,
Like wand'ring meteors through the air we'll fly,
And in our airy walk, as subtle guests,
We'll steal into our cruel fathers' breasts,
There read their souls, and track each passion's sphere,
See how Revenge moves there, Ambition here;
And in their orbs view the dark characters
Of sieges, ruins, murders, blood, and wars.
We'll blot out all those hideous draughts, and write
Pure and white forms; then with a radiant light

Their breasts encircle, till their passions be
Gentle as nature in its infancy;
Till, soften'd by our charms, their furies cease,
And their revenge resolves into a peace.
Thus by our death their quarrel ends,
Whom living we made foes, dead we 'll make friends.

"If this be not a very liberal mess, I will refer myself to the stomach of any moderate guest. And a rare mess it is, far excelling any Westminster white-broth. It is a kind of giblet porridge, made of the giblets of a couple of young geese, stogged full of *meteors, orbs, spheres, track, hideous draughts, dark characters, white forms*, and *radiant lights*, designed not only to please appetite, and indulge luxury, but it is also physical, being an approved medicine to purge choler; for it is propounded, by Morena, as a receipt to cure their fathers of their choleric humours; and, were it written in characters as barbarous as the words, might very well pass for a doctor's bill. To conclude: it is porridge, 'tis a receipt, 'tis a pig with a pudding in the belly, 'tis I know not what: for, certainly, never any one that pretended to write sense had the impudence before to put such stuff as this into the mouths of those that were to speak it before an audience, whom he did not take to be all fools; and after that to print it too, and expose it to the examination of the world. But let us see what we can make of this stuff:—

"'For when we're dead, and our freed souls enlarged—'

Here he tells us what it is to be *dead;* it is to have *our freed souls set free.* Now, if to have a soul set free, is to be dead; then to have a *freed soul* set free, is to have a dead man die.

"'Then, gently as a happy lover's sigh——'

They two like one *sigh*, and that one *sigh* like two wandering meteors,

"'—— Shall fly through the air——'

That is, they shall mount above like falling stars, or else they shall skip like two jacks with lanthorns, or Will with a whisp, and Madge with a candle.

"*And in their airy walk steal into their cruel fathers' breasts, like subtle guests.*—So that their *fathers' breasts* must be in an *airy walk*, an airy *walk* of a *flier. And there they will read their souls, and track the spheres of their passions.* That is, these walking fliers, Jack with a lanthorn, &c., will put on his spectacles, and fall a *reading souls*, and put on his pumps and fall a *tracking of spheres:* so that he will read and run, walk and fly, at the same time! Oh! nimble Jack! *Then he will see, how revenge here, how ambition there*——The birds will hop about. *And then view the dark characters of sieges, ruins, murders, blood, and wars, in their orbs: Track the characters* to their forms! Oh! rare sport for Jack! Never was place so full of game as these breasts! You cannot stir, but flush a sphere, start a character, or unkennel an orb!"

Settle's is said to have been the first play embellished with sculptures; those ornaments seem to have given poor Dryden great disturbance. He tries however to ease his pain by venting his malice in a parody.

"The poet has not only been so imprudent to expose all this stuff, but so arrogant to defend it with an epistle; like a saucy booth-keeper, that, when he had put a cheat upon the people, would wrangle and fight with any that would not like it, or would offer to discover it; for which arrogance our poet receives this correction; and, to jerk him a little the sharper, I will not transpose his verse, but by the help of his own words transnonsense sense, that by my stuff, people may judge the better what is his:—

"Great Boy, thy tragedy and sculptures done,
From press and plates, in fleets do homeward run;
And, in ridiculous and humble pride,
Their course in ballad-singers' baskets guide,

Whose greasy twigs do all new beauties take,
From the gay shows thy dainty sculptures make.
Thy lines a mess of rhyming nonsense yield,
A senseless tale, with flattering fustian fill'd.
No grain of sense does in one line appear,
Thy words big bulks of boisterous bombast bear.
With noise they move, and from players' mouths rebound,
When their tongues dance to thy words' empty sound.
By thee inspired the rumbling verses roll,
As if that rhyme and bombast lent a soul;
And with that soul they seem taught duty too;
To huffing words does humble nonsense bow,
As if it would thy worthless worth enhance,
To th' lowest rank of fops thy praise advance,
To whom, by instinct, all thy stuff is dear:
Their loud claps echo to the theatre.
From breaths of fools thy commendation spreads,
Fame sings thy praise with mouths of logger-heads.
With noise and laughing each thy fustian greets,
'Tis clapp'd by choirs of empty-headed cits,
Who have their tribute sent, and homage given,
As men in whispers send loud noise to Heaven.

"Thus I have daubed him with his own puddle: and now we are come from aboard his dancing, masking, rebounding, breathing fleet: and, as if we had landed at Gotham, we meet nothing but fools and nonsense."

Such was the criticism to which the genius of Dryden could be reduced, between rage and terror; rage with little provocation, and terror with little danger. To see the highest mind thus levelled with the meanest, may produce some solace to the consciousness of weakness, and some mortification to the pride of wisdom. But let it be remembered, that minds are not levelled in their powers but when they are first levelled in their desires. Dryden and Settle had both placed their happiness in the claps of multitudes.

An Evening's Love, or The Mock Astrologer, a comedy (1671), is dedicated to the illustrious Duke of Newcastle, whom he courts by adding to his praises those of his lady, not only as a lover, but a partner of his studies. It is unpleasing to think how many names, once celebrated, are since forgotten. Of Newcastle's works nothing is now known but his Treatise on Horsemanship.

The Preface seems very elaborately written, and contains many just remarks on the Fathers of the English drama. Shakspeare's plots, he says, are in the hundred novels of *Cinthio;* those of Beaumont and Fletcher in Spanish stories; Jonson only made them for himself. His criticisms upon tragedy, comedy, and farce, are judicious and profound. He endeavours to defend the immorality of some of his comedies by the example of former writers; which is only to say, that he was not the first nor perhaps the greatest offender. Against those that accused him of plagiarism he alleges a favourable expression of the king: "He only desired, that they who accuse me of thefts, would steal him plays like mine;" and then relates how much labour he spends in fitting for the English stage what he borrows from others.

Tyrannic Love, or the Virgin Martyr (1672), was another tragedy in rhyme, conspicuous for many passages of strength and elegance, and many of empty noise and ridiculous turbulence. The rants of Maximin have been always the sport of criticism; and were at length, if his own confession may be trusted, the shame of the writer.

Of this play he has taken care to let the reader know, that it was contrived and written in seven weeks. Want of time was often his excuse, or perhaps shortness of time was his private boast in the form of an apology.

It was written before *The Conquest of Granada*, but published after it. The design is to recommend piety. "I considered that pleasure was not the only end of Poesy; and that even the instructions of morality were not so wholly the business of a poet, as that the precepts and examples of piety were to be omitted; for to leave that employment altogether to the clergy, were to forget that religion was first taught in verse, which the

laziness or dulness of succeeding priesthood turned afterwards into prose." Thus foolishly could Dryden write, rather than not show his malice to the parsons.*

The two parts of *The Conquest of Granada* (1672) are written with a seeming determination to glut the public with dramatic wonders, to exhibit in its highest elevation a theatrical meteor of incredible love and impossible valour, and to leave no room for a wilder flight to the extravagance of posterity. All the rays of romantic heat, whether amorous or warlike, glow in Almanzor by a kind of concentration. He is above all laws; he is exempt from all restraints; he ranges the world at will, and governs wherever he appears. He fights without inquiring the cause, and loves in spite of the obligations of justice, of rejection by his mistress, and of prohibition from the dead. Yet the scenes are, for the most part, delightful; they exhibit a kind of illustrious depravity, and majestic madness, such as, if it is sometimes despised, is often reverenced, and in which the ridiculous is mingled with the astonishing.

In the Epilogue to the second part of *The Conquest of Granada*, Dryden indulges his favourite pleasure of discrediting his predecessors; and this Epilogue he has defended by a long postscript. He had promised a second dialogue, in which he should more fully treat of the virtues and faults of the English poets, who have written in the dramatic, epic, or lyric way. This promise was never formally performed; but, with respect to the dramatic writers, he has given us in his prefaces, and in this postscript, something equivalent; but his purpose being to exalt himself by the comparison, he shows faults distinctly, and only praises excellence in general terms.

A play thus written, in professed defiance of probability, naturally drew upon itself the vultures of the theatre. One of the critics that attacked it was Martin Clifford, to whom Sprat addressed the Life of Cowley, with such veneration of his critical powers as might naturally excite great expectations of instructions from his remarks. But let honest credulity beware of receiving characters from contemporary writers. Clifford's remarks, by the favour of Dr. Percy, were at last obtained; and, that no man may ever want them more, I will extract enough to satisfy all reasonable desire.

In the first Letter his observation is only general; "You do live," says he, "in as much ignorance and darkness as you did in the womb; your writings are like a Jack-of-all-trade's shop; they have a variety, but nothing of value; and if thou art not the dullest plant-animal that ever the earth produced, all that I have conversed with are strangely mistaken in thee."

In the second he tells him that Almanzor is not more copied from Achilles than from Ancient Pistol. "But I am," says he, "strangely mistaken if I have not seen this very *Almanzor* of yours in some disguise about this town, and passing under another name. Pr'ythee tell me true, was not this Huffcap once the *Indian Emperor?* and at another time did he not call himself *Maximin?* Was not *Lyndaraxa* once called *Almeria?* I mean under *Montezuma* the Indian Emperor. I protest and vow they are either the same, or so alike, that I cannot, for my heart, distinguish one from the other. You are therefore a strange unconscionable thief; thou art not content to steal from others, but dost rob thy poor wretched self too."

Now was Settle's time to take his revenge. He wrote a vindication of his own lines; and, if he is forced to yield any thing, makes his reprisals upon his enemy. To say that

* So fond was he of opportunity to gratify his spleen against the clergy, that he scrupled not to convert Chaucer's images, in the *Knighte's Tale*, of "The smiler with the knif under the cloke," and of "Conteke with blody knif," into these satires on the Church. See Warton's *Hist Eng. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 358.

"Next stood Hypocrisy, with *holy leer*,
Soft-smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the *gown*.
Contest with sharpened knives in *cloisters* drawn,
And all with blood bespread the *holy lawn*."—T

his answer is equal to the censure, is no high commendation. To expose Dryden's method of analysing his expressions, he tries the same experiment upon the same description of the ships in the *Indian Emperor*, of which however he does not deny the excellence; but intends to show, that by studied misconstruction every thing may be equally represented as ridiculous. After so much of Dryden's elegant animadversions, justice requires that something of Settle's should be exhibited. The following observations are therefore extracted from a quarto pamphlet of ninety-five pages:—

"'Fate after him below with pain did move,
And victory could scarce keep pace above.'

"These two lines, if he can show me any sense or thought in, or anything but bombast and noise, he shall make me believe every word in his observations on *Morocco* sense."

In *The Empress of Morocco* were these lines:—

"I'll travel then to some remoter sphere.
Till I find out new worlds, and crown you there."

On which Dryden made this remark:—

"I believe our learned author takes a sphere for a country; the sphere of Morocco; as if Morocco were the globe of earth and water; but a globe is no sphere neither, by his leave," &c. "So *sphere* must not be sense, unless it relates to a circular motion about a globe, in which sense the astronomers use it. I would desire him to expound those lines in *Granada*:—

"'I'll to the turrets of the palace go,
And add new fire to those that fight below.
Thence, Hero-like, with torches by my side,
(Far be the omen though) my love I'll guide.
No, like his better fortune I'll appear,
With open arms, loose veil, and flowing hair,
Just flying forward from my rowling sphere.'

"I wonder, if he be so strict, how he dares make so bold with *sphere* himself, and be so critical in other men's writings. Fortune is fancied standing on a globe, not on a *sphere*, as he told us in the first act.

"Because *Elkanah's Similes are the most unlike things to what they are compared in the world*, I'll venture to start a simile in his *Annus Mirabilis*: he gives this poetical description of the ship called the *London*:—

"'The goodly London in her gallant trim,
(The Phœnix daughter of the vanquish'd old,)
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

"'Her flag aloft spread ruffling in the wind,
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

"'With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves:
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.'

"What a wonderful pother is here, to make all these poetical beautifications of a ship; that is, a *phœnix* in the first stanza, and but a *wasp* in the last; nay, to make his humble comparison of a *wasp* more ridiculous, he does not say it flies upon the waves as nimbly as a wasp, or the like, but it seemed a *wasp*. But our author at the writing of this was not in his altitudes, to compare ships to floating palaces: a comparison to the purpose, was a perfection he did not arrive to till the *Indian Emperor's* days. But perhaps his similitude

has more in it than we imagine; this ship had a great many guns in her, and they, put all together, made the sting in the wasp's tail: for this is all the reason I can guess, why it seemed a *wasp*. But, because we will allow him all we can to help out, let it be a *phœnix sea-wasp*, and the rarity of such an animal may do much towards heightening the fancy.

"It had been much more to his purpose, if he had designed to render the senseless play little, to have searched for some such pedantry as this:—

"'Two ifs scarce make one possibility.
If justice will take all and nothing give,
Justice, methinks, is not distributive.
To die or kill you is the alternative.
Rather than take your life, I will not live.'

"Observe how prettily our author chops logick in heroick verse. Three such fustian canting words as *distributive*, *alternative*, and *two ifs*, no man but himself would have come within the noise of. But he's a man of general learning, and all comes into his play.

"'T would have done well too if he could have met with the rant or two worth the observation: such as,

"'Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lover's pace,
Leave months and weeks behind thee in thy race.'

"But surely the Sun, whether he flies a lover's or not a lover's pace, leaves weeks and months, nay years too, behind him in his race.

"Poor Robin, or any of the Philo-mathematicks, would have given him satisfaction in the point.

"'If I could kill thee now, thy fate 's so low,
That I must stoop, ere I can give the blow.
But mine is fixt so far above thy crown,
That all thy men,
Piled on thy back, can never pull it down.

"Now where that is, Almanzor's fate is fixt, I cannot guess: but, wherever it is, I believe Almanzor, and think that all Abdalla's subjects, piled upon one another, might not pull down his fate so well as without piling: besides I think Abdalla so wise a man, that, if Almanzor had told him piling his men upon his back might do the feat, he would scarcely bear such a weight for the pleasure of the exploit; but it is a huff, and let Abdalla do it if he dare.

"'The people like a headlong torrent go,
And every dam they break or overflow.
But, unopposed, they either lose their force,
Or wind in volumes to their former course:'

"A very pretty allusion, contrary to all sense or reason. Torrents, I take it, let them wind never so much, can never return to their former course, unless he can suppose that fountains can go upwards, which is impossible; nay more, in the foregoing page he tells us so too; a trick of a very unfaithful memory.

"'But can no more than fountains upward flow;'

which of a *torrent*, which signifies a rapid stream, is much more impossible. Besides, if he goes to quibble, and say that it is possible by art water may be made return, and the same water run twice in one and the same channel; then he quite confutes what he says: for it is by being opposed, that it runs into its former course; for all engines that make water so return, do it by compulsion and opposition. Or, if he means a headlong torrent for a tide, which would be ridiculous, yet they do not wind in volumes, but come fore-right back

(if their upright lies straight to their former course), and that by opposition of the sea-water, that drives them back again.

"And for fancy, when he lights of any thing like it, 'tis a wonder if it be not borrowed. As here, for example of, I find this fanciful thought in his *Ann. Mirab.*

"'Old father Thames raised up his reverend head,
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return;
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
And shrunk his waters back into his urn.'

"This is stolen from Cowley's *Davideis*, p. 9.

"'Swift Jordan started, and straight backward fled,
Hiding amongst thick reeds his aged head.'

"And when the Spaniards their assault begin,
At once beat those without and those within.'

"This Almanzor speaks of himself; and sure for one man to conquer an army within the city, and another without the city, at once, is something difficult: but this flight is pardonable to some we meet with in *Granada:* Osmin, speaking of Almanzor,

"'Who, like a tempest that outrides the wind,
Made a just battle, ere the bodies join'd.'

Pray, what does this honourable person mean by a *tempest that outrides the wind?* A tempest that outrides itself. To suppose a tempest without wind, is as bad as supposing a man to walk without feet; for if he supposes the tempest to be something distinct from the wind, yet, as being the effect of wind only, to come before the cause is a little preposterous; so that, if he takes it one way, or if he takes it the other, those two *ifs* will scarcely make one *possibility.*" Enough of Settle.

Marriage à-la-mode (1673) is a comedy dedicated to the Earl of Rochester; whom he acknowledges not only as the defender of his poetry, but the promoter of his fortune. Langbaine places this play in 1673. The Earl of Rochester, therefore, was the famous Wilmot, whom yet tradition always represents as an enemy to Dryden, and who is mentioned by him with some disrespect in the preface to Juvenal.

The Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery, a comedy (1673), was driven off the stage, *against the opinion,* as the author says, *of the best judges.* It is dedicated, in a very elegant address, to Sir Charles Sedley; in which he finds an opportunity for his usual complaint of hard treatment and unreasonable censure.

Amboyna (1673) is a tissue of mingled dialogue in verse and prose, and was perhaps written in less time than *The Virgin Martyr;* though the author thought not fit either ostentatiously or mournfully to tell how little labour it cost him, or at how short a warning he produced it. It was a temporary performance, written in the time of the Dutch war, to inflame the nation against their enemies; to whom he hopes, as he declares in his Epilogue, to make his poetry not less destructive than that by which Tyrtæus of old animated the Spartans. This play was written in the second Dutch war, in 1673.

Troilus and Cressida (1679) is a play altered from Shakspeare; but so altered, that, even in Langbaine's opinion, "the last scene in the third act is a master-piece." It is introduced by a discourse on "the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy," to which I suspect that Rymer's book had given occasion.

The *Spanish Friar* (1681) is a tragi-comedy, eminent for the happy coincidence and coalition of the two plots. As it was written against the Papists, it would naturally at that time have friends and enemies; and partly by the popularity which it obtained at first, and partly by the real power both of the serious and risible part, it continued long a favourite of the public.

It was Dryden's opinion, at least for some time, and he maintains it in the dedication of this play, that the drama required an alternation of comic and tragic scenes; and that it is necessary to mitigate by alleviations of merriment the pressure of ponderous events, and the fatigue of toilsome passions. "Whoever," says he, "cannot perform both parts, *is but half a writer for the stage.*"

The *Duke of Guise*, a tragedy (1683), written in conjunction with Lee, as *Oedipus* had been before, seems to deserve notice only for the offence which it gave to the remnant of the Covenanters, and in general to the enemies of the court, who attacked him with great violence, and were answered by him; though at last he seems to withdraw from the conflict, by transferring the greater part of the blame or merit to his partner. It happened that a contract had been made between them, by which they were to join in writing a play: and "he happened," says Dryden, "to claim the promise just upon the finishing of a poem, when I would have been glad of a little respite. *Two*-thirds of it belonged to him; and to me only the first scene of the play, the whole fourth act, and the first half, or somewhat more, of the fifth."

This was a play written professedly for the party of the Duke of York, whose succession was then opposed. A parallel is intended between the Leaguers of France and the Covenanters of England: and this intention produced the controversy.

Albion and Albanius (1685) is a musical drama or opera, written, like *The Duke of Guise*, against the Republicans. With what success it was performed, I have not found.*

The State of Innocence and Fall of Man (1675) is termed by him an opera: it is rather a tragedy in heroic rhyme, but of which the personages are such as cannot decently be exhibited on the stage. Some such production was foreseen by Marvel, who writes thus to Milton:—

> "Or if a work so infinite be spann'd,
> Jealous I was lest some less skilful hand
> (Such as disquiet always what is well,
> And by ill-imitating would excel)
> Might hence presume the whole creation's day
> To change in scenes, and show it in a play."

It is another of his hasty productions; for the heat of his imagination raised it in a month.

This composition is addressed to the Princess of Modena, then Duchess of York, in a strain of flattery which disgraces genius, and which it was wonderful that any man that knew the meaning of his own words could use without self-detestation. It is an attempt to mingle Earth and Heaven, by praising human excellence in the language of religion.

The preface contains an apology for heroic verse and poetic licence; by which is meant not any liberty taken in contracting or extending words, but the use of bold fictions and ambitious figures.

The reason which he gives for printing what was never acted cannot be overpassed: "I was induced to it in my own defence, many hundred copies of it being dispersed abroad without my knowledge or consent; and every one gathering new faults, it became at length a libel against me." These copies, as they gathered faults, were apparently manuscript; and he lived in an age very unlike ours, if many hundred copies of fourteen hundred lines were likely to be transcribed. An author has a right to print his own works, and need not seek an apology in falsehood; but he that could bear to write the dedication, felt no pain in writing the preface.

Aureng Zebe (1676) is a tragedy founded on the actions of a great prince then reigning, but over nations not likely to employ their critics upon the transactions of the English stage. If he had known and disliked his own character, our trade was not in those times secure

* Downes says, it was performed on a very unlucky day, viz. that on which the Duke of Monmouth landed in the West; and he intimates, that the consternation into which the kingdom was thrown by this event was a reason why it was performed but six times, and was in general ill received.—H.

from his resentment. His country is at such a distance, that the manners might be safely falsified, and the incidents feigned; for the remoteness of place is remarked, by Racine, to afford the same conveniences to a poet as length of time.

This play is written in rhyme; and has the appearance of being the most elaborate of all the dramas. The personages are imperial; but the dialogue is often domestic, and therefore susceptible of sentiments accommodated to familiar incidents. The complaint of life is celebrated; and there are many other passages that may be read with pleasure.

This play is addressed to the Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, himself, if not a poet, yet a writer of verses, and a critic. In this address Dryden gave the first hints of his intention to write an epic poem. He mentions his design in terms so obscure, that he seems afraid lest his plan should be purloined, as, he says, happened to him when he told it more plainly in his preface to Juvenal. "The design," says he, "you know is great, the story English, and neither too near the present times, nor too distant from them."

All for Love, or the World well Lost (1678), a tragedy founded upon the story of Anthony and Cleopatra, he tells us, "is the only play which he wrote for himself:" the rest were given to the people. It is by universal consent accounted the work in which he has admitted the fewest improprieties of style or character; but it has one fault equal to many, though rather moral than critical, that, by admitting the romantic omnipotence of Love, he has recommended, as laudable and worthy of imitation, that conduct which, through all ages, the good have censured as vicious, and the bad despised as foolish.

Of this play the prologue and the epilogue, though written upon the common topics of malicious and ignorant criticism, and without any particular relation to the characters or incidents of the drama, are deservedly celebrated for their elegance and sprightliness.

Limberham, or the kind Keeper (1680), is a comedy, which, after the third night, was prohibited as too indecent for the stage. What gave offence, was in the printing, as the author says, altered or omitted. Dryden confesses that its indecency was objected to; but Langbaine, who yet seldom favours him, imputes its expulsion to resentment, because it "so much exposed the keeping part of the town."

Oedipus (1679) is a tragedy formed by Dryden and Lee, in conjunction, from the works of Sophocles, Seneca, and Corneille. Dryden planned the scenes, and composed the first and third acts.

Don Sebastian (1690) is commonly esteemed either the first or second of his dramatic performances. It is too long to be all acted, and has many characters and many incidents; and though it is not without sallies of frantic dignity, and more noise than meaning, yet, as it makes approaches to the possibilities of real life, and has some sentiments which leave a strong impression, it continued long to attract attention. Amidst the distresses of princes, and the vicissitudes of empire, are inserted several scenes which the writer intended for comic; but which, I suppose, that age did not much commend, and this would not endure. There are, however, passages of excellence universally acknowledged: the dispute and the reconciliation of Dorax and Sebastian has always been admired.

This play was first acted in 1690, after Dryden had for some years discontinued dramatic poetry.

Amphitryon is a comedy derived from Plautus and Moliere. The dedication is dated Oct. 1690. This play seems to have succeeded at its first appearance; and was, I think, long considered as a very diverting entertainment.

Cleomenes (1692) is a tragedy, only remarkable as it occasioned an incident related in the *Guardian*, and allusively mentioned by Dryden in his preface. As he came out from the representation, he was accosted thus by some airy stripling: "Had I been left alone with a young beauty, I would not have spent my time like your Spartan." "That, Sir," said Dryden, "perhaps is true; but give me leave to tell you that you are no hero."

King Arthur (1691) is another opera. It was the last work that Dryden performed for King Charles who did not live to see it exhibited, and it does not seem to have been ever

brought upon the stage.* In the dedication to the Marquis of Halifax, there is a very elegant character of Charles, and a pleasing account of his latter life. When this was first brought upon the stage, news that the Duke of Monmouth had landed was told in the theatre; upon which the company departed, and *Arthur* was exhibited no more.

His last drama was *Love Triumphant*, a tragi-comedy. In his dedication to the Earl of Salisbury he mentions "the lowness of fortune to which he has voluntarily reduced himself, and of which he has no reason to be ashamed."

This play appeared in 1694. It is said to have been unsuccessful. The catastrophe, proceeding merely from a change of mind, is confessed by the author to be defective. Thus he began and ended his dramatic labours with ill success.

From such a number of theatrical pieces, it will be supposed, by most readers, that he must have improved his fortune; at least, that such diligence with such abilities must have set penury at defiance. But in Dryden's time the drama was very far from that universal approbation which it has now obtained. The playhouse was abhorred by the Puritans, and avoided by those who desired the character of seriousness or decency. A grave lawyer would have debased his dignity, and a young trader would have impaired his credit, by appearing in those mansions of dissolute licentiousness. The profits of the theatre, when so many classes of the people were deducted from the audience, were not great; and the poet had, for a long time, but a single night. The first that had two nights was Southern; and the first that had three was Rowe. There were, however, in those days, arts of improving a poet's profit, which Dryden forbore to practise; and a play therefore seldom produced him more than a hundred pounds by the accumulated gain of the third night, the dedication, and the copy.

Almost every piece had a dedication, written with such elegance and luxuriance of praise as neither haughtiness nor avarice could be imagined able to resist. But he seems to have made flattery too cheap. That praise is worth nothing of which the price is known.

To increase the value of his copies, he often accompanied his work with a preface of criticism; a kind of learning then almost new in the English language, and which he, who had considered with great accuracy the principles of writing, was able to distribute copiously as occasions arose. By these dissertations the public judgment must have been much improved; and Swift, who conversed with Dryden, relates that he regretted the success of his own instructions, and found his readers made suddenly too skilful to be easily satisfied.

His prologues had such reputation, that for some time a play was considered as less likely to be well received, if some of his verses did not introduce it. The price of a prologue was two guineas, till, being asked to write one for Mr. Southern, he demanded three: "Not," said he, "young man, out of disrespect to you; but the players have had my goods too cheap."

Though he declares, that in his own opinion his genius was not dramatic, he had great confidence in his own fertility; for he is said to have engaged, by contract, to furnish four plays a year.

It is certain that in one year, 1678,† he published *All for Love*, *The Assignation*, two parts of the *Conquest of Granada*, *Sir Martin Marr-all*, and the *State of Innocence*, six complete plays, with a celerity of performance, which, though all Langbaine's charges of plagiarism should be allowed, shows such facility of composition, such readiness of language, and such copiousness of sentiment, as, since the time of Lopez de Vega, perhaps no other author has ever possessed.

He did not enjoy his reputation, however great, nor his profits, however small, without molestation. He had critics to endure, and rivals to oppose. The two most distinguished wits of the nobility, the Duke of Buckingham and Earl of Rochester, declared themselves his enemies.

* This is a mistake. It was set to music by Purcell, and well received, and is yet a favourite entertainment.—H.

† Dr. Johnson in this assertion was misled by Langbaine. Only one of these plays appeared in 1678. Nor were there more than three in any one year. The dates are now added from the original editions.—R.

Buckingham characterised him, in 1671, by the name of *Bayes*, in the *Rehearsal;* a farce which he is said to have written with the assistance of Butler, the author of *Hudibras;* Martin Clifford, of the Charter-house; and Dr Sprat, the friend of Cowley, then his chaplain. Dryden and his friends laughed at the length of time, and the number of hands employed upon this performance; in which, though by some artifice of action it yet keeps possession of the stage, it is not possible now to find any thing that might not have been written without so long delay, or a confederacy so numerous.

To adjust the minute events of literary history, is tedious and troublesome; it requires indeed no great force of understanding, but often depends upon inquiries which there is no opportunity of making, or is to be fetched from books and pamphlets not always at hand.

The *Rehearsal* was played in 1671,* and yet is represented as ridiculing passages in the *Conquest of Granada*† and *Assignation*, which were not published till 1678; in *Marriage à-la-mode*, published in 1673; and in *Tyrannic Love*, in 1677. These contradictions show how rashly satire is applied.‡

It is said that this farce was originally intended against Davenant, who, in the first draught, was characterised by the name of *Bilboa*. Davenant had been a soldier and an adventurer.

There is one passage in the *Rehearsal* still remaining, which seems to have related originally to Davenant. *Bayes* hurts his nose, and comes in with brown paper applied to the bruise: how this affected Dryden does not appear. Davenant's nose had suffered such diminution by mishaps among the women, that a patch upon that part evidently denoted him.

It is said likewise that Sir Robert Howard was once meant. The design was probably to ridicule the reigning poet, whatever he might be.

Much of the personal satire, to which it might owe its first reception, is now lost or obscured. *Bayes* probably imitated the dress, and mimicked the manner of Dryden; the cant words which are so often in his mouth may be supposed to have been Dryden's habitual phrases, or customary exclamations. *Bayes*, when he is to write, is blooded and purged; this, as Lamotte relates himself to have heard, was the real practice of the poet.

There were other strokes in the *Rehearsal* by which malice was gratified; the debate between Love and Honour, which keeps prince *Volscius* in a single boot, is said to have alluded to the misconduct of the Duke of Ormond, who lost Dublin to the rebels while he was toying with a mistress.

The Earl of Rochester, to suppress the reputation of Dryden, took Settle into his protection, and endeavoured to persuade the public that its approbation had been to that time misplaced. Settle was a while in high reputation; his *Empress of Morocco*, having first delighted the town, was carried in triumph to Whitehall, and played by the ladies of the court. Now was the poetical meteor at the highest: the next moment began its fall. Rochester withdrew his patronage; seeming resolved, says one of his biographers, "to have a judgment contrary to that of the town;" perhaps being unable to endure any reputation beyond a certain height, even when he had himself contributed to raise it.

Neither critics nor rivals did Dryden much mischief, unless they gained from his own temper the power of vexing him, which his frequent bursts of resentment give reason to suspect. He is always angry at some past, or afraid of some future censure; but he lessens the smart of his wounds by the balm of his own approbation, and endeavours to repel the shafts of criticism by opposing a shield of adamantine confidence.

The perpetual accusation produced against him, was that of plagiarism, against which he

* It was published in 1672.—R.

† *The Conquest of Granada* was published in 1672; *The Assignation*, in 1673; *Marriage à-la-mode* in the same year; and *Tyrannic Love* in 1672.

‡ There is no contradiction, according to Mr. Malone, but what arises from Dr. Johnson's having copied the erroneous dates assigned to these plays by Langbaine.—C.

never attempted any vigorous defence; for though he was perhaps sometimes injuriously censured, he would, by denying part of the charge, have confessed the rest; and, as his adversaries had the proof in their own hands, he, who knew that wit had little power against facts, wisely left, in that perplexity which it generally produces, a question which it was his interest to suppress, and which, unless provoked by vindication, few were likely to examine.

Though the life of a writer, from about thirty-five to sixty-three, may be supposed to have been sufficiently busied by the composition of eight-and-twenty pieces for the stage, Dryden found room in the same space for many other undertakings.

But, how much soever he wrote, he was at least once suspected of writing more; for, in 1679, a paper of verses, called *An Essay on Satire*, was shown about in manuscript; by which the Earl of Rochester, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and others, were so much provoked, that, as was supposed (for the actors were never discovered), they procured Dryden, whom they suspected as the author, to be waylaid and beaten. This incident is mentioned by the Duke of Buckinghamshire,* the true writer, in his Art of Poetry; where he says of Dryden,

> "Though praised and beaten for another's rhymes,
> His own deserve as great applause sometimes."

His reputation in time was such, that his name was thought necessary to the success of every poetical or literary performance, and therefore he was engaged to contribute something, whatever it might be, to many publications. He prefixed the Life of Polybius to the translation of Sir Henry Sheers: and those of Lucian and Plutarch, to versions of their works by different hands. Of the English Tacitus he translated the first book; and, if Gordon be credited, translated it from the French. Such a charge can hardly be mentioned without some degree of indignation; but it is not, I suppose, so much to be inferred, that Dryden wanted the literature necessary to the perusal of Tacitus, as that, considering himself as hidden in a crowd, he had no awe of the public; and, writing merely for money, was contented to get it by the nearest way.

In 1680, the Epistles of Ovid being translated by the poets of the time, among which one was the work of Dryden, and another of Dryden and Lord Mulgrave, it was necessary to introduce them by a preface; and Dryden, who on such occasions was regularly summoned, prefixed a discourse upon translation, which was then struggling for the liberty that it now enjoys. Why it should find any difficulty in breaking the shackles of verbal interpretation, which must for ever debar it from elegance, it would be difficult to conjecture, were not the power of prejudice every day observed. The authority of Jonson, Sandys, and Holiday, had fixed the judgment of the nation; and it was not easily believed that a better way could be found than they had taken, though Fanshaw, Denham, Waller, and Cowley, had tried to give examples of a different practice.

In 1681, Dryden became yet more conspicuous by uniting politics with poetry, in the memorable satire called *Absalom and Achitophel*, written against the faction which, by Lord Shaftesbury's incitement, set the Duke of Monmouth at its head.

Of this poem, in which personal satire was applied to the support of public principles, and in which therefore every mind was interested, the reception was eager, and the sale so large, that my father, an old bookseller, told me, he had not known it equalled but by Sacheverell's trial.

The reason of this general perusal Addison has attempted to derive from the delight which the mind feels in the investigation of secrets; and thinks that curiosity to decipher the names procured readers to the poem. There is no need to inquire why those verses were read, which, to all the attractions of wit, elegance, and harmony, added the co-operation of all the factious passions, and filled every mind with triumph or resentment.

* It is mentioned by A. Wood, Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 804. 2nd Ed.—C.

It could not be supposed that all the provocation given by Dryden would be endured without resistance or reply. Both his person and his party were exposed in their turns to the shafts of satire, which, though neither so well pointed, nor perhaps so well aimed, undoubtedly drew blood.

One of these poems is called *Dryden's Satire on his Muse:* ascribed, though, as Pope says, falsely, to Somers, who was afterwards chancellor. The poem, whosesoever it was, has much virulence, and some sprightliness. The writer tells all the ill that he can collect both of Dryden and his friends.

The poem of *Absalom and Achitophel* had two answers, now both forgotten; one called *Azaria and Hushai;* the other *Absalom senior.* Of these hostile compositions, Dryden apparently imputes *Absalom senior* to Settle, by quoting in his verses against him the second line. *Azaria and Hushai* was, as Wood says, imputed to him, though it is somewhat unlikely that he should write twice on the same occasion. This is a difficulty which I cannot remove, for want of a minuter knowledge of poetical transactions.*

The same year he published *The Medal,* of which the subject is a medal struck on Lord Shaftesbury's escape from a prosecution, by the *ignoramus* of a grand jury of Londoners.

In both poems he maintains the same principles, and saw them both attacked by the same antagonist. Elkanah Settle, who had answered *Absalom,* appeared with equal courage in opposition to *The Medal,* and published an answer called *The Medal reversed,* with so much success in both encounters, that he left the palm doubtful, and divided the suffrages of the nation. Such are the revolutions of fame, or such is the prevalence of fashion, that the man, whose works have not yet been thought to deserve the care of collecting them, who died forgotten in an hospital, and whose latter years were spent in contriving shows for fairs, and carrying an elegy or epithalamium, of which the beginning and end were occasionally varied, but the intermediate parts were always the same, to every house where there was a funeral or a wedding, might with truth have had inscribed upon his stone,

"Here lies the Rival and Antagonist of Dryden."

Settle was, for his rebellion, severely chastised by Dryden under the name of *Doeg,* in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel;* and was perhaps for his factious audacity made the City poet, whose annual office was to describe the glories of the Mayor's day. Of these bards he was the last, and seems not much to have deserved even this degree of regard, if it was paid to his political opinions; for he afterwards wrote a panegyric on the virtues of Judge Jefferies; and what more could have been done by the meanest zealot for prerogative?

Of translated fragments, or occasional poems, to enumerate the titles, or settle the dates, would be tedious, with little use. It may be observed, that, as Dryden's genius was commonly excited by some personal regard, he rarely writes upon a general topic.

Soon after the accession of King James, when the design of reconciling the nation to the Church of Rome became apparent, and the religion of the court gave the only efficacious title to its favours, Dryden declared himself a convert to Popery. This at any other time might have passed with little censure. Sir Kenelm Digby embraced Popery; the two Reynolds reciprocally converted one another;† and Chillingworth himself was awhile so entangled in the wilds of controversy, as to retire for quiet to an infallible Church. If men of argument and study can find such difficulties, or such motives, as may either unite them to the Church of Rome, or detain them in uncertainty, there can be no wonder that a man, who perhaps never inquired why he was a Protestant, should by an artful and experienced disputant be made a Papist, overborne by the sudden violence of new and unexpected arguments, or

* Azaria and Hushai was written by Samuel Pordage, a dramatic writer of that time.—C.

† Dr. John Reynolds, who lived temp. Jac. I. was at first a zealous Papist, and his brother William as earnest a Protestant; but, by mutual disputation, each converted the other. See Fuller's Church History, p. 47. book x.—H.

deceived by a representation which shows only the doubts on one part, and only the evidence on the other.

That conversion will always be suspected that apparently concurs with interest. He that never finds his error till it hinders his progress towards wealth or honour, will not be thought to love Truth only for herself. Yet it may easily happen that information may come at a commodious time; and, as truth and interest are not by any fatal necessity at variance, that one may by accident introduce the other. When opinions are struggling into popularity, the arguments by which they are opposed or defended become more known; and he that changes his profession would perhaps have changed it before, with the like opportunities of instruction. This was the then state of Popery; every artifice was used to show it in its fairest form; and it must be owned to be a religion of external appearance sufficiently attractive.

It is natural to hope that a comprehensive is likewise an elevated soul, and that whoever is wise is also honest. I am willing to believe that Dryden, having employed his mind, active as it was, upon different studies, and filled it, capacious as it was, with other materials, came unprovided to the controversy, and wanted rather skill to discover the right, than virtue to maintain it. But inquiries into the heart are not for man; we must now leave him to his Judge.

The priests, having strengthened their cause by so powerful an adherent, were not long before they brought him into action. They engaged him to defend the controversial papers found in the strong box of Charles the Second; and, what yet was harder, to defend them against Stillingfleet.

With hopes of promoting Popery, he was employed to translate Maimbourg's History of the League; which he published with a large introduction. His name is likewise prefixed to the English Life of Francis Xavier; but I know not that he ever owned himself the translator. Perhaps the use of his name was a pious fraud, which however seems not to have had much effect; for neither of the books, I believe, was ever popular.

The version of Xavier's Life is commended by Brown, in a pamphlet not written to flatter; and the occasion of it is said to have been, that the Queen, when she solicited a son, made vows to him as her tutelary saint.

He was supposed to have undertaken to translate Varillas's *History of Heresies;* and, when Burnet published remarks upon it, to have written an *Answer;** upon which Burnet makes the following observation:—

"I have been informed from England, that a gentleman, who is famous both for poetry and several other things, had spent three months in translating M. Varillas's History; but that, as soon as my Reflections appeared, he discontinued his labour, finding the credit of his author was gone. Now, if he thinks it is recovered by his Answer, he will perhaps go on with his translation; and this may be, for aught I know, as good an entertainment for him as the conversation that he had set on between the Hinds and Panthers, and all the rest of animals, for whom M. Varillas may serve well enough as an author: and this history and that poem are such extraordinary things of their kind, that it will be but suitable to see the author of the worst poem become likewise the translator of the worst history that the age has produced. If his grace and his wit improve both proportionably, he will hardly find that he has gained much by the change he has made, from having no religion, to choose one of the worst. It is true, he had somewhat to sink from in matter of wit; but, as for his morals, it is scarcely possible for him to grow a worse man than he was. He has lately wreaked his malice on me for spoiling his three months' labour; but in it he has done me all the honour that any man can receive from him, which is to be railed at by him. If I had ill-nature enough to prompt me to wish a very bad wish for him, it should be, that he would go on

* This is a mistake. See Malone p. 194 &c.—C.

and finish his translation. By that it will appear, whether the English nation, which is the most competent judge in this matter, has, upon the seeing our debate, pronounced in M. Varillas's favour, or in mine. It is true, Mr. D. will suffer a little by it; but at least it will serve to keep him in from other extravagances; and if he gains little honour by this work, yet he cannot lose so much by it as he has done by his last employment."

Having probably felt his own inferiority in theological controversy, he was desirous of trying whether, by bringing poetry to aid his arguments, he might become a more efficacious defender of his new profession. To reason in verse was, indeed, one of his powers; but subtilty and harmony, united, are still feeble, when opposed to truth.

Actuated therefore by zeal for Rome, or hope of fame, he published the *Hind and Panther*, a poem in which the Church of Rome, figured by the *milk-white Hind*, defends her tenets against the Church of England, represented by the *Panther*, a beast beautiful, but spotted.

A fable, which exhibits two beasts talking Theology, appears at once full of absurdity; and it was accordingly ridiculed in the *City Mouse* and *Country Mouse*, a parody, written by Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Prior, who then gave the first specimen of his abilities.

The conversion of such a man, at such a time, was not likely to pass uncensured. Three dialogues were published by the facetious Thomas Brown, of which the two first were called *Reasons of Mr. Bayes's changing his Religion:* and the third, *the Reasons of Mr. Hains the Player's Conversion and Re-conversion.* The first was printed in 1688, the second not till 1690, the third in 1691. The clamour seems to have been long continued, and the subject to have strongly fixed the public attention.

In the two first dialogues Bayes is brought into the company of Crites and Eugenius, with whom he had formerly debated on dramatic poetry. The two talkers in the third are Mr. Bayes and Mr. Hains.

Brown was a man not deficient in literature, nor destitute of fancy; but he seems to have thought it the pinnacle of excellence to be a *merry fellow;* and therefore laid out his powers upon small jests or gross buffoonery; so that his performances have little intrinsic value, and were read only while they were recommended by the novelty of the event that occasioned them.

These dialogues are like his other works: what sense or knowledge they contain is disgraced by the garb in which it is exhibited. One great source of pleasure is to call Dryden *little Bayes.* Ajax, who happens to be mentioned, is "he that wore as many cow-hides upon his shield as would have furnished half the King's army with shoe-leather."

Being asked whether he had seen the *Hind and Panther*, Crites answers: "Seen it! Mr. Bayes, why I can stir nowhere but it pursues me: it haunts me worse than a pewter-buttoned serjeant does a decayed cit. Sometimes I meet it in a bandbox, when my laundress brings home my linen; sometimes, whether I will or no, it lights my pipe at a coffee-house; sometimes it surprises me in a trunk-maker's shop; and sometimes it refreshes my memory for me on the backside of a Chancery-lane parcel. For your comfort, too, Mr. Bayes, I have not only seen it, as you may perceive, but have read it too, and can quote it as freely upon occasion as a frugal tradesman can quote that noble treatise, the *Worth of a Penny*, to his extravagant 'prentice, that revels in stewed apples and penny custards."

The whole animation of these compositions arises from a profusion of ludicrous and affected comparisons. "To secure one's chastity," says Bayes, "little more is necessary than to leave off a correspondence with the other sex, which, to a wise man, is no greater a punishment than it would be to a fanatic person to be forbid seeing *The Cheats* and *The Committee;* or for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to be interdicted the sight of *The London Cuckolds.*" This is the general strain, and therefore I shall be easily excused the labour of more transcription.

Brown does not wholly forget past transactions: "You began," says Crites to Bayes, "a

very different religion, and have not mended the matter in your last choice. It was but reason that your Muse, which appeared first in a tyrant's quarrel, should employ her last efforts to justify the usurpation of the *Hind*."

Next year the nation was summoned to celebrate the birth of the Prince. Now was the time for Dryden to rouse his imagination, and strain his voice. Happy days were at hand, and he was willing to enjoy and diffuse the anticipated blessings. He published a poem, filled with predictions of greatness and prosperity; predictions, of which it is not necessary to tell how they have been verified.

A few months passed after these joyful notes, and every blossom of Popish hope was blasted for ever by the Revolution. A Papist now could be no longer laureat. The revenue, which he had enjoyed with so much pride and praise, was transferred to Shadwell, an old enemy, whom he had formerly stigmatised by the name of *Og*. Dryden could not decently complain that he was deposed; but seemed very angry that Shadwell succeeded him, and has therefore celebrated the intruder's inauguration in a poem exquisitely satirical, called *Mac Flecknoe;** of which the Dunciad, as Pope himself declares, is an imitation, though more extended in its plan, and more diversified in its incidents.

It is related by Prior, that Lord Dorset, when, as Chamberlain, he was constrained to eject Dryden from his office, gave him from his own purse an allowance equal to the salary. This is no romantic or incredible act of generosity; an hundred a year is often enough given to claims less cogent by men less famed for liberality. Yet Dryden always represented himself as suffering under a public infliction; and once particularly demands respect for the patience with which he endured the loss of his little fortune. His patron might, indeed, enjoin him to suppress his bounty; but, if he suffered nothing, he should not have complained.

During the short reign of King James, he had written nothing for the stage,† being, in his opinion, more profitably employed in controversy and flattery. Of praise he might perhaps have been less lavish without inconvenience, for James was never said to have much regard for poetry: he was to be flattered only by adopting his religion.

Times were now changed: Dryden was no longer the court-poet, and was to look back for support to his former trade; and having waited about two years, either considering himself as discountenanced by the public, or perhaps expecting a second Revolution, he produced *Don Sebastian* in 1690; and in the next four years four dramas more.

In 1693 appeared a new version of Juvenal and Persius. Of Juvenal he translated the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires; and of Persius the whole work. On this occasion he introduced his two sons to the public, as nurselings of the Muses. The fourteenth of Juvenal was the work of John, and the seventh of Charles Dryden. He prefixed a very ample preface, in the form of a dedication to Lord Dorset; and there gives an account of the design which he had once formed to write an epic poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince. He considered the epic as necessarily including some kind of supernatural agency, and had imagined a new kind of contest between the guardian angels of kingdoms, of whom he conceived that each might be represented zealous for his charge, without any intended opposition to the purposes of the Supreme Being, of which all created minds must in part be ignorant.

This is the most reasonable scheme of celestial interposition that ever was formed. The surprises and terrors of enchantments, which have succeeded to the intrigues and oppositions of Pagan deities, afford very striking scenes, and open a vast extent to the imagination; but, as Boileau observes (and Boileau will be seldom found mistaken), with this incurable defect, that, in a contest between Heaven and Hell, we know at the beginning

* All Dryden's biographers have misdated this poem, which Mr. Malone's more accurate researches prove to have been published on the 4th of October, 1682.—C.

† *Albion and Albanius* must however be excepted.—R.

which is to prevail; for this reason we follow Rinaldo to the enchanted wood with more curiosity than terror.

In the scheme of Dryden there is one great difficulty, which yet he would perhaps have had address enough to surmount. In a war, justice can be but on one side; and, to entitle the hero to the protection of angels, he must fight in defence of indubitable right. Yet some of the celestial beings, thus opposed to each other must have been represented as defending guilt.

That this poem was never written, is reasonably to be lamented. It would doubtless have improved our numbers, and enlarged our language; and might perhaps have contributed by pleasing instructions to rectify our opinions, and purify our manners.

What he required as the indispensable condition of such an undertaking, a public stipend, was not likely in these times to be obtained. Riches were not become familiar to us; nor had the nation yet learned to be liberal.

This plan he charged Blackmore with stealing: "only," says he, "the guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage."

In 1694, he began the most laborious and difficult of all his works, the translation of Virgil; from which he borrowed two months, that he might turn "Fresnoy's Art of Painting" into English prose. The preface, which he boasts to have written in twelve mornings, exhibits a parallel of poetry and painting, with a miscellaneous collection of critical remarks, such as cost a mind stored like his no labour to produce them.

In 1697, he published his version of the works of Virgil; and, that no opportunity of profit might be lost, dedicated the Pastorals to the Lord Clifford, the Georgics to the Earl of Chesterfield, and the Æneid to the Earl of Mulgrave. This economy of flattery, at once lavish and discreet, did not pass without observation.

This translation was censured by Milbourne, a clergyman, styled by Pope, "the fairest of critics," because he exhibited his own version to be compared with that which he condemned.

His last work was his Fables, published in consequence, as is supposed, of a contract now in the hands of Mr. Tonson: by which he obliged himself, in consideration of three hundred pounds, to finish for the press ten thousand verses.

In this volume is comprised the well-known ode on St. Cecilia's Day, which, as appeared by a letter communicated to Dr. Birch, he spent a fortnight in composing and correcting. But what is this to the patience and diligence of Boileau, whose *Equivoque*, a poem of only three hundred and forty-six lines, took from his life eleven months to write it, and three years to revise it?

Part of his book of Fables is the first Iliad in English, intended as a specimen of a version of the whole. Considering into what hands Homer was to fall, the reader cannot but rejoice that this project went no further.

The time was now at hand which was to put an end to all his schemes and labours. On the first of May, 1701, having been some time, as he tells us, a cripple in his limbs, he died, in Gerard-street, of a mortification in his leg.

There is extant a wild story relating to some vexatious events that happened at his funeral, which, at the end of Congreve's Life, by a writer of I know not what credit, are thus related, as I find the account transferred to a biographical dictionary.

"Mr. Dryden dying on the Wednesday morning, Dr. Thomas Sprat, then Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, sent the next day to the Lady Elizabeth Howard, Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make a present of the ground, which was forty pounds, with all the other Abbey-fees. The Lord Halifax likewise sent to the Lady Elizabeth, and Mr. Charles Dryden her son, that, if they would give him leave to bury Mr. Dryden, he would inter him with a gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards bestow five hundred pounds on a monument in the Abbey; which, as they had no reason to refuse, they accepted. On the Saturday following the company came; the corpse was put into a velvet hearse; and eighteen mourning coaches, filled with company, attended. When they were just ready to

his correction of the errors of any writer who thought fit to consult him, and full as ready and patient to admit the reprehensions of others, in respect of his own oversights or mistakes."

To this account of Congreve nothing can be objected but the fondness of friendship; and to have excited that fondness in such a mind is no small degree of praise. The disposition of Dryden, however, is shown in this character rather as it exhibited itself in cursory conversation, than as it operated on the more important parts of life. His placability and his friendship indeed were solid virtues; but courtesy and good-humour are often found with little real worth. Since Congreve, who knew him well, has told us no more, the rest must be collected as it can from other testimonies, and particularly from those notices which Dryden has very liberally given us of himself.

The modesty which made him so slow to advance, and so easy to be repulsed, was certainly no suspicion of deficient merit, or unconsciousness of his own value: he appears to have known, in its whole extent, the dignity of his own character, and to have set a very high value on his own powers and performances. He probably did not offer his conversation, because he expected it to be solicited; and he retired from a cold reception, not submissive but indignant, with such deference of his own greatness as made him unwilling to expose it to neglect or violation.

His modesty was by no means inconsistent with ostentatiousness; he is diligent enough to remind the world of his merit, and expresses with very little scruple his high opinion of his own powers; but his self-commendations are read without scorn or indignation; we allow his claims, and love his frankness.

Tradition, however, has not allowed that his confidence in himself exempted him from jealousy of others. He is accused of envy and insidiousness; and is particularly charged with inciting Creech to translate Horace, that he might lose the reputation which Lucretius had given him.*

Of this charge we immediately discover that it is merely conjectural; the purpose was such as no man would confess; and a crime that admits no proof, why should we believe?

He has been described as magisterially presiding over the younger writers, and assuming the distribution of poetical fame; but he who excels has a right to teach, and he whose judgment is incontestable may without usurpation examine and decide.

Congreve represents him as ready to advise and instruct; but there is reason to believe that his communication was rather useful than entertaining. He declares of himself that he was saturnine, and not one of those whose sprightly sayings diverted company; and one of his censurers makes him say,

> "Nor wine nor love could ever see me gay;
> To writing bred, I knew not what to say."

There are men whose powers operate only at leisure and in retirement, and whose intellectual vigour deserts them in conversation; whom merriment confuses, and objection disconcerts; whose bashfulness restrains their exertion, and suffers them not to speak till the time of speaking is past; or whose attention to their own character makes them unwilling to utter at hazard what has not been considered, and cannot be recalled.

Of Dryden's sluggishness in conversation it is vain to search or to guess the cause. He certainly wanted neither sentiments nor language; his intellectual treasures were great, though they were locked up from his own use. "His thoughts," when he wrote, "flowed in

* The accusation against Dryden of having incited Creech to translate Horace, that, by his failure in that work, he might lose the reputation which his poetical version of Lucretius had procured him, is proved by Mr. Malone to be an impudent and malicious falsehood, and is traced by him to Tom Brown.

See Mr. Malone's *Life of Dryden*, p. 506—511. —T.

upon him so fast, that his only care was which to chuse, and which to reject." Such rapidity of composition naturally promises a flow of talk; yet we must be content to believe what an enemy says of him, when he likewise says it of himself. But, whatever was his character as a companion, it appears that he lived in familiarity with the highest persons of his time. It is related by Carte of the Duke of Ormond, that he used often to pass a night with Dryden, and those with whom Dryden consorted: who they were, Carte has not told, but certainly the convivial table at which Ormond sat was not surrounded with a plebeian society. He was indeed reproached with boasting of his familiarity with the great; and Horace will support him in the opinion, that to please superiors is not the lowest kind of merit.

The merit of pleasing must, however, be estimated by the means. Favour is not always gained by good actions or laudable qualities. Caresses and preferments are often bestowed on the auxiliaries of vice, the procurers of pleasure, or the flatterers of vanity. Dryden has never been charged with any personal agency unworthy of a good character: he abetted vice and vanity only with his pen. One of his enemies has accused him of lewdness in his conversation; but, if accusation without proof be credited, who shall be innocent?

His works afford too many examples of dissolute licentiousness and abject adulation, but they were probably, like his merriment, artificial and constrained; the effects of study and meditation, and his trade rather than his pleasure.

Of the mind that can trade in corruption, and can deliberately pollute itself with ideal wickedness for the sake of spreading the contagion in society, I wish not to conceal or excuse the depravity. Such degradation of the dignity of genius, such abuse of superlative abilities, cannot be contemplated but with grief and indignation. What consolation can be had, Dryden has afforded, by living to repent, and to testify his repentance.

Of dramatic immorality he did not want examples among his predecessors, or companions among his contemporaries; but, in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation, I know not whether, since the days in which the Roman emperors were deified, he has been ever equalled, except by Afra Behn, in an address to Eleanor Gwyn. When once he has undertaken the task of praise, he no longer retains shame in himself, nor supposes it in his patron. As many odoriferous bodies are observed to diffuse perfumes from year to year, without sensible diminution of bulk or weight, he appears never to have impoverished his mint of flattery by his expenses, however lavish. He had all the forms of excellence, intellectual and moral, combined in his mind, with endless variation; and, when he had scattered on the hero of the day the golden shower of wit and virtue, he had ready for him, whom he wished to court on the morrow, new wit and virtue with another stamp. Of this kind of meanness he never seems to decline the practice, or lament the necessity: he considers the great as entitled to encomiastic homage, and brings praise rather as a tribute than a gift, more delighted with the fertility of his invention, than mortified by the prostitution of his judgment. It is indeed not certain, that on these occasions his judgment much rebelled against his interest. There are minds which easily sink into submission, that look on grandeur with undistinguishing reverence, and discover no defect where there is elevation of rank and affluence of riches.

With his praises of others and of himself is always intermingled a strain of discontent and lamentation, a sullen growl of resentment or a querulous murmur of distress. His works are undervalued, his merit is unrewarded, and "he has few thanks to pay his stars that he was born among Englishmen." To his critics he is sometimes contemptuous, sometimes resentful, and sometimes submissive.* The writer who thinks his works formed for duration,

* His satire was evidently dreaded, as appears in *The Cavalier's Litany*, printed in 1682.

"From dining with Bethel and supping with Clayton,
From a lash with the quill of satiricall Dryden,
From a high-mettled Whig that was kick'd at Low-Layton,
Libera nos, &c."—T.

mistakes his interest when he mentions his enemies. He degrades his own dignity by showing that he was affected by their censures, and gives lasting importance to names, which, left to themselves, would vanish from remembrance. From this principle Dryden did not often depart; his complaints are for the greater part general; he seldom pollutes his pages with an adverse name. He condescended indeed to a controversy with Settle, in which he perhaps may be considered rather as assaulting than repelling; and since Settle is sunk into oblivion, his libel remains injurious only to himself.

Among answers to critics, no poetical attacks, or altercations, are to be included; they are like other poems, effusions of genius, produced as much to obtain praise as to obviate censure. These Dryden practised, and in these he excelled.

Of Collier, Blackmore, and Milbourne, he has made mention in the Preface of his Fables. To the censure of Collier, whose remarks may be rather termed admonitions than criticisms, he makes little reply; being, at the age of sixty-eight, attentive to better things than the claps of a playhouse. He complains of Collier's rudeness, and the "horse-play of his raillery;" and asserts, that "in many places he has perverted by his glosses the meaning" of what he censures; but in other things he confesses that he is justly taxed; and says with great calmness and candour, "I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts or expressions of mine that can be truly accused of obscenity, immorality, or profaneness, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, he will be glad of my repentance." Yet as our best dispositions are imperfect, he left standing in the same book a reflection on Collier of great asperity, and indeed of more asperity than wit.

Blackmore he represents as made his enemy by the poem of *Absalom and Achitophel*, which "he thinks a little hard upon his fanatic patrons;" and charges him with borrowing the plan of his *Arthur* from the Preface to Juvenal, "though he had," says he, "the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor, but instead of it to traduce me in a libel."

The libel in which Blackmore traduced him was a *Satire upon Wit;* in which, having lamented the exuberance of false wit and the deficiency of true, he proposes that all wit should be re-coined before it is current, and appoints masters of assay who shall reject all that is light or debased:—

> "'Tis true, that when the coarse and worthless dross
> Is purged away, there will be mighty loss:
> Ev'n Congreve, Southern, manly Wycherly,
> When thus refined will grievous sufferers be.
> Into the melting pot when Dryden comes,
> What horrid stench will rise, what noisome fumes!
> How will he shrink, when all his lewd allay
> And wicked mixture shall be purged away!"

Thus stands the passage in the last edition; but in the original there was an abatement of the censure, beginning thus:—

> "But what remains will be so pure, 'twill bear
> Th' examination of the most severe."

Blackmore, finding the censure resented, and the civility disregarded, ungenerously omitted the softer part. Such variations discover a writer who consults his passions more than his virtue; and it may be reasonably supposed that Dryden imputes his enmity to its true cause.

Of Milbourne he wrote only in general terms, such as are always ready at the call of anger, whether just or not: a short extract will be sufficient. "He pretends a quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul upon priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good 's, and am afraid his share of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied s shall never be able to force himself upon me for an adversary; I contemn him too o enter into competition with him.

"As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourne are only distinguished from the crowd by being remembered to their infamy."

Dryden indeed discovered, in many of his writings, an affected and absurd malignity to priests and priesthood, which naturally raised him many enemies, and which was sometimes as unseasonably resented as it was exerted. Trapp is angry that he calls the sacrificer in the *Georgics* "The Holy Butcher:" the translation is indeed ridiculous; but Trapp's anger arises from his zeal, not for the author, but the priest; as if any reproach of the follies of Paganism could be extended to the preachers of truth.

Dryden's dislike of the priesthood is imputed by Langbaine, and I think by Brown,* to a repulse which he suffered when he solicited ordination; but he denies, in the Preface to his Fables, that he ever designed to enter into the Church; and such a denial he would not have hazarded, if he could have been convicted of falsehood.

Malevolence to the clergy is seldom at a great distance from irreverence of religion, and Dryden affords no exception to this observation. His writings exhibit many passages, which, with all the allowance that can be made for characters and occasions, are such as piety would not have admitted, and such as may vitiate light and unprincipled minds. But there is no reason for supposing that he disbelieved the religion which he disobeyed. He forgot his duty rather than disowned it. His tendency to profaneness is the effect of levity, negligence, and loose conversation, with a desire of accommodating himself to the corruption of the times, by venturing to be wicked as far as he durst. When he professed himself a convert to Popery, he did not pretend to have received any new conviction of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

The persecution of critics was not the worst of his vexations: he was much more disturbed by the importunities of want. His complaints of poverty are so frequently repeated, either with the dejection of weakness sinking in helpless misery, or the indignation of merit claiming its tribute from mankind, that it is impossible not to detest the age which could impose on such a man the necessity of such solicitations, or not to despise the man who could submit to such solicitations without necessity.

Whether by the world's neglect, or his own imprudence, I am afraid that the greatest part of his life was passed in exigencies. Such outcries were surely never uttered but in severe pain. Of his supplies or his expenses, no probable estimate can now be made. Except the salary of the Laureat, to which King James added the office of Historiographer, perhaps with some additional emoluments, his whole revenue seems to have been casual; and it is well known that he seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal; and they that trust her promises, make little scruple of revelling to-day on the profits of the morrow.

Of his plays the profit was not great; and of the produce of his other works very little intelligence can be had. By discoursing with the late amiable Mr. Tonson, I could not find that any memorials of the transactions between his predecessor and Dryden had been preserved, except the following papers:—

"I do hereby promise to pay John Dryden, Esq., or order, on the 25th of March, 1699, the sum of two hundred and fifty guineas, in consideration of ten thousand verses, which the

* See also a Poem in Defence of the Church of England, in opposition to the Hind and Panther. Fol. Lond. 1688.

"Friend Bayes! I fear this fable, and these rimes,
Were thy dull penance for some former crimes,
When thy free muse her own brisk language spoke,
And, unbaptized, disdain'd the Christian yoke.

"The *Spanish Fryer* not thought himself revenged,
Until thy style, as well as faith, were changed.
Our Church refused thee orders; whence I find
Her call'd the *Panther*, that of Rome the *Hind*."—T.

said John Dryden, Esq., is to deliver to me Jacob Tonson, when finished, whereof seven thousand five hundred verses, more or less, are already in the said Jacob Tonson's possession. And I do hereby farther promise, and engage myself, to make up the said sum of two hundred and fifty guineas three hundred pounds sterling to the said John Dryden, Esq., his executors, administrators, or assigns, at the beginning of the second impression of the said ten thousand verses.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 20th day of March, 1698-9. "JACOB TONSON."

"Sealed and delivered, being first duly stampt, pursuant to the Acts of Parliament for that purpose, in the presence of

"BEN. PORTLOCK,
WILL. CONGREVE.'

"*March* 24, 1698.

"Received then of Mr. Jacob Tonson the sum of two hundred sixty-eight pounds fifteen shillings, in pursuance of an agreement for ten thousand verses, to be delivered by me to the said Jacob Tonson, whereof I have already delivered to him about seven thousand five hundred, more or less; he the said Jacob Tonson being obliged to make up the foresaid sum of two hundred sixty-eight pounds fifteen shillings three hundred pounds, at the beginning of the second impression of the foresaid ten thousand verses.

"I say, received by me,

"JOHN DRYDEN."

"*Witness*, CHARLES DRYDEN."

Two hundred and fifty guineas, at 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* is 268*l.* 15*s.*

It is manifest, from the dates of this contract, that it relates to the volume of Fables, which contains about twelve thousand verses, and for which therefore the payment must have been afterwards enlarged.

I have been told of another letter yet remaining, in which he desires Tonson to bring him money, to pay for a watch which he had ordered for his son, and which the maker would not leave without the price.

The inevitable consequence of poverty is dependence. Dryden had probably no recourse in his exigencies but to his bookseller. The particular character of Tonson I do not know; but the general conduct of traders was much less liberal in those times than in our own: their views were narrower, and their manners grosser. To the mercantile ruggedness of that race, the delicacy of the poet was sometimes exposed. Lord Bolingbroke, who in his youth had cultivated poetry, related to Dr. King, of Oxford, that one day, when he visited Dryden, they heard, as they were conversing, another person entering the house. "This," said Dryden, "is Tonson. You will take care not to depart before he goes away; for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him; and if you leave me unprotected, I must suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue."

What rewards he obtained for his poems, besides the payment of the bookseller, cannot be known. Mr. Derrick, who consulted some of his relations, was informed that his Fables obtained five hundred pounds from the Duchess of Ormond; a present not unsuitable to the magnificence of that splendid family; and he quotes Moyle, as relating that forty pounds were paid by a musical society for the use of *Alexander's Feast.*

In those days the economy of government was yet unsettled, and the payments of the Exchequer were dilatory and uncertain: of this disorder there is reason to believe that the Laureat sometimes felt the effects; for, in one of his Prefaces, he complains of those, who, being entrusted with the distribution of the Prince's bounty, suffer those that depend upon it to languish in penury.

Of his petty habits, or slight amusements, tradition has retained little. Of the only two men whom I have found to whom he was personally known, one told me, that at the house

which he frequented, called Will's Coffee-house, the appeal upon any literary dispute was made to him ; and the other related, that his armed chair, which in the winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was in the summer placed in the balcony, and that he called the two places his winter and his summer seat. This is all the intelligence which his two survivors afforded me.

One of his opinions will do him no honour in the present age, though in his own time, at least in the beginning of it, he was far from having it confined to himself. He put great confidence in the prognostications of judicial astrology. In the Appendix to the Life of Congreve is a narrative of some of his predictions wonderfully fulfilled ; but I know not the writer's means of information, or character of veracity. That he had the configurations of the horoscope in his mind, and considered them as influencing the affairs of men, he does not forbear to hint :—

> "The utmost malice of the stars is past.—
> Now frequent *trines* the happier lights among,
> And *high-raised Jove*, from his dark prison freed,
> Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
> Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed."

He has elsewhere shown his attention to the planetary powers ; and in the preface to his Fables has endeavoured obliquely to justify his superstition by attributing the same to some of the ancients. The latter, added to this narrative, leaves no doubt of his notions or practice.

So slight and so scanty is the knowledge which I have been able to collect concerning the private life and domestic manners of a man whom every English generation must mention with reverence as a critic and a poet.

DRYDEN may be properly considered as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition. Of our former poets, the greatest dramatist wrote without rules, conducted through life and nature by a genius that rarely misled, and rarely deserted him. Of the rest, those who knew the laws of propriety had neglected to teach them.

Two *Arts of English Poetry* were written in the days of Elizabeth by Webb and Puttenham, from which something might be learned, and a few hints had been given by Jonson and Cowley ; but Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poetry* was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing.

He who, having formed his opinions in the present age of English literature, turns back to peruse this dialogue, will not perhaps find much increase of knowledge, or much novelty of instruction ; but he is to remember that critical principles were then in the hands of a few, who had gathered them partly from the ancients, and partly from the Italians and French. The structure of dramatic poems was then not generally understood. Audiences applauded by instinct ; and poets perhaps often pleased by chance.

A writer who obtains his full purpose loses himself in his own lustre. Of an opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined. Of an art universally practised, the first teacher is forgotten. Learning once made popular is no longer learning ; it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes.

To judge rightly of an author, we must transport ourselves to his time, and examine what were the wants of his contemporaries, and what were his means of supplying them. That which is easy at one time was difficult at another. Dryden at least imported his science, and gave his country what it wanted before ; or rather, he imported only the materials, and manufactured them by his own skill.

The Dialogue on the Drama was one of his first essays of criticism, written when he was yet a timorous candidate for reputation, and therefore laboured with that diligence which he

might allow himself somewhat to remit, when his name gave sanction to his positions, and his awe of the public was abated, partly by custom, and partly by success. It will not be easy to find, in all the opulence of our language, a treatise so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations. His portraits of the English dramatists are wrought with great spirit and diligence. The account of Shakspeare may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration. The praise lavished by Longinus, on the attestation of the heroes of Marathon, by Demosthenes, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed; nor can the editors and admirers of Shakspeare, in all their emulation of reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence; of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value, though of greater bulk.

In this, and in all his other essays on the same subject, the criticism of Dryden is the criticism of a poet; not a dull collection of theorems, nor a rude detection of faults, which perhaps the censor was not able to have committed; but a gay and vigorous dissertation, where delight is mingled with instruction, and where the author proves his right of judgment by his power of performance.

The different manner and effect with which critical knowledge may be conveyed, was perhaps never more clearly exemplified than in the performances of Rymer and Dryden. It was said of a dispute between two mathematicians, "malim cum Scaligero errare, quam cum Clavio rectè sapere;" that "it was more eligible to go wrong with one, than right with the other." A tendency of the same kind every mind must feel at the perusal of Dryden's prefaces and Rymer's discourses. With Dryden we are wandering in quest of Truth; whom we find, if we find her at all, dressed in the graces of elegance; and, if we miss her, the labour of the pursuit rewards itself: we are led only through fragance and flowers. Rymer, without taking a nearer, takes a rougher way; every step is to be made through thorns and brambles; and Truth, if we meet her, appears repulsive by her mien, and ungraceful by her habit. Dryden's criticism has the majesty of a queen; Rymer's has the ferocity of a tyrant.

As he had studied with great diligence the art of Poetry, and enlarged or rectified his notions, by experience perpetually increasing, he had his mind stored with principles and observations; he poured out his knowledge with little labour; for of labour, notwithstanding the multiplicity of his productions, there is sufficient reason to suspect that he was not a lover. To write *con amore*, with fondness for the employment, with perpetual touches and retouches, with unwillingness to take leave of his own idea, and an unwearied pursuit of unattainable perfection, was, I think, no part of his character.

His criticism may be considered as general or occasional. In his general precepts, which depend upon the nature of things, and the structure of the human mind, he may doubtless be safely recommended to the confidence of the reader; but his occasional and particular positions were sometimes interested, sometimes negligent, and sometimes capricious. It is not without reason that Trapp, speaking of the praises which he bestows on Palamon and Arcite, says, "Novimus judicium Drydeni de poemate quodam *Chauceri*, pulchro sane illo, et admodum laudando, nimirum quod non modo vere epicum sit, sed Iliada etiam atque Æneada æquet, imo superet. Sed novimus eodem tempore viri illius maximi non semper accuratissimas esse censuras, nec ad severissimam critices normam exactas: illo judice id plerumque optimum est, quod nunc præ manibus habet, et in quo nunc occupatur."

He is therefore by no means constant to himself. His defence and desertion of dramatic rhyme is generally known. Spence, in his remarks on Pope's Odyssey, produces what he thinks an unconquerable quotation from Dryden's preface to the Æneid, in favour of translating an epic poem into blank verse; but he forgets that when his author attempted

the Iliad, some years afterwards, he departed from his own decision, and translated into rhyme.

When he has any objection to obviate, or any licence to defend, he is not very scrupulous about what he asserts, nor very cautious, if the present purpose be served, not to entangle himself in his own sophistries. But, when all arts are exhausted, like other hunted animals, he sometimes stands at bay; when he cannot disown the grossness of one of his plays, he declares that he knows not any law that prescribes morality to a comic poet.

His remarks on ancient or modern writers are not always to be trusted. His parallel of the versification of Ovid with that of Claudian has been very justly censured by Sewel.* His comparison of the first line of Virgil with the first of Statius is not happier. Virgil, he says, is soft and gentle, and would have thought Statius mad, if he had heard him thundering out

"Quæ superimposito moles geminata colosso."

Statius perhaps heats himself, as he proceeds, to exaggeration somewhat hyperbolical; but undoubtedly Virgil would have been too hasty, if he had condemned him to straw for one sounding line. Dryden wanted an instance, and the first that occurred was impressed into the service.

What he wishes to say, he says at hazard; he cited *Gorbuduc*, which he had never seen; gives a false account of Chapman's versification; and discovers, in the preface to his Fables, that he translated the first book of the Iliad without knowing what was in the second.

It will be difficult to prove that Dryden ever made any great advances in literature. As having distinguished himself at Westminster under the tuition of Busby, who advanced his scholars to a height of knowledge very rarely attained in grammar-schools, he resided afterwards at Cambridge; it is not to be supposed, that his skill in the ancient languages was deficient, compared with that of common students; but his scholastic acquisitions seem not proportionate to his opportunities and abilities. He could not, like Milton or Cowley, have made his name illustrious merely by his learning. He mentions but few books, and those such as lie in the beaten track of regular study; from which if ever he departs, he is in danger of losing himself in unknown regions.

In his Dialogue on the Drama, he pronounces with great confidence that the Latin tragedy of Medea is not Ovid's, because it is not sufficiently interesting and pathetic. He might have determined the question upon surer evidence; for it is quoted by Quintilian as the work of Seneca; and the only line which remains in Ovid's play, for one line is left us, is not there to be found. There was therefore no need of the gravity of conjecture, or the discussion of plot or sentiment, to find what was already known upon higher authority than such discussions can ever reach.

His literature, though not always free from ostentation, will be commonly found either obvious, and made his own by the art of dressing it; or superficial, which, by what he gives, shows what he wanted; or erroneous, hastily collected, and negligently scattered.

Yet it cannot be said that his genius is ever unprovided of matter, or that his fancy languishes in penury of ideas. His works abound with knowledge, and sparkle with illustrations. There is scarcely any science or faculty that does not supply him with occasional images and lucky similitudes; every page discovers a mind very widely acquainted both with art and nature, and in full possession of great stores of intellectual wealth. Of him that knows much it is natural to suppose that he has read with diligence: yet I rather believe that the knowledge of Dryden was gleaned from accidental intelligence and various conversation, by a quick apprehension, a judicious selection, and a happy memory; a keen appetite of knowledge, and a powerful digestion; by vigilance that permitted nothing to

* Preface to Ovid's Metamorphoses.—Dr. J.

pass without notice, and a habit of reflection that suffered nothing useful to be lost. A mind like Dryden's, always curious, always active, to which every understanding was proud to be associated, and of which every one solicited the regard, by an ambitious display of himself, had a more pleasant, perhaps a nearer way to knowledge than by the silent progress of solitary reading. I do not suppose that he despised books, or intentionally neglected them; but that he was carried out, by the impetuosity of his genius, to more vivid and speedy instructors; and that his studies were rather desultory and fortuitous than constant and systematical.

It must be confessed that he scarcely ever appears to want book-learning but when he mentions books; and to him may be transferred the praise which he gives his master Charles:—

> "His conversation, wit, and parts,
> His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
> Were such, dead authors could not give,
> But habitudes of those that live:
> Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive;
> He drain'd from all, and all they knew,
> His apprehensions quick, his judgment true;
> That the most learn'd with shame confess
> His knowledge more, his reading only less."

Of all this, however, if the proof be demanded, I will not undertake to give it: the atoms of probability, of which my opinion has been formed, lie scattered over all his works; and by him who thinks the question worth his notice, his works must be perused with very close attention.

Criticism, either didactic or defensive, occupies almost all his prose, except those pages which he has devoted to his patrons; but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled: every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid: the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous; what is little, is gay; what is great, is splendid. He may be thought to mention himself too frequently; but, while he forces himself upon our esteem, we cannot refuse him to stand high in his own. Every thing is excused by the play of images, and the sprightliness of expression. Though all is easy, nothing is feeble; though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh; and though, since his earlier works more than a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete.

He who writes much will not easily escape a manner, such a recurrence of particular modes as may be easily noted. Dryden is always *another and the same;* he does not exhibit a second time the same elegances in the same form, nor appears to have any art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thinks with vigour. His style could not easily be imitated, either seriously or ludicrously; for, being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or discriminative characters. The beauty who is totally free from disproportion of parts and features cannot be ridiculed by an overcharged resemblance.

From his prose, however, Dryden derives only his accidental and secondary praise; the veneration with which his name is pronounced by every cultivator of English literature, is paid to him as he refined the language, improved the sentiments, and tuned the numbers of English Poetry.

After about half a century of forced thoughts, and rugged metre, some advances towards nature and harmony had been already made by Waller and Denham; they had shown that long discourses in rhyme grew more pleasing when they were broken into couplets, and that verse consisted not only in the number but the arrangement of syllables.

But though they did much, who can deny that they left much to do? Their works were not many, nor were their minds of very ample comprehension. More examples of more

modes of composition were necessary for the establishment of regularity, and the introduction of propriety in word and thought.

Every language of a learned nation necessarily divides itself into diction scholastic and popular, grave and familiar, elegant and gross: and from a nice distinction of these different parts arises a great part of the beauty of style. But, if we except a few minds, the favourites of nature, to whom their own original rectitude was in the place of rules, this delicacy of selection was little known to our authors; our speech lay before them in a heap of confusion; and every man took for every purpose what chance might offer him.

There was therefore before the time of Dryden no poetical diction, no system of words at once refined from the grossness of domestic use, and free from the harshness of terms appropriated to particular arts. Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet. From those sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions, we do not easily receive strong impressions, or delightful images; and words to which we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themselves which they should transmit to things.

Those happy combinations of words which distinguish poetry from prose had been rarely attempted: we had few elegances or flowers of speech; the roses had not yet been plucked from the bramble, or different colours had not been joined to enliven one another.

It may be doubted whether Waller and Denham could have overborne the prejudices which had long prevailed, and which even then were sheltered by the protection of Cowley. The new versification, as it is called, may be considered as owing its establishment to Dryden; from whose time it is apparent that English poetry has had no tendency to relapse to its former savageness.

The affluence and comprehension of our language is very illustriously displayed in our poetical translations of Ancient Writers; a work which the French seem to relinquish in despair, and which we were long unable to perform with dexterity. Ben Jonson thought it necessary to copy Horace almost word by word; Feltham, his contemporary and adversary, considers it as indispensably requisite in a translation to give line for line. It is said that Sandys, whom Dryden calls the best versifier of the last age, has struggled hard to comprise every book of the English Metamorphoses in the same number of verses with the original. Holyday had nothing in view but to show that he understood his author, with so little regard to the grandeur of his diction, or the volubility of his numbers, that his metres can hardly be called verses; they cannot be read without reluctance, nor will the labour always be rewarded by understanding them. Cowley saw that such copiers were a servile race; he asserted his liberty, and spread his wings so boldly that he left his authors. It was reserved for Dryden to fix the limits of poetical liberty, and give us just rules and examples of translation.

When languages are formed upon different principles, it is impossible that the same modes of expression should always be elegant in both. While they run on together, the closest translation may be considered as the best; but when they divaricate, each must take its natural course. Where correspondence cannot be obtained, it is necessary to be content with something equivalent. "Translation, therefore," says Dryden, "is not so loose as paraphrase, nor so close as metaphrase."

All polished languages have different styles; the concise, the diffuse, the lofty, and the humble. In the proper choice of style consists the resemblance which Dryden principally exacts from the translator. He is to exhibit his author's thoughts in such a dress of diction as the author would have given them, had his language been English: rugged magnificence is not to be softened; hyperbolical ostentation is not to be repressed; nor sententious affectation to have its point blunted. A translator is to be like his author; it is not his business to excel him.

The reasonableness of these rules seems sufficient for their vindication; and the effects produced by observing them were so happy, that I know not whether they were ever opposed

but by Sir Edward Sherburne, a man whose learning was greater than his powers of poetry, and who, being better qualified to give the meaning than the spirit of Seneca, has introduced his version of three tragedies by a defence of close translation. The authority of Horace, which the new translators cited in defence of their practice, he has, by a judicious explanation, taken fairly from them; but reason wants not Horace to support it.

It seldom happens that all the necessary causes concur to any great effect: will is wanting to power, or power to will, or both are impeded by external obstructions. The exigencies in which Dryden was condemned to pass his life are reasonably supposed to have blasted his genius, to have driven out his works in a state of immaturity, and to have intercepted the full-blown elegance which longer growth would have supplied.

Poverty, like other rigid powers, is sometimes too hastily accused. If the excellence of Dryden's works was lessened by his indigence, their number was increased; and I know not how it will be proved, that if he had written less he would have written better; or that, indeed, he would have undergone the toil of an author, if he had not been solicited by something more pressing than the love of praise.

But, as is said by his Sebastian,

"What had been, is unknown; what is, appears.

We know that Dryden's several productions were so many successive expedients for his support; his plays were therefore often borrowed; and his poems were almost all occasional.

In an occasional performance no height of excellence can be expected from any mind, however fertile in itself, and however stored with acquisitions. He whose work is general and arbitrary has the choice of his matter, and takes that which his inclination and his studies have best qualified him to display and decorate. He is at liberty to delay his publication till he has satisfied his friends and himself, till he has reformed his first thoughts by subsequent examination, and polished away those faults which the precipitance of ardent composition is likely to leave behind it. Virgil is related to have poured out a great number of lines in the morning, and to have passed the day in reducing them to fewer.

The occasional poet is circumscribed by the narrowness of his subject. Whatever can happen to man has happened so often that little remains for fancy or invention. We have been all born; we have most of us been married; and so many have died before us, that our deaths can supply but few materials for a poet. In the fate of princes the public has an interest; and what happens to them of good or evil, the poets have always considered as business for the Muse. But after so many inauguratory gratulations, nuptial hymns, and funeral dirges, he must be highly favoured by nature, or by fortune, who says anything not said before. Even war and conquest, however splendid, suggest no new images; the triumphant chariot of a victorious monarch can be decked only with those ornaments that have graced his predecessors.

Not only matter but time is wanting. The poem must not be delayed till the occasion is forgotten. The lucky moments of animated imagination cannot be attended; elegances and illustrations cannot be multiplied by gradual accumulation; the composition must be despatched, while conversation is yet busy, and admiration fresh; and haste is to be made, lest some other event should lay hold upon mankind.

Occasional compositions may however secure to a writer the praise both of learning and facility; for they cannot be the effect of long study, and must be furnished immediately from the treasures of the mind.

The death of Cromwell was the first public event which called forth Dryden's poetical powers. His heroic stanzas have beauties and defects; the thoughts are vigorous, and, though not always proper, show a mind replete with ideas; the numbers are smooth; and the diction, if not altogether correct, is elegant and easy.

Davenant was perhaps at this time his favourite author, though Gondibert never appears

ve been popular; and from Davenant he learned to please his ear with the stanza of ines alternately rhymed.

ryden very early formed his versification; there are in this early production no traces nne's or Jonson's ruggedness; but he did not so soon free his mind from the ambition ced conceits. In his verses on the Restoration, he says of the King's exile :—

> "He, toss'd by Fate —
> Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age,
> But found his life too true a pilgrimage."

afterwards, to show how virtue and wisdom are increased by adversity, he makes this rk :—

> "Well might the ancient poets then confer
> On Night the honour'd name of *counsellor*,
> Since, struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
> We light alone in dark afflictions find."

is praise of Monk's dexterity comprises such a cluster of thoughts unallied to one ıer, as will not elsewhere be easily found :—

> "'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to loose
> Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
> The blessed saints that watch'd this turning scene
> Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
> To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
> Not in their bulk, but in their order strong.
> Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
> Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
> With ease such fond chimæras we pursue,
> As fancy frames, for fancy to subdue:
> But, when ourselves to action we betake,
> It shuns the mint like gold that chemists make.
> How hard was then his task, at once to be
> What in the body natural we see!
> Man's Architect distinctly did ordain
> The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
> Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense
> The springs of motion from the seat of sense;
> 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
> But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
> He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
> Would let them play awhile upon the hook.
> Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
> At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
> Wise leeches will not vain receipts obtrude,
> While growing pains pronounce the humours crude
> Deaf to complaints, they wait upon the ill,
> Till some safe crisis authorise their skill."

e had not yet learned, indeed he never learned well, to forbear the improper use of ology. After having rewarded the heathen deities for their care,

> "With Alga who the sacred altar strows?
> To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes;
> A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain;
> A ram to you, ye Tempests of the Main."

lls us, in the language of Religion :—

> "Prayer storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,
> As Heaven itself is took by violence."

ıfterwards mentions one of the most awful passages of Sacred History.

her conceits there are too curious to be quite omitted; as,

> "For by example most we sinn'd before,
> And, glass-like, clearness mix'd with frailty bore."

How far he was yet from thinking it necessary to found his sentiments on nature, appears from the extravagance of his fictions and hyperboles :—

"The winds, that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straiten'd lungs.—
It is no longer motion cheats your view;
As you meet it, the land approacheth you;
The land returns, and in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence, and sorrow bears."

I know not whether this fancy, however little be its value, was not borrowed. A French poet read to Malherbe some verses, in which he represents France as moving out of its place to receive the king. "Though this," said Malherbe, "was in my time, I do not remember it."

His poem on the *Coronation* has a more even tenor of thought. Some lines deserve to be quoted :—

"You have already quench'd sedition's brand;
And zeal, that burn'd it, only warms the land;
The jealous sects that durst not trust their cause,
So far from their own will as to the laws,
Him for their umpire and their synod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make."

Here may be found one particle of that old versification, of which, I believe, in all his works, there is not another :—

"Nor is it duty, or our hope alone,
Creates that joy, but full *fruition*."

In the verses to the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, two years afterwards, is a conceit so hopeless at the first view, that few would have attempted it; and so successfully laboured, that though at last it gives the reader more perplexity than pleasure, and seems hardly worth the study that it costs, yet it must be valued as a proof of a mind at once subtle and comprehensive :—

"In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky;
So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our king and you:
Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heaven can find
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That though your orbs of different greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use disposed,
His to enclose, and yours to be enclosed.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptiness had come between."

The comparison of the Chancellor to the Indies leaves all resemblance too far behind it :—

"And as the Indies were not found before
Those rich perfumes which from the happy shore
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd:
So by your counsels we are brought to view
A new and undiscover'd world in you."

There is another comparison, for there is little else in the poem, of which, though perhaps it cannot be explained into plain prosaic meaning, the mind perceives enough to be delighted, and readily forgives its obscurity, for its magnificence :—

"How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than wars do cease
Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise;
And war more force, but not more pains employs.

Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
That, like the Earth's, it leaves our sense behind;
While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere,
That rapid motion does but rest appear.
For, as in Nature's swiftness, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
Moved by the soul of the same harmony;
So, carried on by your unwearied care,
We rest in peace, and yet in motion share."

) this succeed four lines, which perhaps afford Dryden's first attempt at those pene-
g remarks on human nature, for which he seems to have been peculiarly formed :—

"Let envy then those crimes within you see,
From which the happy never must be free;
Envy, that does with misery reside,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride."

ito this poem he seems to have collected all his powers; and after this he did not often
upon his anvil such stubborn and unmalleable thoughts; but, as a specimen of his
ies to unite the most unsociable matter, he has concluded with lines of which I think
yself obliged to tell the meaning :—

"Yet unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
And measure change, but share no part of it:
And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this new year, whose motions never cease.
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the centre of it is above."

the *Annus Mirabilis* he returned to the quatrain, which from that time he totally
d, perhaps from experience of its inconvenience, for he complains of its difficulty. This
of his greatest attempts. He had subjects equal to his abilities, a great naval war,
he Fire of London. Battles have always been described in heroic poetry; but a
ht and artillery had yet something of novelty. New arts are long in the world before
describe them; for they borrow every thing from their predecessors, and commonly
very little from nature or from life. Boileau was the first French writer that had
hazarded in verse the mention of modern war, or the effects of gunpowder. We, who
ss afraid of novelty, had already possession of those dreadful images. Waller had
bed a sea-fight. Milton had not yet transferred the invention of fire-arms to the
ious angels.

is poem is written with great diligence, yet does not fully answer the expectation
by such subjects and such a writer. With the stanza of Davenant he has sometimes
in of parenthesis, and incidental disquisition, and stops his narrative for a wise remark.
e general fault is, that he affords more sentiment than description, and does not so
impress scenes upon the fancy, as deduce consequences and make comparisons.

e initial stanzas have rather too much resemblance to the first lines of Waller's
on the war with Spain; perhaps such a beginning is natural, and could not be avoided
ut affectation. Both Waller and Dryden might take their hint from the poem on the
var of Rome, "Orbem jam totum," &c.

the King collecting his navy, he says :—

"It seems, as every ship their sovereign knows,
His awful summons they so soon obey:
So hear the scaly herds when Proteus blows,
And so to pasture follow through the sea."

It would not be hard to believe that Dryden had written the two first lines seriously, and that some wag had added the two latter in burlesque. Who would expect the lines that immediately follow, which are indeed perhaps indecently hyperbolical, but certainly in a mode totally different?

"To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise."

The description of the attempt at Bergen will afford a very complete specimen of the descriptions in this poem:—

"And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising sun:
And precious sand from Southern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

"Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coast they bring
Then first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
And winter brooded on the Eastern spring.

"By the rich scent we found our perfumed prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie;
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

"Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The English undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

"These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy:
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
That what both love both hazard to destroy:

"Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd against them fly;
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die:

"And though, by tempests of the prize bereft,
In heaven's inclemency some ease we find:
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind."

In this manner is the sublime too often mingled with the ridiculous. The Dutch seek a shelter for a wealthy fleet: this surely needed no illustration; yet they must fly, not like all the rest of mankind on the same occasion, but "like hunted castors;" and they might with strict propriety be hunted, for we winded them by our noses—their *perfumes* betrayed them. The *husband* and the *lover*, though of more dignity than the castor, are images too domestic to mingle properly with the horrors of war. The two quatrains that follow are worthy of the author.

The account of the different sensations with which the two fleets retired, when the night parted them, is one of the fairest flowers of English poetry:—

"The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still, and they ashamed to leave;
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

"In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
And loud applause of their great leader's fame;
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And, slumbering, smile at the imagined flame.

"Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,
Stretch'd on their decks, like weary oxen lie;
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run;
Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

"In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore;
Or, in dark churches, walk among the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more."

It is a general rule in poetry, that all appropriated terms of art should be sunk in general expressions, because poetry is to speak an universal language. This rule is still stronger with regard to arts not liberal, or confined to few, and therefore far removed from common knowledge; and of this kind, certainly, is technical navigation. Yet Dryden was of opinion, that a sea-fight ought to be described in the nautical language; "and certainly," says he, "as those, who in a logical disputation keep to general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in poetical description would veil their ignorance."

Let us then appeal to experience; for by experience at last we learn as well what will please as what will profit. In the battle his terms seem to have been blown away; but he deals them liberally in the dock:—

"So here some pick out bullets from the side,
Some drive old *oakum* through each *seam* and rift:
Their left hand does the *calking-iron* guide,
The rattling *mallet* with the right they lift.

"With boiling pitch another near at hand,
From friendly Sweden brought, the *seams instops;*
Which, well laid o'er, the salt-sea waves withstand,
And shake them from the rising beak in drops.

"Some the *gall'd* ropes with dawby *marling* bind,
Or cere-cloth masts with strong *tarpawling* coats;
To try new *shrouds* one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes."

I suppose there is not one term which every reader does not wish away.

His digression to the original and progress of navigation, with his prospect of the advancement which it shall receive from the Royal Society, then newly instituted, may be considered as an example seldom equalled of seasonable excursion and artful return.

One line, however, leaves me discontented; he says, that, by the help of the philosophers,

"Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
By which remotest regions are allied."—

Which he is constrained to explain in a note "by a more exact measure of longitude." It had better become Dryden's learning and genius to have laboured science into poetry, and have shown, by explaining longitude, that verse did not refuse the ideas of philosophy.

His description of the Fire is painted by resolute meditation, out of a mind better formed to reason than to feel. The conflagration of a city, with all its tumults of concomitant distress, is one of the most dreadful spectacles which this world can offer to human eyes; yet it seems to raise little emotion in the breast of the poet; he watches the flame coolly from street to street, with now a reflection, and now a simile, till at last he meets the King, for whom he makes a speech, rather tedious in a time so busy; and then follows again the progress of the fire.

There are, however, in this part some passages that deserve attention; as in the beginning:—

"The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the night's; and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of nature did invade.

"In this deep quiet"——

The expression "All was the night's" is taken from Seneca, who remarks on Virgil's line,

"Omnia noctis erant, placida composta quiete,"

that he might have concluded better,

"Omnia noctis erant.

The following quatrain is vigorous and animated :—

> "The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
> With bold fanatick spectres to rejoice;
> About the fire into a dance they bend,
> And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice."

His pred ction of the improvements which shall be made in the new city is elegant and poetical, and with an event which poets cannot always boast has been happily verified. The poem concludes with a simile that might have better been omitted.

Dryden, when he wrote this poem, seems not yet fully to have formed his versification, or settled his system of propriety.

From this time he addicted himself almost wholly to the stage, "to which," says he, "my genius never much inclined me," merely as the most profitable market for poetry. By writing tragedies in rhyme, he continued to improve his diction and his numbers. According to the opinion of Harte, who had studied his works with great attention. he settled his principles of versification in 1676, when he produced the play of *Aureng Zebe;* and according to his own account of the short time in which he wrote *Tyrannic Love*, and the *State of Innocence*, he soon obtained the full effect of diligence, and added facility to exactness.

Rhyme has been so long banished from the theatre, that we know not its effects upon the passions of an audience ; but it has this convenience, that sentences stand more independent on each other, and striking passages are therefore easily selected and retained. Thus the description of Night in the *Indian Emperor*, and the rise and fall of empire in the *Conquest of Granada*, are more frequently repeated than any lines in *All for Love*, or *Don Sebastian*.

To search his plays for vigorous sallies and sententious elegances, or to fix the dates of any little pieces which he wrote by chance or by solicitation, were labour too tedious and minute.

His dramatic labours did not so wholly absorb his thoughts, but that he promulgated the laws of translation in a preface to the English Epistles of Ovid ; one of which he translated himself, and another in conjunction with the Earl of Mulgrave.

Absalom and Achitophel is a work so well known, that particular criticism is superfluous. If it be considered as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellences of which the subject is susceptible ; acrimony of censure, elegance of praise, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigour of sentiment, happy turns of language, and pleasing harmony of numbers ; and all these raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition.

It is not, however, without faults ; some lines are inelegant and improper, and too many are irreligiously licentious. The original structure of the poem was defective ; allegories drawn to great length will always break ; Charles could not run continually parallel with David.

The subject had likewise another inconvenience : it admitted little imagery or description ; and a long poem of mere sentiments easily becomes tedious ; though all the parts are forcible, and every line kindles new rapture, the reader, if not relieved by the interposition of something that sooths the fancy, grows weary of admiration, and defers the rest.

As an approach to the historical truth was necessary, the action and catastrophe were not in the poet's power ; there is therefore an unpleasing disproportion between the beginning and the end. We are alarmed by a faction formed of many sects, various in their principles, but agreeing in their purpose of mischief, formidable for their numbers, and strong by their supports ; while the King's friends are few and weak. The chiefs on either part are set forth to view : but when expectation is at the height, the King makes a speech, and—

> "Henceforth a series of new times began."

Who can forbear to think of an enchanted castle, with a wide moat and lofty battlements,

walls of marble and gates of brass, which vanishes at once into air, when the destined knight blows his horn before it?

In the second part, written by Tate, there is a long insertion, which, for its poignancy of satire, exceeds any part of the former. Personal resentment, though no laudable motive to satire, can add great force to general principles. Self-love is a busy prompter.

The Medal, written upon the same principles with *Absalom and Achitophel*, but upon a narrower plan, gives less pleasure, though it discovers equal abilities in the writer. The superstructure cannot extend beyond the foundation; a single character or incident cannot furnish as many ideas, as a series of events, or multiplicity of agents. This poem, therefore, since time has left it to itself, is not much read, nor perhaps generally understood; yet it abounds with touches both of humorous and serious satire. The picture of a man whose propensions to mischief are such, that his best actions are but inability of wickedness, is very skilfully delineated and strongly coloured:—

"Power was his aim; but, thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
And malice reconciled him to his prince.
Him, in the anguish of his soul he served:
Rewarded faster still than he deserved.
Behold him now exalted into trust;
His counsels oft convenient, seldom just;
Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave,
He had a grudging still to be a knave.
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatick years,
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears,
At least as little honest as he could,
And like white witches, mischievously good.
To this first bias, longingly, he leans,
And rather would be great by wicked means."

The *Threnodia*, which, by a term I am afraid neither authorised nor analogical, he calls *Augustalis*, is not among his happiest productions. Its first and obvious defect is the irregularity of its metre, to which the ears of that age, however, were accustomed. What is worse, it has neither tenderness nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetic. He seems to look round him for images which he cannot find, and what he has he distorts by endeavouring to enlarge them. "He is," he says, "petrified with grief;" but the marble sometimes relents, and trickles in a joke.

"The sons of art all med'cines tried,
And every noble remedy applied;
With emulation each essay'd
His utmost skill; *nay, more, they pray'd;*
Was never losing game with better conduct play'd."

He had been a little inclined to merriment before, upon the prayers of a nation for their dying sovereign; nor was he serious enough to keep Heathen fables out of his religion:—

"With him the innumerable crowd of armed prayers
Knock'd at the gates of heaven, and knock'd aloud;
The first well-meaning rude petitioners
All for his life assail'd the throne,
All would have bribed the skies by offering up their own.
So great a throng not heaven itself could bar;
'Twas almost borne by force *as in the giants' war.*
The pray'rs, at least, for his reprieve, were heard;
His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd."

There is throughout the composition a desire of splendour without wealth. In the conclusion he seems too much pleased with the prospect of the new reign to have lamented his old master with much sincerity.

He did not miscarry in this attempt for want of skill either in lyric or elegiac poetry. His poem on the death of *Mrs. Killegrew* is undoubtedly the noblest ode that our language ever

has produced. The first part flows with a torrent of enthusiasm. "Fervet immensusque ruit." All the stanzas indeed are not equal. An imperial crown cannot be one continued diamond; the gems must be held together by some less valuable matter.

In his first ode for Cecilia's day, which is lost in the splendour of the second, there are passages which would have dignified any other poet. The first stanza is vigorous and elegant, though the word *diapason* is too technical, and the rhymes are too remote from one another.

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
'Arise, ye more than dead.'
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began.
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man."

The conclusion is likewise striking; but it includes an image so awful in itself, that it can owe little to poetry; and I could wish the antithesis of *music untuning* had found some other place.

"As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above:

"So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky."

Of his skill in elegy he has given a specimen in his *Eleonora*, of which the following lines discover their author:—

"Though all these rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow space of life confined,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd,
Though not so large an orb, as truly round:
As when in glory, through the public place,
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And so the swift procession hurried on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown;
So, in the straiten'd bounds of life confined,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind;
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute slipp'd away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each complete;
And every act stood ready to repeat."

This piece, however, is not without its faults: there is so much likeness in the initial comparison, that there is no illustration. As a king would be lamented, Eleonora was lamented:—

"As, when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs, rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last,

Who then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign;
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loss the news became."

This is little better than to say in praise of a shrub, that it is as green as a tree; or of a brook, that it waters a garden, as a river waters a country.

Dryden confesses that he did not know the lady whom he celebrates: the praise being therefore inevitably general, fixes no impression upon the reader, nor excites any tendency to love, nor much desire of imitation. Knowledge of the subject is to the poet what durable materials are to the architect.

The *Religio Laici*, which borrows its title from the *Religio Medici* of Browne, is almost the only work of Dryden which can be considered as a voluntary effusion: in this, therefore, it might be hoped, that the full effulgence of his genius would be found. But unhappily the subject is rather argumentative than poetical; he intended only a specimen of metrical disputation:—

"And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose."

This, however, is a composition of great excellence in its kind, in which the familiar is very properly diversified with the solemn, and the grave with the humorous; in which metre has neither weakened the force, nor clouded the perspicuity of argument; nor will it be easy to find another example equally happy of this middle kind of writing, which, though prosaic in some parts, rises to high poetry in others, and neither towers to the skies, nor creeps along the ground.

Of the same kind, or not far distant from it, is the *Hind and Panther*, the longest of all Dryden's original poems; an allegory intended to comprise and to decide the controversy between the Romanists and Protestants. The scheme of the work is injudicious and incommodious; for what can be more absurd than that one beast should counsel another to rest her faith upon a pope and council? He seems well enough skilled in the usual topics of argument, endeavours to show the necessity of an infallible judge, and reproaches the Reformers with want of unity; but is weak enough to ask, why, since we see without knowing how, we may not have an infallible judge without knowing where?

The *Hind* at one time is afraid to drink at the common brook, because she may be worried; but, walking home with the *Panther*, talks by the way of the *Nicene Fathers*, and at last declares herself to be the Catholic Church.

This absurdity was very properly ridiculed in the *City Mouse* and *Country Mouse* of Montague and Prior; and in the detection and censure of the incongruity of the fiction chiefly consists the value of their performance, which, whatever reputation it might obtain by the help of temporary passions, seems, to readers almost a century distant, not very forcible or animated.

Pope, whose judgment was perhaps a little bribed by the subject, used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. It was indeed written when he had completely formed his manner, and may be supposed to exhibit, negligence excepted, his deliberate and ultimate scheme of metre.

We may therefore reasonably infer, that he did not approve the perpetual uniformity which confines the sense to couplets, since he has broken his lines in the initial paragraph.

"A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die."

These lines are lofty, elegant, and musical, notwithstanding the interruption of the pause, of which the effect is rather increase of pleasure by variety, than offence by ruggedness.

To the first part it was his intention, he says, "to give the majestic turn of heroic poesy;" and perhaps he might have executed his design not unsuccessfully, had not an opportunity of satire, which he cannot forbear, fallen sometimes in his way. The character of a Presbyterian, whose emblem is the *Wolf*, is not very heroically majestic :—

"More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear with belly gaunt and famish'd face;
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clapp'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears."

His general character of the other sorts of beasts that never go to church, though sprightly and keen, has, however, not much of heroic poesy :—

"These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
And stand like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe
A slimy-born, and sun-begotten tribe,
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive
But, if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire;
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
So drossy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay;
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buzz to heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance:
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know no being, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same."

One more instance, and that taken from the narrative part, where style was more in his choice, will show how steadily he kept his resolution of heroic dignity.

"For when the herd, sufficed, did late repair
To ferny heaths and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way;
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embraced,
To chat awhile on their adventures past;
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.
Yet, wondering how of late she grew estranged,
Her forehead cloudy and her countenance changed,
She thought this hour th' occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which well she hoped might be with ease redress'd,
Considering her a well-bred, civil beast,
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the spotted muff began."

The second and third parts he professes to have reduced to diction more familiar and more suitable to dispute and conversation; the difference is not, however, very easily perceived; the first has familiar, and the two others have sonorous, lines. The original incongruity runs through the whole; the king is now *Cæsar*, and now the *Lion;* and the name *Pan* is given to the Supreme Being.

But when this constitutional absurdity is forgiven, the poem must be confessed to be with great smoothness of metre, a wide extent of knowledge, and an abundant

multiplicity of images; the controversy is embellished with pointed sentences, diversified by illustrations, and enlivened by sallies of invective. Some of the facts to which allusions are made are now become obscure, and perhaps there may be many satirical passages little understood.

As it was by its nature a work of defiance, a composition which would naturally be examined with the utmost acrimony of criticism, it was probably laboured with uncommon attention, and there are, indeed, few negligences in the subordinate parts. The original impropriety, and the subsequent unpopularity of the subject, added to the ridiculousness of its first elements, has sunk it into neglect; but it may be usefully studied, as an example of poetical ratiocination, in which the argument suffers little from the metre.

In the poem on *the Birth of the Prince of Wales*, nothing is very remarkable but the exorbitant adulation, and that insensibility of the precipice on which the king was then standing, which the laureate apparently shared with the rest of the courtiers. A few months cured him of controversy, dismissed him from court, and made him again a playwright and translator.

Of Juvenal there had been a translation by Stapylton, and another by Holyday; neither of them is very poetical. Stapylton is more smooth; and Holyday's is more esteemed for the learning of his notes. A new version was proposed to the poets of that time, and undertaken by them in conjunction. The main design was conducted by Dryden, whose reputation was such that no man was unwilling to serve the Muses under him.

The general character of this translation will be given, when it is said to preserve the wit, but to want the dignity, of the original. The peculiarity of Juvenal is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur. His points have not been neglected; but his grandeur none of the band seemed to consider as necessary to be imitated, except *Creech*, who undertook the thirteenth satire. It is therefore perhaps possible to give a better representation of that great satirist, even in those parts which Dryden himself has translated, some passages excepted, which will never be excelled.

With Juvenal was published Persius, translated wholly by Dryden. This work, though, like all other productions of Dryden, it may have shining parts, seems to have been written merely for wages, in an uniform mediocrity, without any eager endeavour after excellence, or laborious effort of the mind.

There wanders an opinion among the readers of poetry, that one of these satires is an exercise of the school. Dryden says, that he once translated it at school; but not that he preserved or published the juvenile performance.

Not long afterwards he undertook perhaps the most arduous work of its kind, a translation of Virgil, for which he had shown how well he was qualified by his version of the Pollio, and two episodes, one of Nisus and Euryalus, the other of Mezentius and Lausus.

In the comparison of Homer and Virgil, the discriminative excellence of Homer is elevation and comprehension of thought, and that of Virgil is grace and splendour of diction. The beauties of Homer are therefore difficult to be lost, and those of Virgil difficult to be retained. The massy trunk of sentiment is safe by its solidity, but the blossoms of elocution easily drop away. The author, having the choice of his own images, selects those which he can best adorn; the translator must, at all hazards, follow his original, and express thoughts which perhaps he would not have chosen. When to this primary difficulty is added the inconvenience of a language so much inferior in harmony to the Latin, it cannot be expected that they who read the Georgics and the Æneid should be much delighted with any version.

All these obstacles Dryden saw, and all these he determined to encounter. The expectation of his work was undoubtedly great; the nation considered its honour as interested in the event. One gave him the different editions of his author, another helped him in the subordinate parts. The arguments of the several books were given him by Addison.

The hopes of the public were not disappointed. He produced, says Pope, "the most noble and spirited translation that I know in any language." It certainly excelled whatever

had appeared in English, and appears to have satisfied his friends, and, for the most part, to have silenced his enemies. Milbourne, indeed, a clergyman, attacked it; but his outrages seem to be the ebullitions of a mind agitated by stronger resentment than bad poetry can excite, and previously resolved not to be pleased.

His criticism extends only to the Preface, Pastorals, and Georgics; and, as he professes to give his antagonist an opportunity of reprisal, he has added his own version of the first and fourth Pastorals, and the first Georgic. The world has forgotten his book; but, since his attempt has given him a place in literary history, I will preserve a specimen of his criticism, by inserting his remarks on the invocation before the first Georgic, and of his poetry, by annexing his own version:

Ver. 1. "What makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn.

It's *unlucky*, they say, *to stumble at the threshold;* but what has a *plenteous harvest to do here?* Virgil would not pretend to prescribe *rules* for *that* which depends not on the *husbandman's* care, but the *disposition of Heaven* altogether. Indeed, the *plenteous crop* depends somewhat on the *good method of tillage;* and where the *land's* ill manur'd, the *corn*, without a miracle, can be but *indifferent;* but the *harvest* may be *good*, which is its *properest* epithet, tho' the *husbandman's skill* were never so *indifferent.* The next *sentence* is *too literal*, and *when to plough* had been *Virgil's* meaning, and intelligible to every body; and *when to sow the corn*, is a needless *addition.*"

Ver. 3. "The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine,
And when to geld the lambs, and sheer the swine.

would as well have fallen under the *cura boum, qui cultus habendo sit pecori*, as Mr. D.'s *deduction* of particulars."

Ver. 5. "The birth and genius of the frugal bee
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.

But where did *experientia* ever signify *birth and genius?* or what ground was there for such a *figure* in this place? How much more manly is Mr. Ogylby's version?—

'What makes rich grounds, in what celestial signs
'Tis good to plough, and marry elms with vines:
What best fits cattle, what with sheep agrees,
And several arts improving frugal bees;
I sing, Mæcenas.'

Which four lines, tho' faulty enough, are yet much more to the purpose than Mr. D.'s six."

Ver. 22. "From fields and mountains to my song repair.

For *patrium linquens nemus, saltusque Lycæi*—Very well explained!"

Ver. 23, 24. "Inventor Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plough, and ploughman's toil!

Written as if *these* had been *Pallas's invention. The ploughman's toil's* impertinent."

Ver. 25. "—— The shroud-like cypress ——

Why *shroud-like?* Is a *cypress*, pulled up by the *roots*, which the *sculpture* in the *last Eclogue* fills *Silvanus's* hand with, so very like a *shroud?* Or did not Mr. D. think of that kind of *cypress* us'd often for *scarves and hatbands* at funerals formerly, or for *widows' vails*, &c.? if so, 'twas a *deep, good thought.*"

Ver. 26. "—— That wear
The royal honours, and increase the year.

What's meant by *increasing the year?* Did the *gods* or *goddesses* add more *months*, or *days*, or *hours* to it? Or how can *arva tueri* signify, to *wear rural honours?* Is this to *translate*, or *abuse* an *author?* The next *couplet* is borrowed from Ogylby, I suppose, because *less to the purpose* than ordinary."

Ver. 33. "The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard.

Idle, and none of Virgil's, no more than the sense of the *precedent couplet;* so again, he *interpolates Virgil* with that and the *round circle of the year to guide powerful of blessings, which thou strew'st around;* a ridiculous *Latinism*, and an *impertinent addition;* indeed the whole *period* is but one piece of *absurdity* and *nonsense*, as those who lay it with the *original* must find."

Ver. 42, 43. "And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.

Was he *consul* or *dictator* there?"

"And watery virgins for thy bed shall strive

Both absurd *interpolations*."

Ver. 47, 48. "Where in the void of heaven a place is free
Ah happy D——n, *were* that place *for thee!*

But where is *that void?* Or, what does our *translator* mean by it? He knows what Ovid says *God* did to prevent such a *void* in heaven; perhaps this was then forgotten: but Virgil talks more sensibly."

Ver. 49. "The scorpion ready to receive thy laws.

No, he would not then have *gotten out of his way* so fast."

Ver. 56. "Though Proserpine affects her silent seat.

What made *her* then so *angry* with *Ascalaphus*, for preventing her return? She was now mused to *Patience* under the *determinations of Fate*, rather than *fond* of her *residence*."

Ver. 61, 62, 63. "Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares,
Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
And use thyself betimes to hear our prayers.

Which is such a wretched *perversion* of Virgil's *noble thought* as Vicars would have blushed at; but Mr. Ogylby makes us some amends by his better lines:—

O wheresoe'er thou art, from thence incline,
And grant assistance to my bold design!
Pity, with me, poor husbandmen's affairs,
And now, as if translated, hear our prayers.'

This is *sense*, and *to the purpose;* the other, poor *mistaken stuff*."

Such were the strictures of Milbourne, who found few abettors, and of whom it may be reasonably imagined, that many who favoured his design were ashamed of his insolence.

When admiration had subsided, the translation was more coolly examined, and found, like all others, to be sometimes erroneous, and sometimes licentious. Those who could find faults, thought they could avoid them; and Dr. Brady attempted in blank verse a

translation of the Æneid, which, when dragged into the world, did not live long enough to cry. I have never seen it; but that such a version there is, or has been, perhaps some old catalogue informed me.

With not much better success, Trapp, when his Tragedy and his Prelections had given him reputation, attempted another blank version of the Æneid; to which, notwithstanding the slight regard with which it was treated, he had afterwards perseverance enough to add the Eclogues and Georgics. His book may continue in existence as long as it is the clandestine refuge of schoolboys.

Since the English ear has been accustomed to the mellifluence of Pope's numbers, and the diction of poetry has become more splendid, new attempts have been made to translate Virgil: and all his works have been attempted by men better qualified to contend with Dryden. I will not engage myself in an invidious comparison, by opposing one passage to another; a work of which there would be no end, and which might be often offensive without use.

It is not by comparing line with line that the merit of great works is to be estimated, but by their general effects and ultimate result. It is easy to note a weak line, and write one more vigorous in its place; to find a happiness of expression in the original, and transplant it by force into the version: but what is given to the parts may be subducted from the whole, and the reader may be weary, though the critic may commend. Works of imagination excel by their allurement and delight; by their power of attracting and detaining the attention. That book is good in vain, which the reader throws away. He only is the master, who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hope of new pleasure are perused again; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day.

By his proportion of this predomination I will consent that Dryden should be tried: of this, which, in opposition to reason, makes Ariosto the darling and the pride of Italy; of this, which, in defiance of criticism, continues Shakspeare the sovereign of the drama.

His last work was his *Fables*, in which he gave us the first example of a mode of writing which the Italians call *rifacimento*, a renovation of ancient writers, by modernising their language. Thus the old poem of *Boiardo* has been newly-dressed by Domenichi and Berni. The works of Chaucer, upon which this kind of rejuvenescence has been bestowed by Dryden, require little criticism. The tale of the Cock seems hardly worth revival; and the story of *Palamon and Arcite*, containing an action unsuitable to the times in which it is placed, can hardly be suffered to pass without censure of the hyperbolical commendation which Dryden has given it in the general Preface, and in a poetical Dedication, a piece where his original fondness of remote conceits seems to have revived.

Of the three pieces borrowed from Boccace, *Sigismunda* may be defended by the celebrity of the story. *Theodore and Honoria*, though it contains not much moral, yet afforded opportunities of striking description. And *Cymon* was formerly a tale of such reputation, that at the revival of letters it was translated into Latin by one of the Beroalds.

Whatever subjects employed his pen he was still improving our measures, and embellishing our language.

In this volume are interspersed some short original poems, which, with his prologues, epilogues, and songs, may be comprised in Congreve's remark, that even those, if he had written nothing else, would have entitled him to the praise of excellence in his kind.

One composition must however be distinguished. The ode for *St. Cecilia's Day*, perhaps the last effort of his poetry, has been always considered as exhibiting the highest flight of fancy, and the exactest nicety of art. This is allowed to stand without a rival. If indeed there is any excellence beyond it, in some other of Dryden's works that excellence must be found. Compared with the ode on *Killigrew*, it may be pronounced perhaps superior in the whole, but without any single part equal to the first stanza of the other

It is said to have cost Dryden a fortnight's labour; but it does not want its negligences;

some of the lines are without correspondent rhymes; a defect which I never detected but after an acquaintance of many years, and which the enthusiasm of the writer might hinder him from perceiving.

His last stanza has less emotion than the former; but it is not less elegant in the diction. The conclusion is vicious; the music of *Timotheus*, which *raised a mortal to the skies*, had only a metaphorical power; that of *Cecilia*, which *drew an angel down*, had a real effect: the crown therefore could not reasonably be divided.

In a general survey of Dryden's labours, he appears to have a mind very comprehensive by nature, and much enriched with acquired knowledge. His compositions are the effects of a vigorous genius operating upon large materials.

The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. Upon all occasions that were presented, he studied rather than felt, and produced sentiments not such as nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the simple and elemental passions, as they spring separate in the mind, he seems not much acquainted; and seldom describes them but as they are complicated by the various relations of society, and confused in the tumults and agitations of life.

What he says of Love may contribute to the explanation of his character:—

> "Love various minds does variously inspire:
> It stirs in gentle bosoms gentle fire,
> Like that of incense on the altar laid
> But raging flames tempestuous souls invade;
> A fire which every windy passion blows,
> With pride it mounts, or with revenge it glows."

Dryden's was not one of the *gentle bosoms;* Love, as it subsists in itself, with no tendency but to the person loved, and wishing only for correspondent kindness; such Love as shuts out all other interest, the Love of the Golden Age, was too soft and subtle to put his faculties in motion. He hardly conceived it but in its turbulent effervescence with some other desires; when it was inflamed by rivalry, or obstructed by difficulties; when it invigorated ambition, or exasperated revenge.

He is therefore, with all his variety of excellence, not often pathetic; and had so little sensibility of the power of effusions purely natural, that he did not esteem them in others. Simplicity gave him no pleasure; and for the first part of his life he looked on Otway with contempt, though at last, indeed very late, he confessed that in his play *there* was *Nature, which is the chief beauty.*

We do not always know our own motives. I am not certain whether it was not rather the difficulty which he found in exhibiting the genuine operations of the heart, than a servile submission to an injudicious audience, that filled his plays with false magnificence. It was necessary to fix attention; and the mind can be captivated only by recollection, or by curiosity; by reviving natural sentiments, or impressing new appearances of things; sentences were readier at his call than images; he could more easily fill the ear with splendid novelty, than awaken those ideas that slumber in the heart.

The favourite exercise of his mind was ratiocination; and, that argument might not be too soon at an end, he delighted to talk of liberty and necessity, destiny and contingence; these he discusses in the language of the school with so much profundity, that the terms which he uses are not always understood. It is indeed learning, but learning out of place.

When once he had engaged himself in disputation, thoughts flowed in on either side: he was now no longer at a loss; he had always objections and solutions at command; "verbaque provisam rem"—gave him matter for his verse, and he finds without difficulty verse for his matter.

In Comedy, for which he professes himself not naturally qualified, the mirth which he excites will perhaps not be found so much to arise from any original humour, or peculiarity of character nicely distinguished and diligently pursued, as from incidents and circumstances artifices and surprises; from jests of action rather than of sentiment. What he had of

humorous or passionate, he seems to have had not from nature, but from other poets; if not always as a plagiary at least as an imitator.

Next to argument, his delight was in wild and daring sallies of sentiment, in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit. He delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to mingle; to approach the precipice of absurdity, and hover over the abyss of unideal vacancy. This inclination sometimes produced nonsense, which he knew; as,

> "Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lover's pace,
> Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race.
> Amamel flies
> To guard thee from the demons of the air;
> My flaming sword above them to display,
> All keen, and ground upon the edge of day."

And sometimes it issued in absurdities, of which perhaps he was not conscious:—

> "Then we upon our orb's last verge shall go,
> And see the ocean leaning on the sky;
> From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
> And on the lunar world securely pry."

These lines have no meaning; but may we not say, in imitation of Cowley on another book,

> "'Tis so like *sense* 'twill serve the turn as well?"

This endeavour after the grand and the new produced many sentiments either great or bulky, and many images either just or splendid:—

> "I am as free as Nature first made man,
> Ere the base laws of servitude began,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

> "—'Tis but because the Living death ne'er knew,
> They fear to prove it as a thing that 's new:
> Let me th' experiment before you try,
> I'll show you first how easy 'tis to die.

> "—There with a forest of their darts he strove,
> And stood like *Capaneus* defying Jove,
> With his broad sword the boldest beating down,
> While Fate grew pale lest he should win the town,
> And turn'd the iron leaves of his dark book
> To make new dooms, or mend what it mistook.

> "—I beg no pity for this mouldering clay;
> For if you give it burial, there it takes
> Possession of your earth:
> If burnt, and scatter'd in the air, the winds
> That strew my dust diffuse my royalty,
> And spread me o'er your clime, for where one atom
> Of mine shall light, know there Sebastian reigns."

Of these quotations the two first may be allowed to be great, the two latter only tumid.

Of such selection there is no end. I will add only a few more passages; of which the first, though it may perhaps be quite clear in prose, is not too obscure for poetry, as the meaning that it has is noble:—

> "No, there is a necessity in Fate,
> Why still the brave bold man is fortunate;
> He keeps his object ever full in sight;
> And that assurance holds him firm and right;
> True, 'tis a narrow way that leads to bliss,
> But right before there is no precipice;
> Fear makes men look aside, and so their footing miss."

Of the images which the two following citations afford, the first is elegant, the second *magnificent;* whether either be just, let the reader judge:—

"——— What precious drops are these,
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?"

"——————— Resign your castle ——
—Enter, brave Sir; for, when you speak the word,
The gates shall open of their own accord;
The genius of the place its Lord shall meet,
And bow its towery forehead at your feet."

These bursts of extravagance Dryden calls the "Dalilahs" of the Theatre; and owns that many noisy lines of *Maximin and Almanzor* call out for vengeance upon him; "but I knew," says he, "that they were bad enough to please, even when I wrote them." There is surely reason to suspect that he pleased himself as well as his audience; and that these, like the harlots of other men, had his love, though not his approbation.

He had sometimes faults of a less generous and splendid kind. He makes, like almost all other poets, very frequent use of mythology, and sometimes connects religion and fable too closely without distinction.

He descends to display his knowledge with pedantic ostentation; as when, in translating Virgil, he says, "tack to the larboard"—and "veer starboard;" and talks in another work, of "virtue spooning before the wind."—His vanity now and then betrays his ignorance:—

"They Nature's king through Nature's optics view'd;
Reversed, they view'd him lessen'd to their eyes."

He had heard of reversing a telescope, and unluckily reverses the object.

He is sometimes unexpectedly mean. When he describes the Supreme Being as moved by prayer to stop the Fire of London, what is his expression?

"A hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipp'd above,
Of this a broad *extinguisher* he makes,
And *hoods* the flames that to their quarry strove."

When he describes the Last Day, and the decisive tribunal, he intermingles this image:—

"When rattling bones together fly,
From the four quarters of the sky."

It was indeed never in his power to resist the temptation of a jest. In his Elegy on Cromwell:—

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embraced,
Than the *light Monsieur* the *grave Don* outweigh'd;
His fortune turn'd the scale ——— "

He had a vanity, unworthy of his abilities, to show, as may be suspected, the rank of the company with whom he lived, by the use of French words, which had then crept into conversation; such as *fraicheur* for *coolness*, *fouque* for *turbulence*, and a few more, none of which the language has incorporated or retained. They continue only where they stood first, perpetual warnings to future innovators.

These are his faults of affectation; his faults of negligence are beyond recital. Such is the unevenness of his compositions, that ten lines are seldom found together without something of which the reader is ashamed. Dryden was no rigid judge of his own pages; he seldom struggled after supreme excellence, but snatched in haste what was within his reach; and when he could content others, was himself contented. He did not keep present to his mind an idea of pure perfection; nor compare his works, such as they were, with what they might be made. He knew to whom he should be opposed. He had more music than Waller, more vigour than Denham, and more nature than Cowley; and from his contemporaries he was in no danger. Standing therefore in the highest place, he had no care to rise by contending with himself; but, while there was no name above his own, was willing to enjoy fame on the easiest terms.

He was no lover of labour. What he thought sufficient, he did not stop to make better; and allowed himself to leave many parts unfinished, in confidence that the good lines would overbalance the bad. What he had once written, he dismissed from his thoughts; and I believe there is no example to be found of any correction or improvement made by him after publication. The hastiness of his productions might be the effect of necessity; but his subsequent neglect could hardly have any other cause than impatience of study.

What can be said of his versification will be little more than a dilatation of the praise given it by Pope:—

> "Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march, and energy divine."

Some improvements had been already made in English numbers; but the full force of our language was not yet felt; the verse that was smooth was commonly feeble. If Cowley had sometimes a finished line, he had it by chance. Dryden knew how to choose the flowing and the sonorous words; to vary the pauses, and adjust the accents; to diversify the cadence, and yet preserve the smoothness of his metre.

Of Triplets and Alexandrines, though he did not introduce the use, he established it. The Triplet has long subsisted among us. Dryden seems not to have traced it higher than to Chapman's Homer; but it is to be found in Phaer's Virgil, written in the reign of Mary; and in Hall's Satires, published five years before the death of Elizabeth.

The Alexandrine was, I believe, first used by Spenser, for the sake of closing his stanza with a fuller sound. We had a longer measure of fourteen syllables, into which the Æneid was translated by Phaer, and other works of the ancients by other writers; of which Chapman's Iliad was, I believe, the last.

The two first lines of Phaer's third Æneid will exemplify this measure:—

> "When Asia's state was overthrown, and Priam's kingdom stout,
> All guiltless, by the power of gods above was rooted out."

As these lines had their break, or *cæsura*, always at the eighth syllable, it was thought in time commodious to divide them; and quatrains of lines, alternately consisting of eight and six syllables, make the most soft and pleasing of our lyric measures; as,

> "Relentless Time, destroying power,
> Which stone and brass obey,
> Who giv'st to ev'ry flying hour
> To work some new decay."

In the Alexandrine, when its power was once felt, some poems, as Drayton's *Polyolbion*, were wholly written; and sometimes the measures of twelve and fourteen syllables were interchanged with one another. Cowley was the first that inserted the Alexandrine at pleasure among the heroic lines of ten syllables, and from him Dryden professes to have adopted it.

The Triplet and Alexandrine are not universally approved. Swift always censured them, and wrote some lines to ridicule them. In examining their propriety, it is to be considered that the essence of verse is regularity, and its ornament is variety. To write verse, is to dispose syllables and sounds harmonically by some known and settled rule; a rule however lax enough to substitute similitude for identity, to admit change without breach of order, and to relieve the ear without disappointing it. Thus a Latin hexameter is formed from dactyls and spondees differently combined; the English heroic admits of acute or grave syllables variously disposed. The Latin never deviates into seven feet, or exceeds the number of seventeen syllables; but the English Alexandrine breaks the lawful bounds, and surprises the reader with two syllables more than he expected.

The effect of the Triplet is the same; the ear has been accustomed to expect a new rhyme in every couplet; but is on a sudden surprised with three rhymes together, to which

the reader could not accommodate his voice, did he not obtain notice of the change from the braces of the margins. Surely there is something unskilful in the necessity of such mechanical direction.

Considering the metrical art simply as a science, and consequently excluding all casualty we must allow that Triplets and Alexandrines, inserted by caprice, are interruptions of that constancy to which science aspires. And though the variety which they produce may very justly be desired, yet, to make poetry exact, there ought to be some stated mode of admitting them.

But till some such regulation can be formed, I wish them still to be retained in their present state. They are sometimes convenient to the poet. Fenton was of opinion, that Dryden was too liberal, and Pope too sparing, in their use.

The rhymes of Dryden are commonly just, and he valued himself for his readiness in finding them; but he is sometimes open to objection.

It is the common practice of our poets to end the second line with a weak or grave syllable:—

> "Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
> Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy."

Dryden sometimes puts the weak rhyme in the first:—

> "Laugh all the powers that favour *tyranny*,
> And all the standing army of the sky."

Sometimes he concludes a period or paragraph with the first line of a couplet, which though the French seem to do it without irregularity, always displeases in English poetry.

The Alexandrine, though much his favourite, is not always very diligently fabricated by him. It invariably requires a break at the sixth syllable; a rule which the modern French poets never violate, but which Dryden sometimes neglected:—

> "And with paternal thunder vindicates his throne."

Of Dryden's works it was said by Pope, that he "could select from them better specimens of every mode of poetry than any other English writer could supply." Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such a variety of models. To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments. By him we were taught "sapere et fari," to think naturally and express forcibly. Though Davies has reasoned in rhyme before him, it may be perhaps maintained that he was the first who joined argument with poetry. He showed us the true bounds ot a translator's liberty. What was said of Rome, adorned by Augustus, may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry embellished by Dryden, "lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit." He found it brick, and he left it marble.

The invocation before the Georgics is here inserted from Mr Milbourne's version, that according to his own proposal,* his verses may be compared with those which he censures.

> "What makes the richest *tilth*, beneath what signs
> To *plough*, and when to match your *elms* and *vines;*
> What care with *flocks*, and what with *herds* agrees,
> And all the management of frugal *bees;*
> I sing, Mæcenas! Ye immensely clear,
> Vast orbs of light, which guide the rolling year:
> *Bacchus*, and mother *Ceres*, if by you
> We fatt'ning *corn* for hungry *mast* pursue,
> If, taught by you, we find the *cluster* press'd,
> And *thin cold streams* with *sprightly juice* refresh'd;

* It is laughable enough to read John Dunton's appreciation of Milbourne's poetical talents: "Most other perfections are so far from matching his, they deserve not to be mention'd. His *translations* are fine, and true; his preaching sublime, and rational; and he 's a *first-rate poet!*"—Dunton's Life and Errors, &c., p. 452. T.

Ye *fawns*, the present *numens* of the field,
Wood nymphs and *fawns*, your kind assistance yield;
Your gifts I sing: and thou, at whose fear'd stroke
From rending earth the fiery *courser* broke,
Great *Neptune*, O assist my artful song!
And thou to whom the woods and groves belong,
Whose snowy heifers on her flow'ry plains
In mighty herds the *Cœan Isle* maintains!
Pan, happy shepherd, if thy cares divine,
E'er to improve thy *Mænalus* incline,
Leave thy *Lycœan wood* and *native grove*,
And with thy lucky smiles our work approve;
Be *Pallas* too, sweet oil's inventor, kind;
And he who first the crooked *plough* design'd,
Sylvanus, god of all the woods, appear,
Whose hands a new-drawn tender *cypress* bear!
Ye *gods* and *goddesses*, who e'er with love
Would guard our pastures and our fields improve,
Ye, who new plants from unknown lands supply,
And with condensing clouds obscure the sky,
And drop them softly thence in fruitful showers;
Assist my enterprise ye gentle powers!
And thou, great Cæsar! though we know not yet
Among what gods thou 'lt fix thy lofty seat;
Whether thou 'lt be the kind *tutelar god*
Of thy own *Rome*, or with thy awful nod
Guide the vast world, while thy great hand shall bear
The fruits and seasons of the turning year,
And thy bright brows thy mother's myrtles wear,
Whether thou 'lt all the boundless ocean sway,
And seamen only to thyself shall pray;
Thule, the fairest island, kneel to thee,
And, that thou may'st her son by marriage be,
Tethys will for the happy purchase yield
To make a *dowry* of her wat'ry field:
Whether thou 'lt add to Heaven a *brighter sign*,
And o'er the *summer months* serenely shine;
Where between *Cancer* and *Erigone*,
There yet remains a spacious *room* for thee;
Where the hot *Scorpion*, too, his arm declines,
And more to thee than half his *arch* resigns;
Whate'er thou 'lt be; for sure the realms below
No just pretence to thy command can show:
No such ambition sways thy vast desires,
Though *Greece* her own *Elysian Fields* admires.
And now, at last, contented *Proserpine*
Can all her mother's earnest prayers decline.
Whate'er thou 'lt be, O guide our gentle course;
And with thy smiles our bold attempts enforce;
With me th' unknowing *rustics'* wants relieve,
And, though on earth, our sacred vows receive!"

Mr. Dryden, having received from Rymer his *Remarks on the Tragedies of the last Age*, wrote observations on the blank leaves; which, having been in the possession of Mr. Garrick, are by his favour communicated to the public, that no particle of Dryden may be lost.

"That we may less wonder why pity and terror are not now the only springs on which our tragedies move, and that Shakspeare may be more excused, Rapin confesses that the French tragedies now all run on the *tendre;* and gives the reason, because love is the passion which most predominates in our souls, and that therefore the passions represented become insipid, unless they are conformable to the thoughts of the audience. But it is to be concluded, that this passion works not now amongst the French so strongly as the other two did amongst the ancients. Amongst us, who have a stronger genius for writing, the ations from the writing are much stronger; for the raising of Shakspeare's passions is from the excellency of the words and thoughts, than the justness of the occasion; and, been able to pick single occasions, he has never founded the whole reasonably: yet, enius of poetry in writing, he has succeeded.

in attributes more to the *dictio*, that is, to the words and discourse of a tragedy, than has done, who places them in the last rank of beauties; perhaps only last in order, they are the last product of the design, of the disposition or connection of its parts;

aracters, of the manners of those characters, and of the thoughts proceeding from nners. Rapin's words are remarkable: 'Tis not the admirable intrigue, the g events, and extraordinary incidents, that make the beauty of a tragedy: 'tis the s, when they are natural and passionate: so are Shakspeare's.

parts of a poem, tragic or heroic, are,

he fable itself.

he order or manner of its contrivance, in relation of the parts to the whole.

ne manners, or decency, of the characters, in speaking or acting what is proper for l proper to be shown by the poet.

he thoughts which express the manners

he words which express those thoughts.

he last of these Homer excels Virgil; Virgil all the other ancient poets; and re all modern poets.

the second of these, the order: the meaning is, that a fable ought to have a , middle, and an end, all just and natural; so that that part, *e. g.* which is in the ould not naturally be the beginning or end, and so of the rest: all depend on one ike the links of a curious chain. If terror and pity are only to be raised, certainly or follows Aristotle's rules, and Sophocles' and Euripides' example; but joy may too, and that doubly, either by seeing a wicked man punished, or a good man at nate; or perhaps indignation, to see wickedness prosperous and goodness depressed: se may be profitable to the end of a tragedy, reformation of manners; but the last ly, only as it begets pity in the audience; though Aristotle, I confess, places of this kind in the second form.

who undertakes to answer this excellent critique of Mr. Rymer, in behalf of our oets against the Greek, ought to do it in this manner: either by yielding to him est part of what he contends for, which consists in this, that the μύθος, *i. e.* the design uct of it, is more conducing in the Greeks to those ends of tragedy, which Aristotle propose, namely, to cause terror and pity; yet the granting this does not set the bove the English poets.

the answerer ought to prove two things: first, that the fable is not the greatest iece of a tragedy, though it be the foundation of it.

ondly, that other ends as suitable to the nature of tragedy may be found in the which were not in the Greek.

stotle places the fable first; not *quoad dignitatem, sed quoad fundamentum:* for a er so movingly contrived to those ends of his, pity and terror, will operate nothing ffections, except the characters, manners, thoughts, and words, are suitable.

hat it remains for Mr. Rymer to prove, that in all those, or the greatest part of them, nferior to Sophocles and Euripides; and this he has offered at, in some measure; ink, a little partially to the ancients.

the fable itself, 'tis in the English more adorned with episodes, and larger than in the ets; consequently more diverting. For, if the action be but one, and that plain, any counterturn of design or episode, *i. e.* underplot, how can it be so pleasing as the which have both underplot and a turned design, which keeps the audience in expecta- ne catastrophe? whereas in the Greek poets we see through the whole design at first.

the characters, they are neither so many nor so various in Sophocles and Euripides akspeare and Fletcher; only they are more adapted to those ends of tragedy which commends to us, pity and terror.

manners flow from the characters, and consequently must partake of their advantages dvantages.

thoughts and words, which are the fourth and fifth beauties of tragedy, are certainly ble and more poetical in the English than in the Greek, which must be proved by g them somewhat more equitably than Mr. Rymer has done.

"After all, we need not yield that the English way is less conducing to move pity and terror, because they often show virtue oppressed and vice punished; where they do not both, or either, they are not to be defended.

"And if we should grant that the Greeks performed this better, perhaps it may admit of dispute, whether pity and terror are either the prime, or at least the only ends of tragedy.

"'Tis not enough that Aristotle had said so; for Aristotle drew his models of tragedy from Sophocles and Euripides; and if he had seen ours, might have changed his mind. And chiefly we have to say, (what I hinted on pity and terror, in the last paragraph save one,) that the punishment of vice and reward of virtue are the most adequate ends of tragedy, because most conducing to good example of life. Now, pity is not so easily raised for a criminal (and the ancient tragedy always represents its chief person such) as it is for an innocent man; and the suffering of innocence and punishment of the offender is of the nature of English tragedy: contrarily, in the Greek, innocence is unhappy often, and the offender escapes. Then we are not touched with the sufferings of any sort of men so much as of lovers; and this was almost unknown to the ancients: so that they neither administered poetical justice, of which Mr. Rymer boasts, so well as we; neither knew they the best common-place of pity, which is love.

"He therefore unjustly blames us for not building on what the ancients left us; for it seems, upon consideration of the premises, that we have wholly finished what they began.

"My judgment on this piece is this: that it is extremely learned, but that the author of it is better read in the Greek than in the English poets; that all writers ought to study this critique, as the best account I have ever seen of the ancients; that the model of tragedy he has here given is excellent and extremely correct; but that it is not the only model of all tragedy, because it is too much circumscribed in plot, characters, &c., and, lastly, that we may be taught here justly to admire and imitate the ancients, without giving them the preference with this author, in prejudice to our own country.

"Want of method in this excellent treatise makes the thoughts of the author sometimes obscure.

"His meaning, that pity and terror are to be moved, is, that they are to be moved as the means conducing to the ends of tragedy, which are pleasure and instruction.

"And these two ends may be thus distinguished. The chief end of the poet is to please; for his immediate reputation depends on it.

"The great end of the poem is to instruct, which is performed by making pleasure the vehicle of that instruction; for poesy is an art, and all arts are made to profit. *Rapin.*

"The pity, which the poet is to labour for, is for the criminal, not for those or him whom he has murdered, or who have been the occasion of the tragedy. The terror is likewise in the punishment of the same criminal; who, if he be represented too great an offender, will not be pitied; if altogether innocent, his punishment will be unjust.

"Another obscurity is, where he says, Sophocles perfected tragedy by introducing the third actor: that is, he meant three kinds of action: one company singing, or speaking; another playing on the music; a third dancing.

"To make a true judgment in this competition betwixt the Greek poets and the English, in tragedy:

"Consider, first, how Aristotle has defined a tragedy. Secondly, what he assigns the end of it to be. Thirdly, what he thinks the beauties of it. Fourthly, the means to attain the end proposed.

"Compare the Greek and English tragic poets justly, and without partiality, according to those rules.

"Then, secondly, consider whether Aristotle has made a just definition of tragedy; of its parts, of its ends, and of its beauties; and whether he, having not seen any others but those of Sophocles, Euripides, &c., had or truly could determine what all the excellencies of tragedy are, and wherein they consist.

"Next, show in what ancient tragedy was deficient: for example, in the narrowness of its plots, and fewness of persons; and try whether that be not a fault in the Greek poets; and whether their excellency was so great, when the variety was visibly so little; or whether what they did was not very easy to do.

"Then make a judgment on what the English have added to their beauties: as, for example, not only more plot, but also new passions; as, namely, that of love, scarcely touched on by the ancients, except in this one example of Phædra, cited by Mr. Rymer; and in that how short they were of Fletcher!

"Prove also that love, being an heroic passion, is fit for tragedy, which cannot be denied, because of the example alleged of Phædra; and how far Shakspeare has outdone them in friendship, &c.

"To return to the beginning of this enquiry; consider if pity and terror be enough for tragedy to move: and I believe, upon a true definition of tragedy, it will be found that its work extends farther, and that it is to reform manners, by a delightful representation of human life in great persons, by way of dialogue. If this be true, then not only pity and terror are to be moved, as the only means to bring us to virtue, but generally love to virtue, and hatred to vice; by showing the rewards of one, and punishments of the other; at least, by rendering virtue always amiable, though it be shown unfortunate; and vice detestable, though it be shown triumphant.

"If, then, the encouragement of virtue and discouragement of vice be the proper ends of poetry in tragedy, pity and terror, though good means, are not the only. For all the passions, in their turns, are to be set in a ferment; as joy, anger, love, fear, are to be used as the poet's common-places; and a general concernment for the principal actors is to be raised, by making them appear such in their characters, their words, and actions, as will interest the audience in their fortunes.

"And if, after all, in a larger sense, pity comprehends this concernment for the good, and terror includes detestation for the bad, then let us consider whether the English have not answered this end of tragedy as well as the ancients, or perhaps better.

"And here Mr. Rymer's objections against these plays are to be impartially weighed, that we may see whether they are of weight enough to turn the balance against our countrymen.

"'Tis evident those plays, which he arraigns, have moved both those passions in a high degree upon the stage.

"To give the glory of this away from the poet, and to place it upon the actors, seems unjust.

"One reason is, because whatever actors they have found, the event has been the same; that is, the same passions have been always moved; which shows that there is something of force and merit in the plays themselves, conducing to the design of raising these two passions: and suppose them ever to have been excellently acted, yet action only adds grace, vigour, and more life upon the stage; but cannot give it wholly where it is not first. But, secondly, I dare appeal to those who have never seen them acted, if they have not found these two passions moved within them; and if the general voice will carry it, Mr. Rymer's prejudice will take off his single testimony.

"This, being matter of fact, is reasonably to be established by this appeal; as, if one man says it is night, when the rest of the world conclude it to be day, there needs no farther argument against him, that it is so.

"If he urge, that the general taste is depraved, his arguments to prove this can at best but evince that our poets took not the best way to raise those passions; but experience proves against him, that those means which they have used, have been successful, and have produced them.

"And one reason of that success is, in my opinion, this: that Shakspeare and Fletcher have written to the genius of the age and nation in which they lived; for though nature, as he objects, is the same in all places, and reason too the same; yet the climate, the age, the

disposition of the people, to whom a poet writes, may be so different, that what pleased the Greeks would not satisfy an English audience.

"And if they proceed upon a foundation of truer reason to please the Athenians, than Shakspeare and Fletcher to please the English, it only shows that the Athenians were a more judicious people; but the poet's business is certainly to please the audience.

"Whether our English audience have been pleased hitherto with acorns, as he calls it, or with bread, is the next question; that is, whether the means which Shakspeare and Fletcher have used, in their plays, to raise those passions before named, be better applied to the ends by the Greek poets than by them. And perhaps we shall not grant him this wholly: let it be yielded that a writer is not to run down with the stream, or to please the people by their usual methods, but rather to reform their judgments, it still remains to prove that our theatre needs this total reformation.

"The faults, which he has found in their design are rather wittily aggravated in many places than reasonably urged; and as much may be returned on the Greeks by one who were as witty as himself.

"They destroy not, if they are granted, the foundation of the fabric; only take away from the beauty of the symmetry; for example, the faults in the character of the king, in King and No-king, are not, as he calls them, such as render him detestable, but only imperfections which accompany human nature, and are for the most part excused by the violence of his love; so that they destroy not our pity or concernment for him: this answer may be applied to most of his objections of that kind.

"And Rollo committing many murders, when he is answerable but for one, is too severely arraigned by him; for, it adds to our horror and detestation of the criminal; and poetic justice is not neglected neither; for we stab him in our minds for every offence which he commits; and the point, which the poet is to gain on the audience, is not so much in the death of an offender as the raising an horror of his crimes.

"That the criminal should neither be wholly guilty, nor wholly innocent, but so participating of both as to move both pity and terror, is certainly a good rule, but not perpetually to be observed; for that were to make all tragedies too much alike; which objection he foresaw, but has not fully answered.

"To conclude, therefore; if the plays of the ancients are more correctly plotted, ours are more beautifully written. And, if we can raise passions as high on worse foundations, it shows our genius in tragedy is greater; for in all other parts of it the English have manifestly excelled them."

THE original of the following letter is preserved in the Library at Lambeth,* and was kindly imparted to the public by the Rev. Dr. Vyse: †

Copy of an Original Letter from John Dryden, Esq. to his Sons in Italy, from a MS. in the Lambeth Library, marked No. 933, p. 56.

(Superscribed) "Al illustrissimo Sig^re
"Carlo Dryden Camariere
"d'Honore A.S.S.

"Franca per Mantoua. "In Roma.

"DEAR SONS, "*Sept. the 3rd, our style.*

"Being now at Sir William Bowyer's in the country, I cannot write at large, because I myself somewhat indisposed with a cold, and am thick of hearing, rather worse than

* In the same library is a manuscript copy of Dryden's *Mac-Flecnoe*, which has been collated for the present edition is poems. T.

† With this incomparable production, as Mr. Malone has justly remarked, Johnson's exquisite parallel of Dryden and ope, in the life of the latter poet, should be read; in which "the superiority of genius, that power which constitutes a

I was in town. I am glad to find, by your letter of July 26th, your style, that you are both in health; but wonder you should think me so negligent as to forget to give you an account of the ship in which your parcel is to come. I have written to you two or three letters concerning it, which I have sent by safe hands, as I told

poet; that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates;" is, "with some hesitation," attributed to Dryden.

"He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

"Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

"Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

"For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the satires of 'Thirty-eight;' of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. 'Almost every line,' he said, 'was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time.'

"His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them: what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the 'Iliad,' and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the 'Essay on Criticism' received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

"In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who before he became an author had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

"Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

"Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

"This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and enquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination."

To this fine parallel may be added, from a work of great merit, entitled, the *Progress of Satire*, the following acute estimate of Dryden's satirical powers.

"Nearly at the same period (with Boileau) after some momentary gleams, and strong flashes in the horizon, Satire arose in England. When I name Dryden, I comprehend every varied excellence of our poetry. In harmony, strength, modulation, rhythm, energy, he first displayed the full power of the English language. My business with him, at present, is only as a Satirist. I will be brief: I speak to the intelligent. He was the first poet who brought to perfection what I would term, 'the Allegory of Satire.' Fables, indeed, and apologues, and romances, have always been the most ancient modes of reproof and censure. It was the peculiar happiness of Dryden, to give an eternal sense and interest to subjects which are transitory. He placed his scene on the ground of actual history. The reader of every age has an interest in the delineation of characters and names which have been familiar to him from his earliest years. He is already prepared and feels a predilection for the subject. This accommodation of ancient characters to existing persons, has a peculiar force in the age to which it is addressed; and posterity reads with delight, a poem founded on pristine story, and illustrated by the records of modern times. Dryden's power of satire has been generally acknowledged in his Mac-Flecnoe; but his masterpiece is that wonderful and unequalled performance, Absalom and Achitophel. He presents to us an heroic subject, in heroic numbers—a well-constructed allegory, and a forcible appeal to our best feelings and passions. He paints the horrors of anarchy, sedition, rebellion, and democracy, with the pencil of Dante, or of Michael Angelo; and he gives the

you, and doubt not but you have them before this can arrive to you. Being out of town, I have forgotten the ship's name, which your mother will enquire, and put it into her letter, which is joined with mine. But the master's name I remember: he is called Mr. Ralph Thorp; the ship is bound to Leghorn, consigned to Mr. Peter and Mr. Thomas Ball, merchants. I am of your opinion, that by Tonson's means almost all our letters have miscarried for this last year. But, however, he has missed of his design in the Dedication, though he had prepared the book for it: for, in every figure of Æneas he has caused him to be drawn like King William, with a hooked nose. After my return to town, I intend to alter a play of Sir Robert Howard's written long since, and lately put into my hands; 'tis called *The Conquest of China by the Tartars.* It will cost me six weeks study, with the probable benefit of an hundred pounds. In the meantime I am writing a song for St. Cecilia's Feast, who, you know, is the patroness of music. This is troublesome, and no way beneficial; but I could not deny the Stewards of the Feast, who came in a body to me to desire that kindness, one of them being Mr. Bridgeman, whose parents are your mother's friends. I hope to send you thirty guineas between Michaelmas and Christmas, of which I will give you an account when I come to town. I remember the council you give me in your letter; but dissembling, though lawful in some cases, is not my talent; yet, for your sake, I will struggle with the plain openness of my nature, and keep in my just resentments against that degenerate order. In the mean time, I flatter not myself with any manner of hopes, but do my duty, and suffer for God's sake; being assured, before hand, never to be rewarded, though the times should alter. Towards the latter end of this month, September, Charles will begin to recover his perfect health, according to his nativity which, casting it myself, I am sure is true, and all things hitherto have happened accordingly to the very time that I predicted them; I hope at the same time to recover more health, according to my age. Remember me to poor Harry, whose prayers I earnestly desire. My Virgil succeeds in the world beyond its desert or my expectation. You know the profits might have been more; but neither my conscience nor my honour would suffer me to take them: but I never can repent of my constancy, since I am thoroughly persuaded of the justice of the cause for which I suffer. It has pleased God to raise up many friends to me amongst my enemies, though they who ought to have been my friends are negligent of me. I am called to dinner, and cannot go on with this letter, which I desire you to excuse; and am

"Your most affectionate father,

"JOHN DRYDEN."

speeches of his heroes, with the strength, propriety, and correctness of Virgil. It is Satire in its highest form; but it is Satire addressed to the few. It is not adapted to the general effect of this species of poetry. In my opinion, Dryden has not the style and manner of Horace, or Juvenal, or Persius, or Boileau. Pope called him '*unhappy*,' from the looseness of the age in which he lived. He has enthusiasm, majesty, severity, gravity, strength of conception, and boldness of imagery. But sprightliness, gaiety, and easy *badinage*, an occasional playfulness, so necessary to the general effect of satirical poetry, were all wanting to him. Perhaps his genius was too sublime. He could not, or he would not, descend to the minutiæ which are often required, the anecdotes, and the passing traits of the time. His satire had an original character. It was the strain of Archilochus, sounding from the lyre of Alcæus." T.

UPON

THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.*

oble Hastings immaturely die,
nour of his ancient family,

re is some fancy in this Poem, but many of the very bad, and the images too gross, both in design ession, to have escaped our author in his riper However, he was not quite eighteen when he ; and, by reprinting it, the reader may trace the of that genius which afterwards arrived at such y. The nobleman herein lamented, was styled ord Hastings, son to Ferdinand, Earl of Hunting- e died before his father, in 1649, being then in his h year. He had, from nature and education, a miable disposition, a strong judgment, and so a taste, that, according to Collins's Peerage, not a ninety-eight elegies were composed on his death. t.

k should have added, that Collins expressly men- se elegies as printed in "*Lachrymæ Musarum*, the the Muses, expressed in elegies written by divers of nobility and worth, upon the death of the most Henry, Lord Hastings, eldest [only] son of the lonourable Ferdinando, Earl of Huntingdon, heir- of the high-born Prince George, Duke of Clarence, to King Edward IV." [Collected and set forth by ut as the *Lachrymæ Musarum* contains only thirty- ies, it is clear that the figures 98 in Collins are a, and a mere error of the press. MALONE.

amining the *Lachrymæ Musarum*, it should seem . Collins was led into an error concerning the of elegies on the death of Lord Hastings, by his eye on the Table of Contents, in which the y has a reference to p. 98; which he hastily sup- as the number of elegies in the book.

. *Must noble Hastings*] It is a mortifying circum- be compelled to begin these notes with a censure ery first piece of our admired poet. But it is im- not to be hurt by the false, unnatural thoughts, reed and far-sought conceits, by the rugged and nious numbers, and the perpetual aim and desire ity, with which this Elegy so much abounds, that er he could ever rise so high after so unpromising ing. One well-known sentence characterises his "Ubi benè nemo melius, ubi malè nemo pejus." son he lamented was Henry Lord Hastings, son to nd, Earl of Huntingdon, who died before his father, He was ancestor of the last Earl of Huntingdon, to r. Akenside addressed an Ode, of a very different n the verses before us, full of true Grecian spirit iments, and in a style of peculiar force and energy. bleman will be long lamented by all his friends naintance, of whom I had the honour to be one, elegance of his manners, his pleasing affability, nsive knowledge of men and things, the variety ur of his wit and conversation, enlivened by many facts and anecdotes, his accurate taste in all parts of erature, and his universal candour and benevolence. haracter of Aspasia, written by Congreve, in the No. 72 is meant for Lady E. Hastings. She was

Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding sheet?
Must virtue prove death's harbinger? must she,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, sin's wages, grace's now? shall art
Make us more learned, only to depart?
If merit be disease; if virtue death;
To be good, not to be; who 'd then bequeath 10
Himself to discipline? who 'd not esteem
Labour a crime? study self-murther deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces securely, ignorant healthfully.
Rare linguist, whose worth speaks itself, whose
praise, 15
Though not his own, all tongues besides do raise:

daughter of Theophilus Hastings, seventh Earl of Huntingdon. Her father came to the honours and estate of that family in 1655. So that three poets, Dryden, Congreve, and Akenside, celebrated the Hastings. Dr. JOSEPH WARTON.

Ver. 4. —— *a winding for a wedding sheet?*] In this line, as also in verse 93, the poet alludes to the melancholy circumstance of Lord Hastings's death having taken place on the day preceding that which, previously to his illness, had been appointed for the celebration of his marriage. The lady to whom he was betrothed was the daughter of a very celebrated physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, whose skill was in vain exerted to save his intended son-in-law from that malignant disorder, the small-pox. "Pridie sponsalium (proh Hymenæe!) funere luit immaturo," says his epitaph. See also the following verses of Andrew Marvel, in the collection already quoted:—

"The gods themselves cannot their joy conceal,
But draw their veils, and their pure beams reveal;
Only they drooping Hymenæus note,
Who, for sad purple, tears his saffron coat,
And trails his torches th'row the starry hall,
Reversed, for his darling's funeral.
And Æsculapius, who, ashamed and stern,
Himself at once condemneth and Mayern;
Like some sad chymist, who, prepared to reap
His golden harvest, sees his glasses leap;
For how immortal must their race have stood,
Had Mayern once been mix'd with Hastings' blood
* * * * *
But what could he, good man, although he mix'd
All herbs, and them a thousand ways infused," &c.

The elegy in which these verses occur, is by far the best in the collection, if we except that of our author. MALONE.

Ver. 15. *Rare linguist,*] On this topic Sir Aston Cokayne, in his elegy on Lord Hastings, thus expatiates:—

"His few, but well-spent years, had master'd all
The liberal arts and his sweet tongue could fall

Than whom great Alexander may seem less;
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations spake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy. 20
His native soil was the four parts o' the earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apostle; and, with reverence may
I speak 't, inspired with gift of tongues, as they.
Nature gave him, a child, what men in vain 25
Oft strive, by art though further'd, to obtain.
His body was an orb, his sublime soul
Did move on virtue's and on learning's pole:
Whose regular motions better to our view,
Than Archimedes' sphere, the heavens did shew.
Graces and virtues, languages and arts, 31
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heaven's gifts, which do like falling stars appear
Scatter'd in others; all, as in their sphere,
Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul; and thence 35
Shone through his body, with sweet influence;
Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celestial.
Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make,
If thou this hero's altitude canst take: 40

Into the ancient dialects; dispense
Sacred Judea's amplest eloquence;
The Latine idiome elegantly true,
And Greek as rich as Athens ever knew:
The Italian and the French do both confess
Him perfect in their modern languages."
Lachrymæ Musarum, &c., 1650.

All these attainments were made at an early age; for Lord Hastings died in his nineteenth (not, as Derrick has it, his *twentieth*) year, on the 23rd of June, 1649, after an illness of only seven days' duration. MALONE.

Ver. 17. *Than whom great* Alexander *may seem less;*
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.]

Yet from his letter to his master *Aristotle*, recorded by *Plutarch* and *Aulus Gellius*, we are led to conclude that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in *Alexander's* soul. The letter, as translated by *Addison* in his *Guardian*, No. 111, is as follows:—

"*Alexander* to *Aristotle* greeting,—

"You have not done well to publish your books of select knowledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to everybody? For my own part, I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than power. Farewell."

A living author, who excels in clear and vigorous composition, will, I trust, forgive me, if I transcribe a passage in defence of the hero of Macedon, from a letter addressed by him to the late Dr. Joseph Warton. "In truth I am happy in knowing that you think as well of the Macedonian as I do. I am no favourer of paradoxes, nor would I write a Richard III. up into a good character; but surely it is time that the world should learn to distinguish between the conquests of an *intelligent being* and the *ravages of a Tartar*, between an Alexander and a Zingis, a Timour or a Buonaparte. Alexander was a builder, and these only demolishers. How small is the proportion of the former to the latter, in the history of the world!" Rev. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 27. —— *his* sublime *soul*] Dr. Newton has placed the accent on the first syllable of *sublime* in Milton's Mask of Comus, as the accent may seem to be in the present instance, ver. 785.

"The *sublime* notion and high mystery—"

The word in Milton's and Dryden's lines may, however, be read more gracefully without it. Rev. H. J. TODD.

Ver. 35. *Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul;*] This word is used in the second book of Lucretius, ver. 153, in the same sense.

"Sed complexa meant inter se conque globata."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 36. —— *sweet influence;*] Canst thou bind the *sweet influences* of the Pleiades? Job xxxviii. 31. JOHN WARTON.

But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus astronomical.
Lived Tycho now, struck with this ray, which shone
More bright i' the morn, than others beam at noon,
He 'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here 48
What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.
Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these,
Where was room left for such a foul disease?
The nation's sin hath drawn that veil, which shrouds
Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds. 53
Heaven would no longer trust its pledge; but thus
Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us.
Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
The very filthiness of Pandora's box?
So many spots, like nævs on Venus' soil, 55
One jewel set off with so many a foil;
Blisters with pride swell'd, which through 's flesh did sprout
Like rose-buds, stuck i' the lily skin about.

Ver. 53. —— *the* small-pox,] An obvious occasion is here offered of paying a small tribute to Dr. Jenner, whose able researches have so essentially contributed to check the ravages of this dreadful disease, the small-pox. To him, therefore, we may apply the words of the poet:

"O! qui secundo natus Apolline
Incumbis arti Pæoniæ, studens
Arcana Naturæ, gravemque
More novo prohibere morbum,
Jennere, laudes an sileam tuas?——
Hic sæpe mecum dum meditor gemens,
Inter meorum funera, queis diu
Vixi superstes, quot veneno
Fœta gravi, maculisque tetris,
Primis in ævi viribus abstulit
Infesta febris, lingua valet parûm
Narrare, quid debes supremo
Quanta Deo tibi danda laus est,
Furore quod non antè domabili
Tot dira Pestis quæ peperit mala,
In gentis humanæ levamen,
Te medico superata cessit.——
Te mater ambit filiolo cavens
Ut tuto ab atrâ corpore sit lue;
Innupta te virgo, decentes
Sint memori sine labe malæ."

See the late Christopher Anstey's "Ad Edvardum Jenner, M.D. Carmen Alcaicum." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 58. *Like rose-buds, stuck i' the lily skin about.*] "Of his school performances," (says the great Johnson, in his Life of Dryden,) "has appeared only a poem on the death of Lord Hastings, composed with great ambition of such conceits as, notwithstanding the reformation begun by Waller and Denham, the example of Cowley still kept in reputation. Lord Hastings died of the small-pox, and his poet has made of the pustules, first, rose-buds, and then gems; at last exalts them into stars; and says,

'No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whose corpse might seem a constellation.'"

Perhaps it may appear at first sight surprising, that Dr. Busby should patiently bear such thoughts as pervade the whole of this poem on Lord Hastings; but our surprise ceases when we read the following judicious observation of Quintilian, which could not escape the penetration of that great master, who consequently showed the indulgence here recommended to the exuberant imagination of a youthful poet.

"Ne illud quidem quod admonemus indignum est, ingenia puerorum nimiâ interim emendationis severitate deficere. Nam et desperant, et dolent, et novissimè oderunt: et, quod maximè nocet, dum omnia timent, nihil conantur. Quod etiam rusticis notum est, qui frondibus teneris non putant adhibendam esse falcem, quia reformidare ferrum videntur, et cicatricem nondum pati posse. Jucundus ergo tum maximè debet esse præceptor, ut quæ alioqui naturâ sunt aspera, molli manu leniantur: laudare aliqua, ferre quædam, mutare etiam, redditâ cur id fiat ratione; illuminare interponendo aliquid sui."—Quintilian, Inst. Orat. lib. ii. JOHN WARTON.

tle pimple had a tear in it,
the fault its rising did commit:
rebel like, with its own lord at strife,
ade an insurrection 'gainst his life.
these gems sent to adorn his skin,
inet of a richer soul within?
et need foretel his change drew on,
corpse might seem a constellation.
he died of old, how great a strife
n, who from his death should draw their
ife?
ould, by one rich draught, become what-
'er
Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were?
virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
ersal metempsychosis.
these aged fires in one funeral
all die in one so young, so small?
d he lived his life out, his great fame
ll'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
y winter, with one blast, hath brought
es of autumn, summer, spring, to nought.
des the oak i' the sprig, i' the blade the
orn;
thout young, this Phœnix dies, new born.
en old three-legg'd grey-beards with their
out,
, rheums, aches, live three ages out?
ffals, only fit for the hospital!
ng antiquaries' rooms withal!
unkards, lechers, spent with sinning, live
ch helps as broths, possets, physic give?
ve, but such as should die? shall we
neet
ne but ghostly fathers in the street?
kes me rail; sorrow will force its way;
wers of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.
But thou, O virgin-widow, left alone,
Now thy beloved, heaven-ravish'd spouse is gone,
Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than Platonic love, O wed
His soul, though not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
The ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Transcribe the original in new copies; give
Hastings o' the better part: so shall he live
In 's nobler half; and the great grandsire be
Of an heroic divine progeny:
An issue, which to eternity shall last,
Yet but the irradiations which he cast.
Erect no mausoleums: for his best
Monument is his spouse's marble breast.*

Ver. 92. —— *streams of elegies.*] In a very scarce little volume, entitled *Lachrymæ Musarum*, London, printed by T. N., 1650, communicated to me by Mr. Reed, of Staple Inn, are thirty-six Elegies, in Greek, Latin, and English, on the death of this nobleman. Of these, twenty-six are in English, two in Greek, and eight in Latin. The concluding copies are this by Dryden, and the Latin copies by Cyril Wyche, Edward Campion, Thomas Adams, Ralph Montague, all Westminster scholars. The Greek copies are signed Joannes Harmarus, Oxoniensis, φιλίατρος, and C. W. M. Mœrens posuit. Most of these are written with the same false taste which pervades the poem now before us. J. WARTON.

Ver. 93. *But thou, O virgin-widow,*] So in another elegy on Lord Hastings, by "Jo. Benyon, Hosp. Lincoln."
"Thy love writes *maid*, yet is half *widow* too."
MALONE.

* The verses on Lord Hastings in the "Lachrymæ Musarum," are subscribed "Johannes Dryden. Scholæ Westm. alumnus."—It appears, from a note of the editor's, that they were sent at a late period in the year (1649), after a great part of the book was printed off, and when it was just ready for publication. MALONE.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR, JOHN HODDESDON,

ON HIS DIVINE EPIGRAMS.*

ast inspired me with thy soul, and I
'er before could ken of Poetry,
wn so good proficient, I can lend
n commendation of my friend.
but of the second hand; if ought
e in this, 'tis from thy fancy brought.
ief, who dar'st, Prometheus-like, aspire,
thy poems with celestial fire:
Enliven'd by these sparks divine, their rays
Add a bright lustre to thy crown of bays.
Young eaglet, who thy nest thus soon forsook,
So lofty and divine a course hast took
As all admire, before the down begin
To peep, as yet, upon thy smoother chin;
And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the grace
To look the sun of righteousness i' th' face.
What may we hope, if thou go'st on thus fast,
Scriptures at first; enthusiasms at last!
Thou hast commenced, betimes, a saint; go on.
Mingling diviner streams with Helicon;
That they who view what Epigrams here be,
May learn to make like, in just praise of thee.
Reader, I've done, nor longer will withhold
Thy greedy eyes; looking on this pure gold
Thou 'lt know adulterate copper, which, like this
Will only serve to be a foil to his.

Hoddesdon's poetical effusions were published in , under the title of "Sion and Parnassus; or, Epi- several texts of the Old and New Testament." book is prefixed the author's engraved portrait, 8." by which it appears that he and Dryden were the same age. MALONE.

commendatory verses, which are subscribed len, of Trin. C.," are here printed from the origi- n, which was obligingly communicated by Mr. JOHN WARTON.

HEROIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.*

I.

And now 'tis time; for their officious haste,
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

II.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice;
Since Heaven, what praise we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Though in his praise no arts can liberal be,
Since they, whose muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own:

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,
Such monuments as we can build to raise;
Lest all the world prevent what we should do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular?
For in a round what order can be show'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

VI.

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone;
For he was great, ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

Fortune (that easy mistress to the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard)
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,
When she her best-loved Pompey did discard.

IX.

He, private, mark'd the fault of others' sway,
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun:
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing, not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join;
Rewards, that less to him than us were given.

* "The death of Cromwell was the first public event which called forth Dryden's poetical powers. His heroic stanzas have beauties and defects; the thoughts are vigorous, and though not always proper, shew a mind replete with ideas; the numbers are smooth, and the diction, if not altogether correct, is elegant and easy.

"Davenant seems at this time to have been his favourite author, though Gondibert never appears to have been popular; and from Davenant he learned to please his ear with the stanza of four lines alternately rhymed." Johnson's Life of Dryden. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1. *And now 'tis time;*] We are not to wonder that Dryden, after this panegyric on Cromwell, should live to be appointed poet laureat to Charles II., any more than that Dr. Sprat, after a similar panegyric, should live to write the History of the Rye-house Plot, and become Bishop of Rochester. Men were dazzled with the uncommon talents of the Protector, "who wanted nothing to raise him to heroic excellence, but virtue;" they were struck with his intrepidity,—his industry,—his insight into all characters,—his secrecy in his projects, and his successes, beyond all hope and expectation, in the course of human affairs. The most manly and nervous of all Waller's poems, are the Stanzas to Cromwell, which are far superior to the poem on his death, (though that excels this of Dryden,) and on the War with Spain. 'Tis observable that Milton never addrest any poem to Cromwell; but only one admirable sonnet, in which, not like a mean flatterer, he assumes the [illegible] of an adviser, and cautions him against the avarice [illegible] the encroachments of the Presbyterian clergy, whom [illegible] calls "hireling wolves." The University of Oxford, [illegible]thstanding its ancient loyalty, sent him a volume of [illegible] verses, on his making peace with the Dutch: in [illegible] collection are to be found the names of *Crew*, *Mew*, [illegible]phin, South, Locke, and *Busby*. Dr. J. WARTON.

[illegible].3. *Like eager Romans, &c.*] It was usual to conceal [illegible]le on the top of the funeral pile, destined to receive [illegible]ad body of the Roman imperator. When the pile [illegible]et on fire, the bird was set at liberty, and mounting the air, was supposed by the common people to carry [illegible] to heaven the soul of the deceased. DERRICK.

Ver. 17. *How shall I then begin, or where conclude.*] He probably had in his mind the following passage of Theocritus, in his panegyric on Ptolemy, ver. 9.

Ἴδαν ἐς πολύδενδρον ἀνὴρ ὑλητόμος ἐνθὼν,
Πατταίνει, παρεόντος ἄδην, πόθεν ἄρξεται ἔργω·
Τί πρᾶτον καταλεξῶ; JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 20. *Where all the parts so* equal perfect *are?*] Instead of *equally perfect*. Such slight inaccuracies Dryden's fervid genius little regarded. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 23. *And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,*
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.]

A sublime thought, which reminds us of the passage in Milton; although he applies the same appearance of nature, the sun rising through a mist, in a different manner.

"As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams." Par. Lost, bk. i. 1.595.

"But herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him."
Shak. Henry IV. Act 1. *Sc.* 2. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 36. *By acts their age too late would wish undone.*] Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens. Hor. 1, Ep. ii. 1. 60. JOHN WARTON.

XI.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war, 41
First sought to inflame the parties, then to poise:
The quarrel loved, but did the cause abhor;
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

XII.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade: 45
We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and essay'd
To staunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and resistless through the land he past,
Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,
And made to battles such heroic haste, 51
As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought secure of fortune as of fame:
Still, by new maps, the island might be shown,
Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er he came,
Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown. 56

XV.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thrived; no winter could his laurels fade:
Heaven in his portrait show'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade. 60

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had banish'd, and did now restore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.

XVII.

Her safety rescued Ireland to him owes; 65
And treacherous Scotland to no interest true,
Yet blest that fate which did his arms dispose
Her land to civilise, as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
When to pale mariners they storms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mien 71
Did love and majesty together blend.

XIX.

Tis true, his countenance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all souls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw, 75
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.

Ver. 48. To staunch the blood by *breathing of the vein.*] The loyalists supposed that by this line Dryden meant to allude to Cromwell's *murder of his Sovereign.* Thus in "The Laureat," or "Jack Squabb's History in a little drawn, Down to his evening, from his early dawn," ver. 21—25.

"Nay, had our Charles, by heaven's severe decree,
Been found, and murther'd in the royal tree,
Even thou hadst praised the fact; his father slain,
Thou call'st but gently breathing of a vein."

MALONE.

Ver. 56. —— *galaxy with* stars is sown.] Lucretius, lib. ii. ver. 44.

—— "Lumine conserit arva." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 63. *Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,*
To seat themselves more surely than before.]

It is said that at the siege of Bologna, in 1512, a mine blew up that part of the wall of the church of Sancta Maria del Baracano, on which stood a miraculous image of the blessed Virgin. Though it was carried so high, that both armies could see one another through the breach, yet it fell again exactly into its place, so that it was impossible to see where it had been separated. DERRICK.

XX.

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars deposed, and arms to gowns made yield;
Successful councils did him soon approve
As fit for close intrigues, as open field. 80

XXI.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsafed a peace,
Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

XXII.

Fame of the asserted sea through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love; 86
Each knew that side must conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embraced,
Than the light Monsieur the grave Don outweigh'd: 90
His fortune turn'd the scale where'er 'twas cast;
Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right:
For though some meaner artist's skill were shown

Ver. 86. *Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;*] The 9th of March, 1661, died at Vincennes, Cardinal Mazarin, at upwards of fifty years of age. Cardinal Richelieu lived nearly the same number of years. They had governed France successively as prime ministers, each of them nearly eighteen years, with much the same kind of authority that the Grand Viziers exercise among the Turks. Both were ambitious; Mazarin was more timid, more designing, more subtle, pliant, and unsteady; Richelieu was more resolute, more warm, had greater parts, was more obstinate, and more fixed and determined. Mazarin's genius for business was more limited: he was better acquainted with the foibles of mankind, and knew well how to keep them in suspense. Richelieu, with more extensive talents, was better versed in business, and maintained his power by awing some, and amusing others with hopes. Mazarin had a greater knack at speeching, and was more happily formed to please the ladies: Richelieu would much sooner gain the confidence of a man; and he persuaded more by deeds than words. It is said that on March 17, 1653, Monsieur Bourdeaux, the ambassador extraordinary, sent by Mazarin from the King of France to Cromwell, made his public entry, and on the way had his audience at the Banqueting-house, Whitehall; when he extolled the virtues of his Highness, begs his friendship, and says that the Divine Providence, after so many calamities, could not deal more favourably with these nations, or cause them to forget their miseries, with greater satisfaction, than by submitting them to so just a government. Cromwell gained an entire ascendant even over the artful Mazarin. In the treaty the Protector's name was inserted before that of the King. Thurloe, vol. iii. p. 103. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 91. *His fortune*] Cromwell, it is said, appeared precisely at a time when he could succeed. Under Elizabeth he would have been hanged; under Charles II. ridiculed. He appeared when England was disgusted with Kings, and his son Richard when they were equally disgusted with Protectors. Some men owe their fame and eminence to the circumstances of the age in which they happened to live; to the taste of their particular times; to the exigencies of the state; to the enemies they found to combat, and to other favourable circumstances and events. But the following great men would have been great in all ages, and in all countries:—Homer, Hippocrates, Epaminondas, Philip, Aristotle, Archimedes, Scipio, Virgil, Horace, Cæsar, Hannibal, Mango-Copac, Confucius, Mahomet II., Cervantes, Cortez, Kepler, Copernicus, Bacon, Newton, Marlborough, Molière, Fontenelle, Turenne, Machiavel, Milton, Montecucoli, Dante, and Columbus. Dr. J. WARTON.

In mingling colours, or in placing light; 95
Yet still the fair designment was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could service draw;
The worth of each, with its alloy, he knew,
And, as the confident of Nature, saw
How she complexions did divide and brew. 100

XXVI.

Or he their single virtues did survey,
By intuition, in his own large breast,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such heroic virtue heaven sets out, 105
The stars, like commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend; 110
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

XXIX.

He made us freemen of the continent,
Whom Nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the English lion sent, 115
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard;
And trembling wish'd behind more Alps to stand,
Although an Alexander were her guard. 120

XXXI.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars arise;
We traced the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which bribed our fathers made our prize.

XXXII.

Such was our prince; yet own'd a soul above 125
The highest acts it could produce to show:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to live: 130
He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXIV.

His latest victories still thickest came,
As near the centre motion doth increase;
Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the vestal, under spoils decease. 135

XXXV.

But first the ocean as a tribute sent
The giant prince of all her watery herd;
And the isle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd. 140

XXXVI.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea.

XXXVII.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest, 145
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

Ver. 96. —— *designment*] He has borrowed this word from Spenser, F. Q. II. xi. 10.

"'Gainst which the second troupe *dessignment* makes:"

That is, *plot*. Dryden, however, uses it simply for *design* or *plan*. It should be added, that *dessignment* is the reading of Spenser's second edition; as the first reads, without perspicuity, *assignment*. TODD.

Ver. 113. *He made us freemen*] We may be said to have been made freemen of the continent by the taking of Dunkirk, which was wrested from the Spaniards by the united forces of France and England, and delivered up to the latter in the beginning of 1658. DERRICK.

Ver. 120. *Although an Alexander*] At this time Alexander VII. sat in the papal chair. DERRICK.

Ver. 135. *Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,*] Not unlike Livy, who, describing the progress of the city of Rome, says, "Quæ ab exiguis perfecta initiis, eo creverit ut jam magnitudine laboret suâ." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 145. *His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest.*] Our poet's prophetical capacity here failed, for we read in the accurate memoirs of the Protectorate-House of Cromwell, by Mark Noble, F.S.A.—"He was elected Protector December 12, 1653, and inaugurated again, with more state, June 20, 1657; and died peaceably in his bed (worn out by excessive fatigue of mind and body, by grief in domestic misfortunes, and his load of debts), at his palace at Whitehall, upon his auspicious September 3, 1658; and was buried with more than regal pomp, in the sepulchre of our monarchs; from whence, at the Restoration, his body was dragged to, and exposed upon, the gallows at Tyburn, the trunk thrown into a hole beneath it, and his head set upon a pole at Westminster-hall."—Noble's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 145. JOHN WARTON.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES II 1660.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.—VIRG.

The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes
Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again.

ith a general peace the world was blest,
ours, a world divided from the rest,
lful quiet felt, and worser far
ms, a sullen interval of war:
hen black clouds draw down the labouring
skies, 5
abroad the winged thunder flies,
rid stillness first invades the ear,
that silence we the tempest fear.
bitious Swede, like restless billows toss'd,
hand gaining what on that he lost, 10
in his life he blood and ruin breathed,
now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd.
aven, that seem'd regardless of our fate,
nce and Spain did miracles create;
ortal quarrels to compose in peace, 15
re bred, and interest did increase.
i'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
ow a lily to the lily's side,
our cross stars denied us Charles his bed,
our first flames and virgin love did wed.
long absence Church and State did groan;
s the pulpit, faction seized the throne: 22

Experienced age in deep despair was lost,
To see the rebel thrive, the loyal cross'd:
Youth, that with joys had unacquainted been, 25
Envied gray hairs that once good days had seen:
We thought our sires, not with their own content,
Had, ere we came to age, our portion spent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt,
Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt. 30
For when, by their designing leaders taught
To strike at power which for themselves they sought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;
Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
The sacred purple then and scarlet gown, 35
Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shown.
Thus, when the bold Typhœus scaled the sky,
And forced great Jove from his own heaven to fly,
(What king, what crown from treason's reach is free.
If Jove and Heaven can violated be?) 40
The lesser gods, that shared his prosperous state,
All suffer'd in the exiled Thunderer's fate.
The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,
As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he, 45
They own'd a lawless savage liberty,
Like that our painted ancestors so prized,
Ere empire's arts their breasts had civilised.
How great were then our Charles his woes, who thus
Was forced to suffer for himself and us! 50
He, toss'd by fate, and hurried up and down,
Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown,

Now with a general] *Waller*, as well as Dryden, his sentiments, and changed his notes, on the on; and when the King hinted to him the infe- his second poem to the former, answered, "Poets, ed better in fiction than in truth." What notice ook of Dryden's Astræa we are ignorant. Dr. J.

. *An horrid* silence *first invades the ear,*] See 's impending storm in Summer, v. 1116.

"—— A *boding silence* reigns,
d through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
from the mountain, previous to the storm,
o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
shakes the forest-leaf without a breath."
JOHN WARTON.

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.] This dis- laid hold of by the wits of the times, and among Capt. Alexander Radcliff, in his News from Hell, cules it thus:

Laureat, who was both learn'd and florid,
Was damn'd long since for *silence horrid:*
Nor had there been such clutter made,
But that this *silence did invade:*
Invade! and so 't might well—that 's clear:
But what did it *invade?*——*an ear.*" DERRICK.

9. —— *denied us* Charles his *bed,*] Original TODD.

2. *Madness the pulpit,*] From the numerous ser- eached before the Parliament, particularly from 1650, a variety of curious examples might be adduced to prove the justness of Dryden's assertion. And who can wonder at this assertion, when he is told that notifications of the following kind were affixed on walls and door-posts: "On such a day such a brewer's clerk *exercieth;* such a taylor *expoundeth;* such a waterman *teacheth!*" See the Preface to Featley's *Dippers Dipt*, 4to, 1647. For a minute account of the ravings and rantings of many of the preachers before the Parliament, the reader is referred to a collection of extracts from their discourses, entitled *Evangelium Armatum*, printed soon after the Restoration of King Charles II. TODD.

Ver. 46. *They own'd a lawless*] "Perhaps," says Swift, vol. x. p. 188, "in my own thoughts, I prefer a well-instituted common-wealth before a monarchy; and I know several others of the same opinion. Now, if on this pretence I should insist on liberty of conscience, form conventicles of republicans, and print books, preferring that sort of government, and condemning what is established, the magistrate would with great justice hang me and my disciples." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 49. *How great were then our* Charles his *woes,*] Original edition, and rightly so printed for the sake of the metre. TODD.

Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age;
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate, 55
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
Which, by his virtue, were with laurels dress'd.
As souls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his banishment. 60
That sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, moved along the skies.
How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
But those that 'gainst stiff gales laveering go, 65
Must be at once resolved, and skilful too.
He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
But stay'd and suffer'd fortune to repent.
These virtues Galba in a stranger sought,
And Piso to adopted empire brought. 70
How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,
That must his sufferings both regret and bless?
For when his early valour Heaven had cross'd;
And all at Worcester but the honour lost;
Forced into exile from his rightful throne, 75
He made all countries where he came his own;
And, viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.
Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime; 80
And, when restored, made his proud neighbours rue
Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.
Nor is he only by affliction shown
To conquer others' realms, but rule his own:
Recovering hardly what he lost before, 85
His right endears it much; his purchase more.

Inured to suffer ere he came to reign,
No rash procedure will his actions stain:
To business ripen'd by digestive thought,
His future rule is into method brought: 90
As they who first proportion understand,
With easy practice reach a master's hand.
Well might the ancient poets then confer
On Night the honour'd name of Counsellor, 95
Since struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In such adversities to sceptres train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandsire gain'd;
Who yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight; 100
Shock'd by a Covenanting League's vast powers,
As holy and as catholic as ours:
Till fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,
Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.
Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease, 105
No action leave to busy chronicles:
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epoches mistakes;
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
Till with his silent sickle they are mown. 110
Such is not Charles his too too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost like Adam wise.
Tremble ye nations, who secure before, 115
Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore;
Roused by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes assail.
With alga who the sacred altar strews?
To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes: 120

Ver. 57. *His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,*] My reader will not be displeased with the following citation from Ælian's Various History, lib. 12, cap. 21. "The matrons of Lacedæmon, when they received the news that their sons were slain in battle, were accustomed to go forth to inspect their wounds, both before and behind; and when they found the greater number was before, they conducted the bodies of their children to the monuments of their ancestors with great solemnity, and a kind of stern pride in their countenances; but if they perceived any wounds behind, weeping and blushing for shame, they departed with the utmost secrecy, leaving the dead bodies to be interred in the common sepulchre, or carried them away by stealth to be privately buried at home."

To which we may add these spirited lines of Tyrtæus, so peculiarly applicable at this important juncture.

Αυτος δ' τε προμαχοισι πεσων φιλον ωλεσε θυμον,
Αστυ τε και λαους και πατρ' ευκλεϊσας'
Πολλα δια στηθεων και ασπιδος αμφαλοεσσης,
Και δια θωρηκος προσθεν ιεκλαμενος.
Τον δ' ολοφυρονται μεν ομως νεοι ηδε γεροντες,
Αργαλεω δε πολυ πασα κεκηδε πολις.

"Now fall'n, the noblest of the van, he dies!
His city by the beauteous death renown'd;
His low-bent father marking, where he lies,
The shield, the breast-plate, hackt by many a wound.

The young, the old, alike commingling tears,
His country's heavy grief bedews the grave;
And all his race in verdant lustre wears
Fame's richest wreath, transmitted from the brave."
Polwhele's Translation.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 78. *A royal factor for* his *kingdoms lay.*] Origina edition, *their* kingdoms. TODD.

Ver. 86. *His right endears*] "It is remarkable," says *Algarotti*, "that no great people is governed by families that have been originally natives. China is governed by [illegible] the Euphrates, the Nile, Orontes, Greece, Epirus, [illegible] is not an English race that governs England; [illegible] family that has succeeded a Dutch prince he succeeded a Scotch family, which had succeeded a family of Anjou, which had succeeded a Norman family, which had driven away a Saxon family." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 101. *Shock'd by a* Covenanting *League*] Original edition. TODD.

Ver. 108. —— *in* epoches *mistakes;*] Original edition. TODD.

Ver. 111. *Charles his* too too active age,] Original edition. Derrick prints

"Such is not *Charles'* too too active age."

See also before, ver. 49. *Too too* active age, was an ancient formulary. So in H. Parrot's *Springes for Woodcocks*, 12mo. London, 1613, Epigram 133, lib. 1.

—— "'tis knowne her iesting's *too too* evill."

And even in prose, as in Penri's *Exhortation unto the Gouernours, &c. of Wales*, 1588, p. 51. "The case is too too manifest." *Too too* for *exceeding* is also used in the Lancashire dialect. I venture to add part of P. Fletcher's well-drawn character of Lasciviousness personified, *Purp. Isl.* edit. 1633, p. 90,

"Broad were his jests, wilde his uncivil sport;
His fashion *too too* fond, and loosly light:
A long love-lock on his left shoulder plight,
Like to a woman's hair, well shew'd a woman's sprite."
TODD.

Ver. 115. —— who *secure before,*] Original edition. TODD.

Ver. 117. *Roused by the lash of his own stubborn tail,*] An Homeric simile. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 119. *With alga who the sacred altars strews?*
To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes:
A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,
A lamb to you, ye tempests of the main:]

He had not yet learned, indeed he never learned well, to forbear the improper use of mythology. After having thus rewarded the heathen deities for their care, he tells us in the language of religion,

"Prayer storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,
As heaven itself is took by violence." JOHNSON.

ıee, Portunus, shall be slain,
rou, ye tempests of the main :
ɔud storms that did against him roar,
is shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.
artists mix their colour so, 125
grees they from each other go :
unheeded from the neighb'ring white,
ending the well-cozen'd sight :
ɔle our blessed change ; while we
lid feel, but scarce the manner see. 130
constrain the ground, and birth deny
that in its womb expecting lie,
their usurping power withdraw,
floods pursue their hasty thaw.
as mild, the cold not chased away, 135
kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
uld no bargain for its blessings drive,
e could not pay for, freely give.
of Peace would like himself confer
ɔped, without the price of war : 140
knew his blessing's worth, took care
ould know it by repeated prayer ;
rn'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles
thence,
itself is took by violence.
ward valour only served to show, 145
at duty pay we all did owe :
t was fair ; but heaven's prefix'd hour
so like the watchful traveller
moon's mistaken light did rise,
gain, and closed his weary eyes. 150
t, whom Providence design'd to loose
bonds false freedom did impose.

ooth's forward valour, &c.] In 1659, Sir George led a considerable body of men for the king's shire, and possessed himself of Chester, Chick veral other places, being joined by the Earl of Kilmurray, Sir Thomas Middleton, Major-ton, with other loyal gentlemen, who encoun-Lambert, general of the parliament's forces, routed at Winnington Bridge, near North-hire, and most of the principal people made ERRICK.

Twas Monk, &c.] General George Monk had of the parliament's army in Scotland at the mwell, whose son Richard he caused to be rotector, in compliance with their order. He ards marched with his forces towards London, naged matters so well as to bring about the the king, without the least bloodshed; for ervice he honoured him with the order of the d him Duke of Albemarle, &c. &c., on account descended on the mother's side from Richard Earl of Albemarle and Warwick.
vas united with the Duke of York, in command hat was sent against the Dutch. A dropsy ut of the world on the 3rd day of January, 1679, one years. His air was majestic, his counte-he was equal in his proceedings; solid, and is conduct. He kept the army under strict d set a noble example of virtue to his soldiers, my to drunkenness, blasphemy, and inconti-UCK.
digable perseverance, the impenetrable secrecy, izing the proper moment for action, enabled g about the important event of the Restoration. trust his own brother with his design, when lle came to consult him on the subject. Not ilities alone could possibly have given him e whole nation, tired and disgusted with the nd the tyrannies of their rulers, had not been nge, and united in a wish to recal the heir to o that Monck in reality, according to Mr. y furnished a hand to the heart of the nation. ral must have been a man of greater talents ally supposed. After his death, a thin folio ublished, entitled, "Observations on Military Affairs," written by the Most Honourable

The blessed saints that watch'd this turning scene,
Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
To see small clues draw vastest weights along, 155
Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With ease such fond chimæras we pursue,
As fancy frames for fancy to subdue : 160
But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the mint like gold that chemists make.
How hard was then his task ! at once to be
What in the body natural we see !
Man's architect distinctly did ordain 165
The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense ;
The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay. 170
He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
Wise leeches will not vain receipts obtrude, 175
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude :
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till some safe crisis authorise their skill.
Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear, 180
And guard with caution that polluted nest,
Whence Legion twice before was dispossess'd :
Once sacred house ; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could sanctify a sin ;
Like those that vainly hoped kind Heaven would wink, 185
While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.
And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
To part, before they taste forbidden bowls :
So these, when their black crimes they went about,
First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.
Religion's name against itself was made ; 191
The shadow served the substance to invade :
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in show, but made the gold their end.
Th' incensed powers beheld with scorn from high
An heaven so far distant from the sky, 196
Which durst, with horses' hoofs that beat the ground,
And martial brass, belie the thunder's sound.
Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it fit
To speed their ruin by their impious wit. 200

George Duke of Albemarle. He married a blacksmith's daughter, a woman of strong sense, who governed her husband as Sarah Duchess of Marlborough did the Duke, and who is said to have been instrumental in promoting the Restoration. Dr. Johnson says, this passage down to verse 178, contains a cluster of thoughts unallied to each other, not to be elsewhere easily found. DR. J. WARTON.

Ver. 186. *While to excess on martyrs' tombs*, &c.] This passage seems to allude to the extravagancies that are often committed by the vulgar Roman Catholics upon their pilgrimaging to the tombs of saints, where, after having performed the stated devotions, they too often launch into the most blameable excesses, as if they imagined they had now fully expiated their former offences, and were at liberty to begin a new reckoning. DERRICK.

Ver. 187. *And as devouter Turks*, &c.] The Khoran having prohibited the use of wine, when a Turk has a mind to indulge himself with the juice of the grape, he warns his soul to retire to some safe corner of his body, where it may be secured from the contamination, and consequently not liable to the punishment. DERRICK.

Thus Sforza, cursed with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
Henceforth their fougue must spend at lesser rate,
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set, 205
A virtuous shame within us to beget.
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss: 210
Like early lovers, whose unpractised hearts
Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas this produced the joy that hurried o'er 215
Such swarms of English to the neighb'ring shore,
To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
Oh had you seen from Schevelin's barren shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring 220
True sorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their low'rd sails denied.
The wav'ring streamers, flags, and standart out, 225
The merry seamen's rude but cheerful shout;
And last the cannons' voice that shook the skies,
And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naseby, now no longer England's shame, 230
But better to be lost in Charles his name,
(Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himself alone a freight;
The Swift-sure groans beneath great Gloster's weight: 235
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these,
He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
Heaven could not own a Providence and take
The wealth three nations ventured at a stake.
The same indulgence Charles his voyage bless'd,
Which in his right had miracles confess'd. 241
The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew:
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straiten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge. 245
The British Amphitrite, smooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear;
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted fasces of the main.

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own;
Behold th' approaching clifts of Albion: 251
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears. 255
But you, whose goodness your descent doth show,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;

Ver. 205. —— *they are like Helots, &c.*] The Spartans, to deter their youth from intemperance, exposed their slaves, whom they called Helots, intoxicated with liquor, as public objects of derision. They were called Helots from Helos, a Laconian town, which being taken by the Spartans, they made all the inhabitants prisoners of war, and reduced them to the condition of slaves. Derrick.

Ver. 207. *For by example most we sinn'd before,*
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.] This is another conceit too curious to be omitted without censure. Johnson, Life of Dryden.
John Warton.

Ver. 215.] To Dryden's flattery to Charles II. restored, we may apply the words of Tacitus:—"Lætantis, ut fermè ad nova imperia, ut gratiam viresque apud novum principem pararet."—Tacit. iii. John Warton.

Ver. 224. *And willing winds to their* low'rd *sails denied.*] Original edition. Todd.

Ver. 225. —— *flags, and* standart *out,*] Original edition.
Todd.

Ver. 231. —— *Charles* his *name,*] Original edition.
Todd.

Ver. 235. *The Swift-sure groans beneath great Gloster's weight:*] From Virgil:

—— "simul accipit alveo
Ingentem Æneam, gemuit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis."—Æneid. vi. 412. John Warton.

Ver. 242. *The winds that never moderation knew,*
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew:
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straiten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge.]

How far he was yet from thinking it necessary to found his sentiments on nature, appears from the extravagance of his fictions and hyperboles.—Johnson. John Warton.

Ver. 244. *Or, out of breath*] Can Dryden have written so contemptible a line? Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 246. *The British Amphitrite, smooth and clear,*
In richer azure never did appear;]

Here he has his eye on his favourite Virgil, Æneid. lib. viii. line 86.

"Thybris eâ fluvium, quam longa est, nocte tumentem
Leniit, et tacitâ refluens ita substitit undâ,
Mitis ut in morem stagni placidæque paludis
Sterneret æquor aquis, remo ut luctamen abesset."
John Warton.

Ver. 250. *And welcome now,*] "Charles might have been restored on any terms, or under any limitations. Instead of this, he came in almost without conditions. He obtained the most unlimited confidence, before he had taken one step to deserve it; and he lived to acquire as absolute an authority as his unhappy father had ever possessed—he lived to govern without Parliaments. To point out particularly what might have been, or ought to have been done on this occasion, might be an invidious task, and would far exceed the limits of this discourse. But most certainly our ancestors should not have been content with less than was actually obtained in a later period; should have attempted, at least, to prevent a return of the calamities they had suffered; and to form an establishment, which might secure them in the most effectual manner, both from tyranny and faction. By neglecting to obtain this security, the men who placed Charles on the throne, exposed both church and state to the utmost danger. The returning monarch, void of every religious and every moral principle, was ready to sacrifice the fate of Europe to the caprice or the cunning of a mistress; and studied to subvert the liberties of his people, not from any reputable principle of ambition or honour, but that he might, without difficulty, and without opposition, employ the hands and purses of his loving subjects in ministering to his royal pleasures. It was not indeed long before his subjects were awakened from their dream of happiness, but it had like to have been too late. Never was the whole machinery of opposition put in motion with more art and address, and (to say the truth) with less restraint from principles of justice and honour. Yet all this was found too little. Charles, though obliged to give way for a time, was able at last to surmount the utmost efforts of his enemies; and had either his life been prolonged, or had his successor trodden in the same steps, the liberties of Britain were no more."

No apology shall be made for the length of this passage, so pregnant with solid sense and knowledge of the true constitution of Great Britain, which is taken from the discourses of a man far above the narrow views of any party; of an enlarged mind and manly spirit, enriched with a variety of solid learning, which he always imparted in a style pure and energetic. Need I name Dr. Balguy? Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 252. *It is no longer motion cheats your view,*
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.]

"I know not whether this fancy, however little be its value, was not borrowed. A French poet read to Malherbe some verses, in which he represents France as rising out of its place to receive the King. 'Though this,' said Malherbe, 'was in my time, I do not remember it.'"—Johnson.
John Warton.

By that same mildness, which your father's crown
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find, 260
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name. 265
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws;
Whose rigid letter, while pronounced by you,
Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight, 270
Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite.
And as those lees, that trouble it, refine
The agitated soul of generous wine:
So tears of joy, for your returning, spilt,
Work out, and expiate our former guilt. 275
Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,
Choked up the beach with their still growing store,
And made a wilder torrent on the shore:
While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight, 280
Those, who had seen you, court a second sight;
Preventing still your steps, and making haste
To meet you often, whereso'er you pass'd.

How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May! 285
(A month that owns an interest in your name:
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That star that at your birth shone out so bright,
It stain'd the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew, 290
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.
And now Time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:
Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall fly,
Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky. 295
Our nation with united interest blest,
Not now content to poize, shall sway the rest.
Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.
Your much-loved fleet shall, with a wide command,
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land: 301
And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be: 305
Nor in the farthest east those dangers fear,
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not he bestows:
And France, that did an exile's presence fear, 310
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they,
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sins, 316
But most your life and blest example wins.
Oh happy prince, whom Heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh times like those alone, 320
By fate reserved for great Augustus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and art foreshow
The world a monarch, and that monarch you.

Ver. 281. *Those, who had seen you,*] Among the many characters drawn of this prince, that given us by the Duke of Buckingham, who knew him well, seems to be drawn with accuracy and spirit, with a few sprinklings of partiality.

"His understanding was quick and lively in little things, and sometimes would soar high enough in great ones, but unable to keep it up with any long attention or application. Witty in all sorts of conversation, and telling a story so well, that not out of flattery, but for the pleasure of hearing it, we used to seem ignorant of what he had repeated to us ten times before, as a good comedy will bear the being seen often. Of a wonderful mixture, losing all his time, and, till of late, setting his whole heart on the fair sex; yet neither angry with rivals, nor in the least nice as to the being beloved; and while he sacrificed all things to his mistresses, he would use to grudge and be uneasy at their losing a little of it again at play, though never so necessary for their diversion; nor would he venture five pounds at tennis to those servants, who might obtain as many thousands, either before he came thither, or as soon as he left off. Not false to his word, but full of dissimulation, and very *adroit* at it; yet no man easier to be imposed on, for his great dexterity was in cozening himself, by gaining a little one way, while it cost him ten times as much another; and by caressing those persons most who had deluded him the oftenest, and yet the quickest in the world at spying such a ridicule in another. Familiar, easy, and good-natured, but for great offences severe and inflexible; also in one week's absence quite forgetting those servants to whose faces he could scarcely deny anything. In the midst of all his remissness, so industrious and indefatigable on some particular occasions, that no man would either toil longer, or be able to manage it better. He was so liberal as to ruin his affairs by it; for want in a King of *England* turns things just upside down, and exposes a prince to his people's mercy. It did yet worse in him, for it forced him also to depend on his great neighbour of *France*. He had so natural an aversion to all formality, that with as much wit as most kings ever had, and with as majestic a mien, yet he could not on premeditation act the part of a King for a moment, either at Parliament or Council, either in words or gestures, which carried him into the other extreme, more inconvenient of the two, of letting all distinction and ceremony fall to the ground as useless and foppish. His temper, both of body and mind, was admirable; which made him an easy generous lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master. If he had been as solicitous about improving the faculties of his mind, as he was in the management of his bodily health, though, alas! the one proved unable to make his life long, the other had not failed to have *made it famous.*" *Dr. J.* WARTON.

Ver. 316. —— *from* sins,] Original edition. In Derrick's edition, —— *from* sin. TODD.

Ver. 317. —— *example* wins.] Original edition. In Derrick's edition, —— *example* win. TODD.

Ver. 320. *Oh happy age!*] But these days of felicity and joy lasted not long. Discontents arose, and many writers against the Court appeared. Among the rest was a man of a great fund of wit and learning, of a severe and sarcastic turn, and of irreproachable life and conversation. This man was *Andrew Marvel*, who wrote equally well in prose and in verse. Swift has done justice to his Rehearsal transposed, from which in truth Swift borrowed largely. His satires in verse were numerous, particularly, *To the King, Nostradamus's Prophecy, Clarendon's House-Warming, Royal Resolutions, Dialogue between two Horses, Oceana and Britannia.* Though he certainly cannot, as a poet, be in general compared with Dryden, particularly in point of numbers, which are harsh and rough, yet in all these pieces, strong thinking, and strong painting, and capital strokes of satire, appear. The story of his refusing a pension, offered him in a polite manner by Lord Danby, who waited on him in person, is well known. If he was grossly abused by Parker in his Latin commentaries, yet amends were made him by an elegant compliment in his *Ode to Independency.* Indeed it was honour enough to Marvel to be joint Latin Secretary with Milton, and to be his confidential friend. Marvel certainly wrote those fine six Latin lines addressed to Christina, Queen of Sweden, printed in the second volume of Milton. DR. J. WARTON.

I think that Milton, and not Marvel, wrote the verses to Christina. Nor am I singular in this opinion. See the note on the lines in the sixth volume of the edition of Milton, published in 1801, and in the seventh of that in 1809. TODD.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

In that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
When life and sin one common tomb had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it false and slippery ground; 6
And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd,
Till new-born nature in fresh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal sir, to see you landed here,
Was cause enough of triumph for a year: 10
Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be secure and great:
Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away. 14
Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste these sacred rites prepared,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs shared:
But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store, 21
When you refresh'd our joys by adding more:
As heaven, of old, dispensed celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us new.
Now our sad ruins are removed from sight, 25
The season too comes fraught with new delight:
Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop:
Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy spring,
And open'd scenes of flowers and blossoms bring,
To grace this happy day, while you appear, 31
Not king of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart:
Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part:
Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim, 35
And heaven this day is feasted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair spectators view,
From their high standings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each singles out a prey,
And longs to date a conquest from your day. 40
Now charged with blessings while you seek repose,
Officious slumbers haste your eyes to close;
And glorious dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
Next to the sacred temple you are led, 45
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head:
How justly from the Church that crown is due,
Preserved from ruin, and restored by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy. 50
Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incense fly:
Music herself is lost, in vain she brings
Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings:
Her melting strains in you a tomb have found, 55
And lie like bees in their own sweetness drown'd.
He that brought peace, all discord could atone,
His name is music of itself alone.
Now, while the sacred oil anoints your head, 59
And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread
Through the large dome; the people's joyful sound,
Sent back, is still preserved in hallow'd ground;
Which, in one blessing mix'd, descends on you;
As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wishes do increase your store, 65
Full of yourself, you can admit no more;
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.
Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
Create that joy, but full fruition: 70
We know those blessings, which we must possess,
And judge of future by past happiness.
No promise can oblige a prince so much
Still to be good, as long to have been such.
A noble emulation heats your breast, 75
And your own fame now robs you of your rest.
Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.
You have already quench'd sedition's brand;
And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land. 80
The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause,
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their synod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.
Kind Heaven so rare a temper did provide, 85
That guilt, repenting, might in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be set;
But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to these rough northern climes
From milder heavens you bring without their crimes. 90
Your calmness does no after-storms provide,
Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire first from families did spring,
Then every father govern'd as a king:
But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay 95
Imperial power with your paternal sway.
From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,
Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends:
Born to command the mistress of the seas,
Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire please. 100

Ver. 1. *In that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,*] His poem on the Coronation has a more uniform tenor of thought, says the great Johnson. It is in truth an uninterrupted *series* of flattery.

Flumina tum lactis, tum flumina nectaris ibant.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 34. Thomas, Lord *Fairfax*, wrote a copy of verses on the horse upon which Charles II. rode at his Coronation, bred and presented by him to the King, notwithstanding Fairfax's former conduct. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 41. *Now charged with blessings while you seek repose, &c.*] "As many odoriferous bodies are observed to diffuse perfumes from year to year, without sensible diminution of their bulk or weight; he appears never to have impoverished his mint of flattery by his expenses, however lavish. He had all the forms of excellence, intellectual and moral, combined in his mind, with endless variation; and when he had scattered on the hero of the day the golden shower of wit and virtue, he had ready for him, whom he wished to court on the morrow, new wit and virtue of another stamp. Of this kind of meanness he never seems to decline the practice, or lament the necessity: he considers the great as entitled to encomiastic homage, and brings praise rather as a tribute than a gift,—more delighted with the fertility of his invention than mortified by the prostitution of his judgment"—Johnson's Life of Dryden. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 81. *The jealous sects,*] It is finely and acutely observed by Des Cartes, *in Dissertatione de Methodo*, that the Spartan commonwealth flourished so eminently not so much because it was governed by a body of laws, that were good in themselves, but because "ab uno tantùm legislatore conditæ, sibi omnes consentiebant, atque in eundem scopum collimabant." Dr. J. WARTON.

Hither in summer evenings you repair
To taste the fraicheur of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
With Cæsar's heart that rose above the waves.
More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays; 105
No loyal subject dares that courage praise.
In stately frigates most delight you find,
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
When even your pleasures serve for our defence.
Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide, 111
Where in new depths the wondering fishes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters sleep;
When, tired at sea, within this bay they creep.
Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects, 115
So safe are all things which our king protects.
From your loved Thames a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by fate,
The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait. 120
It was your love before made discord cease:
Your love is destined to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty king presents rich ore, 125
While that with incense does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose,
This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
Thus, from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are answers sought, and destinies foretold: 130
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Choose only, sir, that so they may possess, 135
With their own peace their children's happiness.

Ver. 102. *To taste the* fraicheur *of the purer air:*] "Dryden had a vanity unworthy of his abilities; to shew, as may be suspected, the rank of the company with whom he lived, by the use of French words, which had then crept into conversation; such as *fraicheur* for *coolness*, *fougue* for *turbulence*, and a few more, none of which the language has incorporated or retained. They continue only where they stood first, perpetual warnings to future innovators." —Johnson's Life of Dryden. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 104. *With Cæsar's heart that rose*, &c.] Cæsar, when in some danger on board ship, observing the mariners affrighted, bade them remember *they carried Cæsar and his fortune*. DERRICK.

Ver. 136. ——— *their children's*] What effect this poem might have on the public mind we know not; but the effect of another poem, the incomparable *Hudibras*, was deep, universal, and lasting. This work is original in our language, though the idea is evidently taken from *Don Quixote*. The wit of Butler is inexhaustible, and more new images are brought together than are to be found in any language. A want of *events* and *action* is the only blemish to be discerned. No writer has displayed such a fund of various learning, nor applied it with such dexterity. The measure, though blamed by Dryden, is exactly suited to the subject. It will remain an eternal disgrace to Charles II. not to have rewarded amply this singular genius, so useful to his cause and government. The *Satire Menippée*, published in France, 1597, had a similar effect in that country. The president *Henault*, one of the most curious and accurate of all their writers, informs us, p. 388, 4to, that *Le Roi*, canon of *Rouen*, was the sole author of the *Catholicon*. *Passerat* and *Rapin* composed the verse part; *M. Gillot* composed the harangue of the Cardinal Legate; *P. Pithou* that of M. d'Aubrai; and *Rapin* that of the Archbishop of Lyons. "Perhaps," says *Henault*, "the *Satire Menippée* was not of less use to Henry IV. than the battle of *Ivri*. Ridicule has more force than we can well imagine." Dr. J. WARTON.

TO

THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.*

PRESENTED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

MY LORD,

WHILE flattering crowds officiously appear,
To give themselves, not you, an happy year;
And by the greatness of their presents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;

* Edward Earl of Clarendon, to whom this poem is addressed, having followed the fortune of the King, was appointed Secretary of State at Bruges, and constituted Lord High Chancellor of England on the demise of Sir Richard Lane. He was confirmed in this last post at the Restoration, when he was also chosen Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in the room of the Duke of Somerset, and created Baron Hindon, Viscount Cornbury, and Earl of Clarendon. He was too honest for a court; his plain dealing and integrity ruined him. The King, abandoned to pleasure, was impatient of admonition, and Hyde was not sparing of it: this paved the way for his disgrace. He was prosecuted with great acrimony by the Earl of Bristol, who impeached him in the House of Peers. Finding his party too weak to support him, he retired to Rouen, where he died in 1674. He is said to have been concerned in selling Dunkirk to the French. He was an able lawyer, a great statesman, and an elegant writer. DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *While flattering crowds*] Few pieces of biography are so interesting as the life of Lord Clarendon, written by himself, and published from his original manuscripts by the University of Oxford. In which is given, with openness and frankness, an account of his early habits and studies, and intimacy with the greatest men of that age, whose characters he has drawn with a masterly hand. He soon became eminent both at the bar and in Parliament; and entering into the King's service at the commencement of the civil wars, soon rose to such a degree in his favour and friendship, that the King entrusted him to draw up several very important state papers, published in the King's own name, and supposed to be his own productions. He followed Charles II. into exile, shared all his fortunes, and continued his faithful adviser till the Restoration. Burnet, who did not love him, says he used to give his advice in too magisterial a manner; and it is certain that Charles II. had always for him more veneration than affection. As he never degraded himself by flattering the Duchess of Portsmouth, and showed a marked contempt of the debauched parasites that surrounded his master, they employed every possible method of wit and ridicule to depreciate him in the eyes of his master, who, when Buckingham imitated the gait and air, and solemn step of the Chancellor, had the weakness to join in the laugh. But what chiefly alienated the King's regard for him, and in truth provoked a deep indignation, was, that Clarendon engaged the Duke of Richmond to marry the beautiful Mrs. Stuart, with whom the King was violently in love. So that when the Sectarists, the Catholics, and even some disappointed Royalists, all joined in enmity to Clarendon, and laid to his charge all the misfortunes that had befallen the kingdom—the bad payment of the seamen, the sale of Dunkirk, the disgrace at Chatham, and an unsuccessful war—the King, with matchless ingratitude, gave up into the hands of his enemies his old, able, and faithful counsellor, who was immediately impeached by both Houses of Parliament. He therefore thought proper to retire to France, where he lived privately for six years, and wrote his History of the Civil Wars; a work which, notwithstanding *some* (perhaps *pardonable*) *partialities*, will for ever be read with attention and applause; and is in truth composed with a dignity, majesty, and strength of style, rarely to be found in modern history. The praises of twenty such poets as Dryden could not have conferred such lasting honour on Lord Clarendon as those words of the virtuous Earl of Southampton, at the Council Board: "This man," said he, "is a true Protestant, and an honest Englishman and while he enjoys power, we are secure of our laws, liberties, and religion. I dread the consequences of his removal." Dr. J. WARTON.

The Muses, who your early courtship boast,
Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,
Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
They were your mistresses, the world may not:
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love;
And now present, as ancient ladies do,
That, courted long, at length are forced to woo.
For still they look on you with such kind eyes,
As those that see the Church's sovereign rise;
From their own order chose, in whose high state,
They think themselves the second choice of fate.
When our great monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion suffer'd banishment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire and smoke,
The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;
They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
At length the Muses stand, restored again
To that great charge which nature did ordain;
And their loved Druids seem revived by fate,
While you dispense the laws, and guide the state.
The nation's soul, our monarch, does dispense,
Through you, to us his vital influence;
You are the channel, where those spirits flow,
And work them higher, as to us they go.
In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky:
So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our king and you:
Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, though your orbs of different greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use disposed,
His to inclose, and yours to be inclosed.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptiness had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And share his burden where he shares his heart.
In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures find
Their share of business in your labouring mind.
So when the weary sun his place resigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.
Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft mercy from a private cause,
In your tribunal most herself does please;
There only smiles because she lives at ease;
And, like young David, finds her strength the more,
When disencumber'd from those arms she wore.
Heaven would our royal master should exceed
Most in that virtue, which we most did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
His fatal goodness left to fitter times,
Not to increase, but to absolve, our crimes:
But when the heir of this vast treasure knew
How large a legacy was left to you,
(Too great for any subject to retain)
He wisely tied it to the crown again:
Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers more,
As streams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore.
While empiric politicians use deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;
You boldly show that skill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end;
Which should you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As men do nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found, before
Those rich perfumes, which, from the happy shore,
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd;
So by your counsels we are brought to view
A rich and undiscover'd world in you.
By you our monarch does that fame assure,
Which kings must have, or cannot live secure:
For prosperous princes gain their subjects' heart,
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.
By you he fits those subjects to obey,
As heaven's eternal monarch does convey
His power unseen, and man, to his designs
By his bright ministers the stars, inclines.
Our setting sun, from his declining seat,
Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat:
And, when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the favourite of his last sad times,
That is a sufferer in his subjects' crimes:
Thus those first favours you received, were sent,
Like heaven's rewards in earthly punishment.
Yet fortune, conscious of your destiny,
E'en then took care to lay you softly by;
And wrapp'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept fresh to be unfolded with your king's.
Shown all at once you dazzled so our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise:
When, springing forth from Jove's new closing wound,
She struck the warlike spear into the ground;
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose,
And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.

Ver. 20. *The helpless gods*] I will here offer part of Merrick's observation on a passage in his translation of Tryphiodorus, p. 102.—"We learn from Æschylus (Ἑπτὰ ἐπὶ Θήβ. v. 223.) that it was a common opinion among the ancients that the tutelary gods of every city withdrew from it when it was going to be taken. The scholiast on Æschylus farther informs us, that Sophocles wrote a play called Ἐκανηφόροι, in which the gods of the Trojans were introduced retiring from the city, and carrying their images with them. What Tryphiodorus feigns of Apollo's quitting Troy, just before its destruction, is related by Virgil concerning the other deities of the Trojans, *Æn.* ii. 351.

'Excessêre omnes, adytis arisque relictis,
Di, quibus imperium hoc steterat.'

And Petronius Arbiter says,

'Peritura Troja perdidit primùm deos.'

Nor is this fiction to be found in the poets only, but is likewise preserved in some of the ancient historians." See the whole note. TODD.

Ver. 48. *He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.*] The same sentiment is repeated in the *Annus Mirabilis*, st. 253.

"His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective light."
TODD.

Ver. 66. *As streams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore.*] So Milton of the river Tamar in Cornwall. Epitaph. Damon.

——"fusca metallis
Tamara." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 67. *While empiric*] Our knowledge in politics, says Hume, is even yet imperfect; we know not to what degrees human virtue or vice may be carried. Even Machiavel is an imperfect and mistaken politician. Modern monarchies, he adds, are grown mild and improved: but this is owing to manners, and to the progress of sense and philosophy. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 87. *Our setting sun,*] Charles I. employed him in writing some of his declarations. Dr. J. WARTON.

angely active are the arts of peace, 105
tless motions less than war's do cease!
ot freed from labour but from noise;
ore force, but not more pains employs:
e mighty swiftness of your mind,
the earth, it leaves our sense behind, 110
so smoothly turn and roll our sphere,
motion does but rest appear.
nature's swiftness, with the throng
rbs while ours is borne along,
at rest to the deluded eye, 115
the soul of the same harmony,
on by your unwearied care,
peace and yet in motion share.
hen those crimes within you see,
ch the happy never must be free; 120
does with misery reside,
d the revenge of ruin'd pride.
ot hard, if at so cheap a rate
ecure the constancy of fate,
dness sent what does their malice seem,
ills the greater to redeem. 125
e this weak shower a tempest call,
of heat, that in the sunshine fall.
already wearied fortune so,
t farther be your friend or foe; 130
l breathless, and admires to feel
weighty, that it stops our wheel.
gs else above our humble fate,
l mind yet swells not into state,
ome mountain in those happy isles, 135
perpetual spring young nature smiles,
tness shows: no horror to affright,
for shade, and flowers to court the sight:
s the hill submits itself a while
lescents, which do its height beguile; 140
times mounts, but so as billows play,
e not hinders but makes short our way.
r which does no fear of thunder know,
g tempests vainly beat below;
Olympus' top, th' impression wears 145
d friendship writ in former years.
pair'd with labours, or with time,
but seems to a new youth to climb.
enly bodies do our time beget,
ure change, but share no part of it. 150

Such is the mighty] "In this comparison," Dr. ys, "the mind perceives enough to be de- readily forgives its obscurity for its magnifi- wn I think its obscurity so gross that it cannot , and its magnificence lost by its no-meaning. TON.

Let envy then] Great ministers, in all ages es, have ever been attacked by satirical wits. hundred and fifty-nine severe invectives were ainst Cardinal Mazarin, many of them by d Sandricourt, which have been collected and *Mazaranides*. Dr. J. WARTON.

Sometimes the hill submits *itself a while*
In small descents,]
——— "quà se subducere colles
inunt, mollique jugum demittere clivo."
Virgil, Ecl. ix. 8.
JOHN WARTON.

Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rolling tempests vainly beat below;]
adily turn either to the passage or author of g reflection:—"Great men ought not to listen hear, the mean cries of envy. Atlas, who sup- avens, hears not from his height the roaring of the waves of the sea at his feet." JOHN

Thus heavenly] Dr. Johnson is of opinion that em he seems to have collected all his powers."

And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this new-year, whose motions never cease.
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove, 155
Because the centre of it is above.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1662.*

As needy gallants, in the scrivener's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgaged lands;
The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of some Englishmen is such, 5
To fawn on those, who ruin them, the Dutch.
They shall have all, rather than make a war
With those, who of the same religion are.
The Straits, the Guiney-trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you. 10
Some are resolved not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet still the same religion answers all.
Religion wheedled us to civil war, 15
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now would spare.
Be gull'd no longer; for you 'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Interest 's the god they worship in their state,
And we, I take it, have not much of that. 20
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin; and such proportions fall,
That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their rapine, falsehood, cruelty, 25
And that what once they were, they still would be.
To one well-born the affront is worse and more,
When he 's abused and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;
They 've both ill nature and ill manners too. 30
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation;
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion:
And their new commonwealth has set them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride, 35
Than did their lubber state mankind bestride.
Their sway became them with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches swell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.

I should lament if this were true. But then he adds, "He has concluded with lines of which I think not myself obliged to tell the meaning." Dr. J. WARTON.

* This poem is no more than a prologue, a little altered, prefixed to our author's tragedy of Amboyna. DERRICK.

Ver. 35. *Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,*] Horses are almost useless in Venice from its situation, there being canals in every street, so that it cannot be thought the Venetians are expert jockies: besides, "To ride as badly as a grandee of Venice," is become a proverb all over Italy. DERRICK.

As Cato, fruits of Afric did display; 41
Let us before our eyes their ladies lay:
All loyal English will like him conclude;
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS.*

On the Memorable Victory gained by the Duke over the Hollanders, June 4, 1665, and on her Journey afterwards into the North.

MADAM,

When for our sakes, your hero you resign'd
To swelling seas, and every faithless wind;
When you released his courage, and set free
A valour fatal to the enemy;
You lodged your country's cares within your breast, 5
(The mansion where soft love should only rest:)
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied: 10
And 'twas for him much easier to subdue
Those foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious day, which two such navies saw,
As such unmatch'd might to the world give law.
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey, 15
Held to them both the trident of the sea:
The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were cast,
As awfully as when God's people past:
Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow, 19
Those, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the duke your highness ruled the day:
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How powerful are chaste vows! the wind and tide
You bribed to combat on the English side. 25
Thus to your much-loved lord you did convey
An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So Moses was upheld while Israel fought)
While, from afar, we heard the cannon play, 30
Like distant thunder on a shiny day.
For absent friends we were ashamed to fear,
When we consider'd what you ventured there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might restore,
But such a leader could supply no more. 35
With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
Fortune and victory he did pursue,
To bring them as his slaves to wait on you.
Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame, 40
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to spread another way,
By land your conquests, far as his by sea,
Leaving our southern clime, you march'd along
The stubborn North, ten thousand Cupids strong.
Like commons the nobility resort, 45
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like some new envoy from the distant sun,
And country beauties by their lovers go, 50
Blessing themselves, and wondering at the show.
So when the new-born Phœnix first is seen,
Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen,
And while she makes her progress through the East,
From every grove her numerous train's increased:
Each poet of the air her glory sings, 55
And round him the pleased audience clap their wings.

Ver. 41. *As Cato, &c.*] Compare the *Annus Mirabilis* stan. 173.

"As once old Cato in the Roman fight,
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold."

TODD.

Ver. 44. —— *and Carthage*] The very words and allusion by Lord Shaftesbury in his famous speech against the Dutch.

* The lady to whom our author addresses this poem was daughter to the great Earl of Clarendon. The Duke of York had been some time married to her before the affair was known either to the King his brother, or to her father. She died in March, 1671, leaving issue one son, named Edgar, and three daughters, Katherine, Mary, and Anne. The two latter lived to sit on the British throne; the two former survived their mother but a short time. Bishop Burnet tells us, that she was a woman of knowledge and penetration, friendly and generous, but severe in her resentments. DERRICK.

Ver. 26. —— *your much-loved lord*] James, notwithstanding, had many mistresses. Lady Dorchester, says Lord Orford, vol. iv. p. 319, 4to, said wittily, she wondered for what James II. chose his mistresses. "We are none of us handsome, and if we had wit, he has not enough to discover it." And once meeting the Duchess of Portsmouth and Lady Orkney, the favourite of King William, at the drawing-room of George I., she exclaimed, "Good God! who would have thought that we three whores should have met together here!" Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 56. —— *her glory sings,*] The Duchess of York, says Burnet, was an extraordinary woman. She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things, but took state on her rather too much. She wrote well, and had begun the Duke's Life, of which she showed me a volume. She was bred to great strictness in religion, practised secret confession, and *Morley* was her confessor. Dr. JOSEPH WARTON.

Ver. 57 *And round him the pleased audience clap their wings.*] Hence Pope, Pastoral i. ver. 16.

"And all th' aerial audience clap their wings."

This escaped the observation of the acute Mr. Wakefield, to whom, as my reader will perceive, I owe many obligations, and who seldom suffers a parallel passage to escape him. JOHN WARTON.

ANNUS MIRABILIS; THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

TO

THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

THE MOST RENOWNED AND LATE FLOURISHING CITY OF LONDON

IN ITS REPRESENTATIVES THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT OF ALDERMEN, THE SHERIFFS, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF IT.*

aps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation, so wise consonant to justice, that he who was to give the first example of such a dedication should with that city which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and n constancy. Other cities have been praised for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if e so dearly purchased their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than nsive, though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit ves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves at vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below; to k down and to triumph: I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had prince or people more mutual to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a matchless lovers, through many difficulties; he, through a long exile, various traverses of and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and withheld you from him; tainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, u might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not e effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most t princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you, re, this year of wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your ins. You are now a Phœnix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem suffering Deity; but Heaven never made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I ard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous Providence is engaged too deeply when the cause becomes so general; and I cannot imagine esolved the ruin of that people at home which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am re to conclude that your sufferings are at an end; and that one part of my poem has not been history of your destruction than the other a prophecy of your restoration; the accomplish- which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is it by none more passionately than by

The greatest of your admirers,

And most humble of your Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

This dedication has been left out in all editions of the poem but the first. To me there appears in it an honest warmth and a love for the King, which compensates for any thing that may have dropped from our author's verses on Cromwell's death. However, we submit this opinion, under correction, to the judicious reader.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENSUING POEM,

IN

A LETTER TO THE HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject which any poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes of a most just and necessary war: in it, the care, management, and prudence of our king; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have in the Fire the most deplorable, but withal the greatest, argument that can be imagined: the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast, and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it; and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the noblesse of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments, whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the Fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem historical, not epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those who rank Lucan rather among historians in verse, than epic poets: in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation.* The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme; and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion: for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he

* Dryden certainly soon changed his opinion, since he never after practised the manner of versification he has here praised; but we shall find it always his way to assure us, that his present mode of writing is best. Conscious of his own importance, he soared above control; and when he composed a poem, he set it up as a standard of imitation, deducing from it rules of criticism, the practice of which he endeavoured to enforce, till either through interest or fancy he was induced to change his opinion. DERRICK.

is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practised: and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrines, or verses of six feet; such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer by Chapman; all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea; and if there be any such, in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharsalia, yet I could not avail myself of it in the English; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly, as those who, in a logical dispute, keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those, who do it in any poetical description, would veil their ignorance.

> Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,
> Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn; and if I have made some few mistakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being first written, and now sent you from a place, where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompensed by the pleasure. I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that, as they are incomparably the best subject I ever had, excepting only the Royal Family, so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—*Omnia sponte suâ reddit justissima tellus.* I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, that, without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit; it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real; other greatness burdens a nation with its weight, this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of the best of kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digression to a farther account of my poem; I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis, (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the gingle of a more poor Paronomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object, as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So

then the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so sound and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine any thing that shows remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour, as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil!—We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

——— Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

——— lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflârat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circundatur auro.

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, *Materiam superabat opus.* The very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Pisos:

Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum———

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem. I have followed him everywhere, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough; my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions, also, are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, sir, I have done with that boldness for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin;

which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper nor altogether inelegant in verse; and in this Horace will again defend me.

> Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
> Græco fonte cadunt, parcè detorta——

The inference is exceeding plain; for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter: for the one shows nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antic gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But though the same images serve equally for the Epic poesy, and for the Historic and Panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, *Stantes in curribus Æmiliani*, heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, *Spirantia mollius æra:* there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses, which I wrote last year to her Highness the Duchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did *humi serpere*, that I wanted not only height of fancy but dignity of words to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, *Nunc non erat his locus*; I knew I addressed them to a lady, and, accordingly, I affected the softness of expression and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.*

And now, sir, 'tis time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those of whom the younger Pliny speaks: *Nec sunt parùm multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant:* I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, christened all his children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 'tis but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know that if there be anything tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

Sir,

The most obedient and most faithful of your Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

FROM CHARLTON, IN WILTSHIRE,
Nov. 10, 1666.

* See the preceding poem, which, in the original edition of the *Annus Mirabilis*, occurs in this place. JOHN WARTON.

ANNUS MIRABILIS;

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.*

I.

Ye thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
Our king they courted, and our merchants awed.

II.

Trade, which like blood should circularly flow, 5
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

III.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat;
In eastern quarries ripening precious dew: 10
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

IV.

The sun but seem'd the labourer of their year;
Each waxing moon supplied her watery store,
To swell those tides, which from the line did bear 15
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

V.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong:
And this may prove our second Punic war. 20

VI.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engaged so far, 25
That each seven years the fit must shake each land:
Where France will side to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
To render us his timely friendship vain: 30
And while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

IX.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
O'er them, whose cause he seems to take in hand:
And prudently would make them lords at sea, 35
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

X.

This saw our king; and long within his breast
His pensive counsels balanced to and fro:
He grieved the land he freed should be oppress'd,
And he less for it than usurpers do. 40

XI.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

XII.

The loss and gain each fatally were great; 45
And still his subjects call'd aloud for war;
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

* "This poem is written with great diligence, yet does not fully answer the expectation raised by such subjects, and such a writer. With the stanza of Davenant, he has sometimes his vein of parenthesis, and incidental disquisition, and stops his narrative for a wise remark. The general fault is, that he affords more sentiment than description, and does not so much impress scenes upon the fancy, as deduce consequences, and make comparisons."—Johnson's Life of Dryden. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1.] "The initial stanzas have rather too much resemblance to the first lines of Waller's poem on the war with Spain: perhaps such a beginning is natural, and could not be avoided without affectation. Both Waller and Dryden might take their hint from the poem on the civil war of Rome. Orbem jam totum," &c.—Johnson's Life of Dryden. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 5. *Trade, which like blood should circularly flow.*] With equal liberty Cowper:

"— The band of commerce was design'd
T' associate all the branches of mankind;
And, if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 10. *In eastern quarries, &c.*] Precious stones at first are dew, condensed and hardened by the warmth of the sun, or subterranean fires. Original edition. 1667.

Ver. 11. *For them the Idumæan balm did sweat.*] Pope had his eye on this passage, where, describing the effects of commerce, he says,

"For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow," &c.
Windsor Forest, line 393.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 13. ——their *year*:] Corrected from the original edition. 12mo, 1667. Derrick has *the* year. TODD.

Ver. 14. *Each waxing, &c.*] According to their opinion, who think that great heap of waters under the line is depressed into tides by the moon, towards the poles. Original edition.

Ibid. —— *waxing*] Original edition. Derrick, *waxing*. TODD.

—— *those tides,*] Original edition. Derrick, by an error of the press, has *tide*. TODD.

Ver. 19. —— *stoop'd to Rome,*] The President Henault, after so much has been said of the Romans, has made this fine and new reflection:—"Is it not astonishing that this celebrated and extensive empire of Rome should have subsisted from the time of Romulus to that of Theodosius II.—that is to say, more than a thousand years—without ever having had a complete body of laws." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 29. —— th' Iberian] The *Spaniard*. Original edition.

XIII.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain; 50
Yet judged, like vapours that from limbecs rise,
It would in richer showers descend again.

XIV.

At length resolved t'assert the watery ball,
He in himself did whole Armadas bring:
Him aged seamen might their master call, 55
And choose for general, were he not their king.

XV.

It seems as every ship their sovereign knows,
His awful summons they so soon obey;
So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,
And so to pasture follow through the sea. 60

XVI.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

XVII.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are, 65
Fired by the sun, or seeming so alone:
Or each some more remote and slippery star,
Which loses footing when to mortals shown.

XVIII.

Or one, that bright companion of the sun,
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born king; 70
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

XIX.

Victorious York did first with famed success,
To his known valour make the Dutch give place:
Thus Heaven our monarch's fortune did confess,
Beginning conquest from his royal race. 75

XX.

But since it was decreed, auspicious king,
In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main,
Heaven, as a gage, would cast some precious thing,
And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be slain.

XXI.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,
Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an offering for the Grecian state,
He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

XXII.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expired, 85
To which his pride presumed to give the law:
The Dutch confess'd Heaven present, and retired,
And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

XXIII.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay awed;

Ver. 51. *Yet judged, like vapours that from limbecs rise,*] Dryden's allusions to chemistry and chemical operations are frequent. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 53. *At length resolved*] It may be still doubted whether a naval engagement, though a magnificent object in itself, is yet a proper subject for heroic poetry. *Boileau* boasted to his friend and commentator *Brossette*, that he was the first of modern poets who had ventured to mention gunpowder in verse; which he did in his 4th Epistle, addressed to Louis XIV., at line 121:

"De salpetre en fureur l'air s'échauffe et s'allume."

Also at line 123:

"Deja du plomb mortel."

And again in his 8th Satire, line 153; in his 4th Epistle, lines 54 and 121; and in his Ode on Namur:

"Et les bombes dans les airs."

Most undoubtedly the first time that ever bombs were introduced into lyric poetry. But the example even of Boileau will not justify the use of these images, because they do not lose that familiarity which produces disgust. As to technical terms, and sea language, the epic muse should certainly disdain to utter them. Our author has been lavish of them indeed, and sullied his piece by talking frequently like a boatswain. How can we defend such expressions as the following: "Old oakum—calking-iron—boiling pitch—rattling mallet—chase-guns—his lee—season'd timber—seams instops—sharp-keel'd—shrouds—tarpawling." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 59. *So* hear *the scaly herd*] The first edition erroneously has *here*.

Ibid. —— *when* Proteus *blows*,]

"—— Cærulcus Proteus immania ponti
Armenta, et magnas pascit sub gurgite phocas."—Virg.
Original edition.

Ver. 60. *And so to pasture follow, &c.*] For Proteus was the shepherd of Neptune, and hence Milton gives him a *hook*, Comus, v. 872.

"By the Carpathian wizard's *hook*."

Compare Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 395.

—— "immania cujus
Armenta, et turpes pascit sub gurgite phocas." TODD.

Ver. 62. *Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;*] This line seems indebted to Sir P. Sidney's Astrophel and Stella:

"Phœbus drew wide the curtaines of the skies."
TODD.

Ver. 64. —— *two glaring comets*] A very improper and absurd image; as also at verse 62. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. —— *two glaring comets rise.*] A comet was seen first on the 14th of December, 1664, which lasted almost three months; and another the 6th of April, 1665, which was visible to us fourteen days.—*Appendix to Sherburn's Translation of Manilius*, p. 211. DERRICK.

Ver. 69. —— *that bright companion of the sun,*
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born king.]

A new star appeared in the open day about the time of King Charles the Second's birth; a fact which Lilly, the famous astronomer, denied, affirming it to be only the planet Venus, which may be often seen by day-light, as has been experienced by all curious people again in 1757. DERRICK.

Ver. 71. *And now, a round of greater years begun,*]

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo."—Virg.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 80. *And therefore doom'd, &c.*] Sir John LAWSON was born at Hull of but mean parentage, and bred to the sea; he was for some time employed in the merchant's service, which he left for that of the Parliament, in which he soon got a ship, and afterwards carried a flag under Monk: with him he co-operated in the restoration of the King; for which good reason he received the honour of knighthood at the Hague. He zealously supported our claim to the sovereignty of the sea, and quarrelled with De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, for being backward in acknowledging it, an accident that partly occasioned the Dutch war. In the action here celebrated, he was rear-admiral of the red, and acted immediately under his royal highness. His death was occasioned by a musket-ball, that wounded him in the knee, and he was not taken proper care of. We find him characterised honest, brave, loyal, and one of the most experienced seamen of his time. DERRICK.

Ver. 85. *Their* chief] The admiral of Holland. Original edition.

So reverently men quit the open air, 91
Where thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught*
With all the riches of the rising sun:
And precious sand from southern climates brought, 95
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coasts they bring:
There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
And winter brooded on the eastern spring. 100

XXVI.

By the rich scent we found our perfumed prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie;
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard, 105
The English undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXVIII.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy: 110
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

XXIX.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd against them fly:
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall, 115
And some by aromatic splinters die.

XXX.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
In heaven's inclemency some ease we find:
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind. 120

XXXI.

Nor wholly lost we so deserved a prey;
For storms, repenting, part of it restored:
Which as a tribute from the Baltic sea,
The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

XXXII.

Go, mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain 125
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:
When what was brought so far, and with such pain,
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The son, who, twice three months on th' ocean toss'd,
Prepared to tell what he had pass'd before, 130
Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
And parents' arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore.

XXXIV.

This careful husband had been long away,
Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day 136
On which their father promised to return.

XXXV.

Such are the proud designs of human-kind,
And so we suffer shipwreck everywhere!
Alas! what port can such a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate must blindly steer!

XXXVI.

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill, 141
Heaven, in his bosom, from our knowledge hides:
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft for friends mistaken foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accursed, 146
In whom we seek the German faith in vain:
Alas! that he should teach the English first,
That fraud and avarice in the Church could reign!

XXXVIII.

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,
Whose friendship 's in his interest understood!
Since money given but tempts him to be ill, 151
When power is too remote to make him good.

Ver. 92. *So reverently men quit the open air, Where thunder speaks, &c.*]

"The late Mr. James Ralph told Lord Macartney that he passed an evening with Dr. Young at Lord Melcombe's (then Mr. Dodington) at Hammersmith. The Doctor happening to go out into the garden, Mr. Dodington observed to him, on his return, that it was a dreadful night, as in truth it was, there being a violent storm of rain and wind. 'No, sir,' replied the Doctor, 'it is a very fine night—the Lord is abroad.'"—Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iv. p. 60. JOHN WARTON.

* The attempt at Berghen. Original edition.

Ver. 95. —— *southern climates*] Guinea. Original edition.

Ver. 133.] Mr. Todd cites Thomson's natural and pathetic stroke:

"In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm—
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence—alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold;
Nor friends nor sacred home."

"—— Si sic
Omnia dixisset!"

In point of melody Dryden had in his eye Lucretius.

"At jam non domus accipiet te læta, nec uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangent."

The latter part of the description is natural and his own. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 137. *Such are, &c.*] From Petronius. "Si bene calculum ponas, ubique fit naufragium." Original edition.

Ver. 141. *The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill,*]

"Prudens futuri temporis, exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit deus."

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 145. *Let Munster's prelate, &c.*] The famous Bernard Vanghalen, Bishop of Munster, excited by Charles, marched twenty thousand men into the province of Overyssell, under the dominion of the republic of Holland, where he committed great outrages, acting rather like a captain of banditti than the leader of an army. DERRICK.

Ver. 146. —— *the German faith*] Tacitus saith of them, "Nullos mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos esse." Original edition.

XXXIX.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;
The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand:
And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove, 155
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XL.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants power t' enjoy;
Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade,
And weak assistance will his friends destroy. 160

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret hate to show:*
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite: 165
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave.
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chased the English from his shore;
But Charles the French as subjects does invite: 170
Would Heaven for each some Solomon restore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

XLIV.

Were subjects so but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forced dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the public voice;
And all his neighbours' realms would deserts make. 175

XLV.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,
Which without rashness he began before:
As honour made him first the danger choose,
So still he makes it good on virtue's score. 180

XLVI.

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,† 185
Two such as each seem'd worthiest when alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praise; 190
Their duty, faith, and interest too the same,
Like mighty partners equally they raise.

XLIX.

The prince long time had courted fortune's love,
But once possess'd did absolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove, 195
And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

L.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more;
And shook aloft the fasces of the main,
To fright those slaves with what they felt before. 200

LI.

Together to the watery camp they haste,
Whom matrons passing to their children show:
Infants' first vows for them to heaven are cast,
And future people bless them as they go.

LII.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train, 205
T' infect a navy with their gawdy fears;
To make slow fights, and victories but vain:
But war, severely, like itself, appears.

LIII.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
They make that warmth in others they expect;
Their valour works like bodies on a glass, 211
And does its image on their men project.

LIV.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a famed commander, bold:
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear, 215
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:*
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise. 220

LVI.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight;
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
Th' Elean plains could boast no nobler fight,
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

LVII.

Borne each by other in a distant line, 225
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd, and floating nations strove.

* War declared by France. Original edition.

Ver. 165. *With France, to aid*] Madame Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria says, in her memoirs, that Louis XIV. afterwards attacked Holland with so much impetuosity and injustice, merely from the jealousy of M. de Lionne, who urged him to this measure, against Prince William of Furstenberg, who was in love with this minister's wife. She adds, in another place, that Louis XIV. returned so suddenly from his expedition against Holland, solely to have an interview with Madame De Montespan. Dr. J. WARTON.

† Prince Rupert and Duke of Albemarle, sent to sea. Original edition.

Ver. 204. —— future *people.*] "*Examina infantium futurusque populus.*" Plin. Jun. in Pan. ad Traj. Origina edition.

Ver. 205. *With them no riotous pomp,*] Dryden follows his great master, Milton, in making *riotous* only two syllables.—Again, in stanza 59, *elephant* is contracted in like manner. Other examples of this kind occur. TODD.

* Duke of Albemarle's battle, first day. Original edition.

Ver. 223. *Th'* Elean, &c.] Where the Olympic games were celebrated. Original edition.

Ver. 228. —— *lands unfix'd,*] From Virgil:

"—— Credas innare revulsas
Cycladas," &c. Original edition.

LVIII.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack;
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more closely they come back, 231
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

LIX.

On high-raised decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied 235
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

LX.

And as the built, so different is the fight;
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage find. 240

LXI.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought; 245
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
Ev'n in their face his ship to anchor brought,
And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

LXIII.

At this excess of courage, all amazed,
The foremost of his foes awhile withdraw: 250
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gazed,
Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.

LXIV.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
Here Trojan chiefs advanced, and there the Greek;
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display, 255
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

LXV.

Meantime his busy mariners he hastes,
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before. 260

LXVI.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

LXVII.

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea 265
They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet.
Berkley alone, who nearest danger lay,
Did a like fate with lost Creusa meet.

LXVIII.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue 270
The combat still, and they ashamed to leave:
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.

LXIX.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy
And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy, 275
And, slumbering, smile at the imagined flame.

LXX.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run;
Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply. 280

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread:
Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore:
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

LXXII.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,* 285
Till from their main-top joyful news they hear

Ver. 236. *By the rhinoceros*, &c.] The enmity between the *elephant* and *rhinoceros* is thus described in Franzius's *Historia Animalium*, &c. 12mo. Amst. 1665, p. 93.—"Naturale est odium inter Elephantum et Rhinocerotem, ita ut invicem certent, et quidem in ipsa pugna rhinoceros unicè dat operam, ut alvum Elephanti tanquam partem meliorem petat, *sicut etiam tandem vincit Elephantum*, contra quem suo cornu, quod in nari habet, audacissimè pugnat. Tergum etiam habet scutulatum, et quasi variis clypeis munitum, unde etiam æstimari potest fortitudo hujus bestiæ. Hæc bellua *paulo humilior est Elephanto, si altitudinem spectes*," &c. Thus we see the propriety of Dryden's simile —*her unequal foe*, &c. TODD.

Ver. 243. *All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,*
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.]

This is Virgil's simile compressed, Lib. iv. 441.

"Ac velut annoso validam cùm robore quercum
Alpini Boreæ, nunc hinc, nunc flatibus illinc,
Eruere inter se certant; it stridor, et altè
Consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes:
Ipsa hæret scopulis ———." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 255. *Ours o'er the Duke*] Waller wrote a long poem on the victory obtained over the Dutch by the Duke of York, June 3, 1665, in imitation of a poem of Francesco Busenello, addressed to Pietro Liberi, instructing him to paint the famous sea-fight between the Turks and Venetians, near the Dardanelles, in the year 1656. The Duke of York urged the necessity of this war, not only because, as well as his brother, he hated the Dutch, but also because he wished for an opportunity of signalising him as an Admiral, as he well understood sea affairs. Clarendon and Southampton *constantly opposed this war*. The Dutch admiral's ship *blew up just as he was closely* engaged. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 267. *Berkley alone*, &c.] Among other remarkable passages in this engagement, the undaunted resolution of Vice-Admiral Berkley was particularly admired. He had many men killed on board him, and though no longer able to make resistance, yet would obstinately continue the fight, refusing quarter to the last. Being at length shot in the throat with a musket-ball, he retired to his cabin, where, stretching himself on a great table, he expired; and in that posture did the enemy, who afterwards took the ship, find the body covered with blood. DERRICK.

Ver. 269. *The night comes on*,] The four next stanzas are worth the reader's particular attention; and the contrast betwixt the feelings of the triumphant English and conquered Dutch strongly supported. The dreams in the 71st stanza are painted with true poetic energy and much propriety. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 280. *Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply*.] So Milton, in the spirited speech which he gives to Samson, as an answer to the cowardly language of the giant Harapha, *Sam. Agon.* ver. 1237.

"Go, baffled coward! lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, *bulk without spirit vast*,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low," &c. TODD.

Ver. 281. *In dreams*, &c.] Probably alluding to Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 465.

"———— Agit ipse furentem
In somnis ferus Æneas: semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam," &c. TODD.

* Second day's battle. Original edition.

, which by their mould bring new supplies,
in their colours Belgian lions bear.

LXXIII.

tchful general had discern'd from far
mighty succour, which made glad the foe:
'd, but, like a father of the war, 291
face spake hope, while deep his sorrows
flow.

LXXIV.

unded men he first sends off to shore,
r, till now, unwilling to obey:
ot their wounds, but want of strength
deplore, 295
think them happy who with him can stay.

LXXV.

the rest, "Rejoice," said he, "to-day;
u the fortune of Great Britain lies:
so brave a people, you are they
m Heaven has chose to fight for such a
prize. 300

LXXVI.

ber English courages could quell,
hould at first have shunn'd, not met our
foes:
numerous sails the fearful only tell:
age from hearts, and not from numbers,
grows."

LXXVII.

, nor needed more to say: with haste 305
eir known stations cheerfully they go;
at once, disdaining to be last,
it every gale to meet the foe.

LXXVIII.

l th' encouraged Belgians long delay,
bold in others, not themselves, they
stood: 310
k, our navy scarce could steer their way,
seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXIX.

le fleet was now engaged so far,
like the sword-fish in the whale, they
fought:
mbat only seem'd a civil war, 315
through their bowels we our passage
wrought.

LXXX.

had valour, no not ours, before
ought like this upon the land or main,
not to be o'ercome was to do more
all the conquests former kings did gain.

LXXXI.

ghty ghosts of our great Harries rose, 321
armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
this fleet among unequal foes,
which fate promised them their Charles
should rise.

92. *His face, &c.*] "*Spem vultu simulat, premit alto corde.*"—Virg. Original edition.

12. *But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.*] Pindar, of the many noble buildings with which Camarina n embellished and enriched, uses a noble figure ὑψίγυον ἄλσος. A lofty forest of solid Pindar. Olymp. Od. 5th. JOHN WARTON.

21. *The mighty ghosts*] This is finely imagined. ARTON.

LXXXII.

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear, 325
And raking chase-guns through our sterns they send:
Close by, their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII.

Silent in smoke of cannon they come on:
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide: 330
In these the height of pleased revenge is shown,
Who burn contented by another's side.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Deceived themselves, or to preserve some friend,
Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet, 335
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows less;
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the main;
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

LXXXVI.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And, with her eagerness the quarry miss'd, 343
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

LXXXVII.

The dastard crow that to the wood made wing,
And sees the groves no shelter can afford, 346
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly; 350
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
To see those perish who so well had fought;
And generously with his despair he strove, 355
Resolved to live till he their safety wrought.

XC.

Let other muses write his prosperous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restored:
But mine shall sing of his eclipsed estate,
Which, like the sun's, more wonders does afford. 360

XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitless force employs:
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

XCII.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide, 365
And following smoke obscured them from the foe;

Ver. 351. *Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,*
Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.]

"Tunc quoque jam moriens, ne non procumbat honestè
Respicit; hæc etiam cura cadentis erat."—Ovid.
JOHN WARTON.

Thus Israel safe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars, and by clouds, did go.

XCIII.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs subdue: 370
So Xenophon once led that famed retreat,
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

XCIV.

The foe approach'd, and one for his bold sin
Was sunk; as he that touch'd the ark was slain:
The wild waves master'd him and suck'd him in,
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main. 375

XCV.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood:
As if they had been there as servants set
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue but wait on his retreat. 380

XCVI.

So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
From shady coverts roused, the lion chase:
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

XCVII.

But if some one approach to dare his force, 385
He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round;
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore;
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight, 391
Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

XCIX.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where while her beams like glittering silver play,
Upon the deck our careful general stood, 395
And deeply mused on the succeeding day.

C.

"That happy sun," said he, "will rise again,
Who twice victorious did our navy see:
And I alone must view him rise in vain,
Without one ray of all his star for me. 400

CI.

"Yet like an English general will I die,
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie,
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave."

CII.

Restless he pass'd the remnants of the night, 405
Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

CIII.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,*
His naked valour is his only guard; 410
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had fortune power, here forced to stay,
Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife;
This, as a ransom, Albemarle did pay 415
For all the glories of so great a life.

CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad general knows:
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows. 420

CVI.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,
Who never fought three days, but to pursue.

CVII.

Then, as an eagle, who, with pious care, 425
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now silent eyrie does repair,
And finds her callow infants forced away:

Ver. 381. *So Libyan huntsmen,*] This simile is finely expressed, and with new and characteristic incidents, varying from the many similes of the kind in Homer and Virgil. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 384. *And slowly moves,*] The simile is Virgil's:

"——— *Vestigia retro*
Improperata refert," &c. Orig. edit.

Ibid. ——— *unknowing to give place.*] Horace's *Cedere nescii,* Ode 6, lib. 1, l. 6. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 386. He *swings* his tail,] The metre of this line, perhaps, introduced *swings* instead of the more emphatic word *swindges,* applied to a *lion* enraged by Chapman, in his *Cæs. and Pompey,* 1607.

"And then his sides he *swindges* with his *sterne.*"

And by Sylvester, *Du Bart.,* p. 205, 4to. edit.

"Then often *swindging* with his sinewie traine," &c.

Milton, in a line of admirable effect, has applied the word to the old dragon, who,

"Wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horrour of his folded tail."
Ode Nativ. st. 18.

Waller also describes the "*tail's* impetuous *swinge*" of the whale, *Batt. Summ. Isl.* c. iii. TODD.

Ver. 391. — *weary waves,*] From Statius *Sylv.*

"*Nec trucibus fluviis idem sonus: occidit horror*
Æquoris, antennis maria acclinata quiescunt."
Original edition.

Ver. 396. ——— *succeeding day.*] The 3rd of June, *famous for two former victories.* Original edition.

Ver. 401. *Yet like an English general will I die,*
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie,
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.]

This speech contains nearly the same words that the Duke of Albemarle spoke in a council the evening before the battle, in which he fought with amazing intrepidity, and all that determined resignation here implied. DERRICK.

Ver. 405. ——— *the* remnants *of the night,*] Original edition. Derrick, *remnant.* TODD.

* Third day. Original edition.

Ver. 413. ——— here *forced to stay,*] Original edition. This is certainly right; and Derrick's reading is wrong, "*he* forced," &c. TODD.

Ver. 417.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad general knows:
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows.]

This last line gives us a picturesque and lively representation of a fleet approaching us, and gradually increasing in size and height.

Milton, of a distant fleet, says finely:

"As when far off at sea a fleet descried,
Hangs in the clouds, ———" B. ii. 636.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 425. *Then, as an eagle,*] Another simile, worthy of our author, as also 440. Dr. J. WARTON.

CVIII.

th her love, she stoops upon the plain,
oken air loud whistling as she flies:
s and listens, and shoots forth again,
ides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

CIX.

h kind passion hastes the prince to fight,
preads his flying canvas to the sound;
hom no danger, were he there, could
ight,
absent, every little noise can wound.

CX.

lrought the thirsty creatures cry,
ape upon the gather'd clouds for rain:
the martlet meets it in the sky,
with wet wings joys all the feather'd
ain.

CXI.

ch glad hearts did our despairing men
th' appearance of the prince's fleet:
h ambitiously would claim the ken,
vith first eyes did distant safety meet.

CXII.

ch, who came like greedy hinds before,
p the harvest their ripe ears did yield:
k like those, when rolling thunders roar,
heets of lightning blast the standing field.

CXIII.

he prince's passage, hills of sand
angerous flats in secret ambush lay,
he false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,
eamen with dissembled depths betray.

hen, as an eagle, who, with pious care,
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
o her now silent eyrie does repair,
And finds her callow infants forced away:
tung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whistling as she flies:
he stops and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.]

ession, "to her now silent eyrie," reminds us of
tic stroke in Antipater's Greek epigram:

Οἰκτρὸς ἀμυκήτω κάτθανε τὰρ καλύβη.

lines—

stops, she listens, and shoots forth again,
d guides her pinions by her young ones' cries"

scription in Lucretius—

mater, virides saltus orbata peragrans,
quit humi pedibus vestigia pressa bisulcis,
nia convisens oculis loca, si queat usquam
aspicere amissum fœtum; completque querelis
ndiferum nemus, assistens, et crebra revisit
stabulum, desiderio perfixa juvenci."

lows a thought inexpressibly tender, yet never
hen this passage is cited:

c vitulorum aliæ species per pabula læta
rivare queunt animum curaque levare:
que adeo *quiddam proprium notumque requirit.*"
JOHN WARTON.

5. *Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,*
Now, absent, every little noise can wound.]

e quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii
omnes terrent auræ; sonus excitat omnis
ensum, et pariter comitique onerique timentem."
JOHN WARTON.

CXIV.

The wily Dutch, who, like fall'n angels, fear'd
This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd,
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

CXV.

But he, unmoved, contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he please to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth does boasting valour slight.

CXVI.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the substance not th' appearance chose:
To rescue one such friend he took more pride,
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

CXVII.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow;
He joys to have his friend in safety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supplied,
Now long to execute their spleenful will;
And, in revenge for those three days they tried,
Wish one, like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.

CXIX.

Thus reinforced, against the adverse fleet,*
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

CXX.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men:
It seem'd as slaughter had been breathed all night,
And death new pointed his dull dart again.

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchless courage, since the former fight:
Whose navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did show,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

CXXII.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends
His open side, and high above him shows:
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And, doubly harm'd, he double harms bestows.

CXXIII.

Behind, the general mends his weary pace,
And sullenly to his revenge he sails:
So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

Ver. 454. —— *new Messiah's*] Surely very profane Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 460. —— *worth* does *boasting valour slight.*] Original edition. Derrick puts "*doth.*" TODD.

* Fourth day's battle. Original edition.

Ver. 491. *So glides, &c.*] From Virgil:

"*Quum medii nexus extremæque agmina caudæ*
Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes."
Original edition.

Ibid. *So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,*
And long behind his wounded volume trails.]

In the fifth book of the Æneid, line 273, the application is precisely the same:

"Qualis sæpe viæ deprensus in aggere serpens,
Ærea quem obliquum rota transiit · aut gravis ictu

CXXIV.

Th' increasing sound is borne to either shore,
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:
Their passions double with the cannons' roar, 495
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

CXXV.

Plied thick and close as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away;
So sicken waning moons too near the sun,
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day. 500

CXXVI.

And now reduced on equal terms to fight,
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike prince had sever'd from the rest 505
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main;
Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,
And flew so home they could not rise again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
In vain upon the passing winds they call: 510
The passing winds through their torn canvas play,
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let in to shades below;
Without, grim death rides barefaced in their sight, 515
And urges entering billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the prince's main-mast bore:
All three now helpless by each other lie,
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

CXXXI.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain 521
A course, till tired before the dog she lay:
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
Past power to kill, as she to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey; 525
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

CXXXIII.

The prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on; 529
For what they to his courage did refuse,
By mortal valour never must be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes, 535
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

CXXXV.

The general's force, as kept alive by fight,
Now, not opposed, no longer can pursue:
Lasting till Heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

CXXXVI.

He casts a frown on the departing foe, 541
And sighs to see him quit the watery field;
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow, 545
He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful Dutch:
He only does his conquest disavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the fleet resolved to stay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide:
Domestic joys and cares he puts away; 551
For realms are households which the great must guide.

CXXXIX.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore, 555
And know it will be gold another day:

CXL.

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
Th' essay and rudiments of great success:
Which all-maturing time must bring to light,
While he, like Heaven, does each day's labour bless. 560

CXLI.

Heaven ended not the first or second day,
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:
God and kings work, when they their work survey,
And passive aptness in all subjects find.

CXLII.

In burden'd vessels first, with speedy care,* 565
His plenteous stores do season'd timber send:
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

Seminecem liquit saxo lacerumque viator;
Necquicquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus
Parte ferox, ardensque oculis; et sibila colla
Arduus attollens; pars vulnera clauda retentat
Nexantem nodis seque in sua membra plicantem:
Tali remigio navis se tarda movebat."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 495. *Their* passions *double*] The original edition incorrectly has *passion*. TODD.

Ver. 501. —— *on equal terms*] The President *Henault* has observed, from Madame de *Sevigne*, that since the battle of Actium, no sea-fight has ever been decisive, or produced any important consequences. Is this an observation well founded? Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 513. *Their open'd sides* received *a gloomy light,*
Dreadful as day let into *shades below:*]

"—— trepidantque immisso lumine Manes."
A allusion to Virgil. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 514. —— *as day let* in to *shades*] Original edition. Again is right, and Derrick's "let *into*" should, I think, [illegible] TODD.

Ver. 536. —— *a triumph not to be o'ercome.*] From Horace:

"—— quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus." Original edition.

Ver. 558.] The expression is Virgil's:

"Primitiæ juvenis miseræ, bellique propinqui
Dura rudimenta." JOHN WARTON.

* His majesty repairs the fleet. Original edition.

CXLIII.

With cord and canvas from rich Hamburgh sent,
His navy's moulted wings he imps once more;
Tall Norway fir, their masts in battle spent, 571
And English oak, sprung leaks and planks, restore.

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm:
Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
And some on bells of tasted lilies play. 576

CXLV.

With gluey wax some new foundation lay
Of virgin combs, which from the roof are hung:
Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
Or tend the sick, or educate the young. 580

CXLVI.

So here some pick out bullets from the sides,
Some drive old oakum through each seam and rift:
Their left hand does the calking-iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand, 585
From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instops:
Which well paid o'er, the salt sea-waves withstand,
And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marling bind,
Or cere-cloth masts with strong tarpawling coats: 590
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one, below, their ease or stiffness notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful monarch stands in person by,
His new-cast cannons' firmness to explore:
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try, 595
And ball and cartrage sorts for every bore.

CL.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,
And ships which all last winter were abroad;
And such as fitted since the fight had been,
Or new from stocks were fall'n into the road. 600

CLI.

The goodly London* in her gallant trim,
(The phœnix daughter of the vanish'd old,)
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

CLII.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind, 605
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves: 610
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

CLIV.

This martial present, piously design'd,
The loyal city give their best-loved king:
And, with a bounty ample as the wind, 615
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

CLV.

~~By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art~~ Develop
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow. Strip

CLVI.

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam, 621
An useless drift, which rudely cut within,
And, hollow'd, first a floating trough became,
And 'cross some rivulet passage did begin.

CLVII.

In shipping such as this, the Irish kern, 625
And untaught Indian, on the stream did glide:
Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

CLVIII.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
When from lost empire he to exile went, 630
And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,
Where coin and first commerce he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their ships was navigation then;
No useful compass or meridian known;
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken, 635
And knew no North but when the Pole-star shone.

CLX.

Of all who since have used the open sea,
Than the bold English none more fame have won:
Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high way,
They make discoveries where they see no sun.

Ver. 570. —— *wings* he *imps*] See Mr. Warton's note on Milton's 15th *Sonnet*, "to *imp* their serpent-*wings*:" where he observes that the expression occurs in poets much later than Milton. The latest, whom I have hitherto found using this old poetical expression, is Shadwell, by whom it is employed towards the end of his *Isabella*. TODD.

Ver. 573. *All hands*] This is a very elegant stanza. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. ——*the royal work grows warm:*] "Fervet opus:" the same similitude in Virgil. Original edition.

Ver. 577. —— *some new* foundation *lay*] Original edition. Derrick, *foundations*. TODD.

Ver. 589. —— *with dawby* marling] Original edition. Derrick, *marline*. TODD.

Ver. 596. —— *ball and* cartrage] Original edition. Derrick, *cartrige*. TODD.

* *Loyal London* described. Original edition.

Ver. 601. The goodly London *in her gallant trim*,] Gray has evidently copied this passage in *The Bard*, ver. 73.

"*In gallant trim* the gilded vessel goes." TODD.

Ver. 602. Derrick's reading and pointing of the second line of this stanza are absurd. He gives,

The Phœnix, daughter of the vanish'd old,

which might incline some readers to imagine another ship here intended, especially as there is a comma after Phœnix, and no parenthesis, as in the original edition. Read and point thus, for the whole belongs to *the London:*

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
(The phœnix daughter of the vanish'd old,)
Like a rich bride, &c. &c. TODD.

Ver. 625. —— the Irish *kern*,] Derrick says, that *kern* signifies a clown or peasant, and that in Spenser it is used for a foot-soldier. He should have added, that Spenser, in his *View of the state of Ireland*, has given a very minute description of the *kern*, "whom only," he says, "I take to be the proper Irish souldier," &c. TODD.

Ver. 632. —— coin and *first commerce*, &c.] Edit. 1667. I prefer this to Derrick's unauthorised *commerce first*, which I suppose he adopted for the sake of the more musical accent on the first syllable of *commerce;* forgetting, however, that "*quick commerce*" occurs in stanza 163, where he could not change the position of the word. TODD.

Ver. 639. *Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high way,*]
"Extra anni, solisque vias."—Virg.
Original edition.

CLXI.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
  Do poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,
  And hence be to admiring nations taught.

CLXII.

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow,
  We, as arts' elements, shall understand,
And as by line upon the ocean go,
  Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

CLXIII.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,*
  By which remotest regions are allied;
Which makes one city of the universe;
  Where some may gain, and all may be supplied.

CLXIV.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
  And view the ocean leaning on the sky:
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
  And on the lunar world securely pry.

CLXV.

This I foretel from your auspicious care,†
  Who great in search of God and nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
  Since best to praise his works is best to know.

CLXVI.

O truly royal! who behold the law
  And rule of beings in your Maker's mind:
And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw,
  To fit the levell'd use of human-kind.

CLXVII.

But first the toils of war we must endure,
  And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the seas.
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
  And gives up fraud to be chastised with ease.

CLXVIII.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
  Whose fleet more mighty every day became
By late success, which they did falsely boast,
  And now by first appearing seem'd to claim.

CLXIX.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
  They knew to manage war with wise delay:
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
  And by their pride their prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor staid the English long; but well supplied,
  Appear as numerous as th' insulting foe:
The combat now by courage must be tried,
  And the success the braver nation show.

CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,
  Which in the Straits last winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,
  And on the midland sea the French had awed.

CLXXII.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
  Famed for his action on the Smyrna fleet:
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
  While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

CLXXIII.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;
  Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold:
As once old Cato in the Roman sight
  The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
  Whom his high courage to command had brought:
Harman, who did the twice-fired Harry save,
  And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young Hollis on a muse by Mars begot,
  Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
  His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

Ver. 648. *Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.*] "His digression to the original and progress of navigation, with his prospect of the advancement which it shall receive from the Royal Society, then newly instituted, may be considered as an example, seldom equalled, of seasonable excursion and artful return."—Johnson's Life of Dryden. JOHN WARTON.

* By a more exact knowledge of longitudes. Original edition.

† [illegible] Royal Society. Original edition.

[illegible] *in search*] Alludes to the Royal

Ver. 685. *Old expert Allen, &c.*] Sir Thomas Allen was admiral of the white. DERRICK.

Ver. 689. *Holmes, the Achates of the, &c.*] Sir Robert Holmes was rear-admiral of the white, called the Achates from his eagerness to support the general. Achates was the faithful companion of Æneas. For an illustration of the two last lines of this stanza, see our notes to the Satire on the Dutch. DERRICK.

Ver. 693. *With him went Sprag, &c.*] Sir Edward Sprag served under Sir Jeremiah Smith, who carried the blue flag: he was drowned passing from one ship to another, in a fight with Van Tromp, on the 11th of August, 1672, bearing the character of a gallant officer, and an accomplished gentleman. DERRICK.

Ver. 694. ——— *his* high courage] The *courage haut* of Spenser and our elder poets, which Dryden no doubt had in mind. TODD.

Ver. 695. *Harman, who did the twice-fired, &c.*] These two lines cannot be more properly explained, than by the following extract from the London Gazette, of the 4th of June, 1666:—

"Alborough, June 2. This day is come in hither the Henry, Captain Harman, commander, who parted from the fleet, much disabled, at nine o'clock last night, having had the luck, it seems, to have a great part of the Dutch fleet upon her singly, which she supported bravely, and forced her way quite through them, though not without much damage, which the enemy finding, endeavoured to clap a fire-ship upon her, but she nimbly struck him off: after which comes up one of their admirals, and fastened a second fire-ship, with which she grappled long, but at last took fire in one of her quarters, which yet she happily quenched. After this a third fire-ship was laid on her, which, disabled as she was, she so mauled with her chace-pieces, that she cut short her main-yard, and so escaped him. She had several of her men killed and wounded; amongst these latter is the captain himself, but it is hoped without danger. The fleet is in very good condition, not one of our vessels having been taken." DERRICK.

Ver. 697. Captain Hollis, of the Antelope ship of war, lost a hand in this memorable fight: to his writings I confess myself a stranger. I believe it is the same person who commanded the Cambridge, under the name of Sir Fretchville Hollis, in 1672, when he was killed in another sea-fight with the Dutch. DERRICK.

CLXXVI.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn:
And, though to me unknown, they sure fought well,
Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

CLXXVII.

Of every size an hundred fighting sail: 711
So vast the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

CLXXVIII.

Now, anchor's weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill, 715
That heaven, and earth, and the wide ocean rings:
A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill,
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

CLXXIX.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw,
And durst not bide it on the English coast: 720
Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw,
And there lay snares to catch the British host.

CLXXX.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie;
And feels far off the trembling of her thread, 725
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

CLXXXI.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drag the little wretch in triumph home. 730

CLXXXII.

The Belgians hoped, that, with disorder'd haste,
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:
Or, if with caution leisurely were past,
Their numerous gross might charge us one by one.

CLXXXIII.

But with a fore-wind pushing them above, 735
And swelling tide that heaved them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,
And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

CLXXXIV.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,
With all his hosts of waters at command, 740
Beneath them to submit th' officious flood,
And with his trident shoved them off the sand.

CLXXXV.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,
And summon them to unexpected fight:
They start like murderers when ghosts appear, 745
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

CLXXXVI.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,*
The midmost battles hasting up behind:
Who view far off the storm of falling sleet,
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind. 750

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverse admirals appear;
The two bold champions of each country's right
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The distance judged for shot of every size, 755
The linstocks touch, the ponderous ball expires:
The vigorous seaman every port-hole plies,
And adds his heart to every gun he fires!

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' side,
For honour, which they seldom fought before:
But now they by their own vain boasts were tied,
And forced, at least in show, to prize it more.

CXC.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,
And shame of being match'd by such a foe,
Rouse conscious virtue up in every heart, 765
And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

CXCI.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,
Which did two generals' fates and Cæsar's bear:
Each several ship a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there. 770

CXCII.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight:
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

CXCIII.

Never did men more joyfully obey, 775
Or sooner understood the sign to fly:
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if to praise them all the States stood by.

CXCIV.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monument inscribed such praise shall wear,
As Varro timely flying once did meet, 781
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

CXCV.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provoked the tardy English to the fight;
Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore, 785
As larks lie dared to shun the hobbies flight.

* Second battle. Original edition.

Ver. 707. *Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,*] "Multi præterea quos fama obscura recondit." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 723. *So the false*] Elegantly expressed, but hardly equal to Pope's Spider. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 742. —— *with his trident shoved them off the sand.*] "Levat ipse tridenti, et vastas aperit syrtes," &c.—Virg. Original edition.

Ver. 748 —— hasting *up behind:*] Original edition. Derrick has *hastning*. TODD.

Ver. 766. *And seeming to be stronger makes them so.*] "Possunt, quia posse videntur."—Virg. Original edition.

Ver. 784. —— English *to the* fight;] Original edition. This, I think, must be the poet's own reading; and Derrick's "*close* to fight," I suppose an error: *close* occurs in the next line. TODD.

CXCVI.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey,
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the story of this day,
Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

CXCVII.

Or if too busily they will enquire 790
Into a victory, which we disdain;
Then let them know, the Belgians did retire
Before the patron saint of injured Spain.

CXCVIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day 795
To Philip's manes did an offering bring:
England, which first, by leading them astray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her king.

CXCIX.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry,
To check a monarchy that slowly grew; 800
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

CC.

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless destiny; 804
Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

CCI.

But whate'er English to the blest shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet;
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet. 810

CCII.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land besets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

CCIII.

So, close behind some promontory lie 815
The huge leviathans to attend their prey;
And give no chace, but swallow in the fry,
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

Ver. 794. ——*patron saint*] St. James, on whose day this victory was gained. Orig. ed.

Ibid. ——*the Belgians did retire*
Before the patron saint of injured Spain.]

This victory was completed on the twenty-fifth day of July, a day sacred to St. James the Great, patron of Spain, which nation our author calls "injured," inasmuch as the Hollanders had rebelled against King Philip II., being aided by Queen Elizabeth: and the next stanza refers to this transaction, for which the poet supposes us now to have atoned. The monarchy mentioned in the 199th stanza is Spain, with which Queen Elizabeth had been long at variance, when, in our author's opinion, we overlooked the growing power of France and Holland, which merited much more our attention. DERRICK.

Ver. 795. *Repenting England*] Repent? What, of one of the most glorious and meritorious actions that Queen Elizabeth was ever engaged in, assisting the oppressed Hollanders against the execrable tyranny of Philip II.? I could wish to forget that our poet ever wrote lines of such an abject spirit, and so unworthy of a true Englishman. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 796. —— Philip's *manes*] Philip II., of Spain, against whom the Hollanders rebelling, were aided by Queen Elizabeth. Orig. ed.

Ver. 815. *So, close behind*] This poem is overloaded with similes. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. "Purpureus, late qui splendeat unus et alter
Assuitur pannus." JOHN WARTON.

CCIV.*

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote,
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;
Triumphant flames upon the water float, 821
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

CCV.

Those various squadrons, variously design'd,
Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind, 825
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

CCVI.

Some bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,
Bore all the gawds the simple natives wear:
Some, for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
For folded turbans finest Holland bear. 830

CCVII.

Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of spongy softness made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

CCVIII.

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold, 835
Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest;
And, as the priests who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

CCIX.†

But ah! how insincere are all our joys!
Which sent from heaven, like lightning make no stay: 840
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or grief, sent post, o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low, 845
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

* Burning of the fleet in the *Vly*, by Sir *Robert Holmes*. Orig. ed.

Ver. 828. —— *the gawds*] *Toys, baubles.* So in Shakspeare's *Mid. Night's Dream*, A. i. S. i.

"And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, *gawds*, conceits," &c.

Where see Mr. Steeven's note. TODD.

Ver. 830. —— *folded* turbans] Orig. ed. Derrick reads *turbants*. TODD.

† *Transitum* to the fire of London. Orig. ed.

Ver. 839. *But ah! how insincere*] Here he enters on the other part of his subject, the dreadful fire in London. Though the conflagration of a great city, with all its concomitant circumstances of distress, is one of the most striking objects imaginable for a great poet to describe (witness the *second*, perhaps, most beautiful book of the Æneid), yet how lamentably has Dryden failed in raising any interest or emotion in the minds of the reader. And being unwilling to pass a censure, as I have thought myself obliged to do frequently, I shall adopt the words of a celebrated critic, who says, the "poet watches the flame coolly from street to street, with now a reflection and now a simile, till at last he meets the king, for whom he makes a speech, rather tedious in a time so busy: and then follows again the progress of the fire." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 842. *Or grief, sent post, &c.*] It is the same sentiment in Milton's Samson Agonistes, ver. 1538.

"For evil news rides post, while good news bates."

Milton's, however, is the closer imitation of Statius, as I have elsewhere observed:

"Spargitur in turmas solito pernicior index
Cùm lugenda refert." TODD.

CXI.

lement his dread command obeys,
makes or ruins with a smile or frown;
s by one he did our nation raise,
ow he with another pulls us down. 850

CCXII.

ondon, empress of the northern clime,
n high fate thou greatly didst expire;
s the world's, which at the death of time
t fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire!

CCXIII.

en some dire usurper heaven provides, 855
courge his country with a lawless sway;
th perhaps some petty village hides,
sets his cradle out of fortune's way.

CCXIV.

lly ripe his swelling fate breaks out,
hurries him to mighty mischiefs on; 860
ince surprised at first no ill could doubt,
wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

CCXV.

vas the rise of this prodigious fire,
ch, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
hence did soon to open streets aspire, 865
straight to palaces and temples spread.

CCXVI.

ligence of trades and noiseful gain,
luxury more late, asleep were laid:
s the night's; and in her silent reign
ound the rest of nature did invade. 870

CCXVII.

deep quiet, from what source unknown,
se seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
rst few scattering sparks about were blown,
with the flames that to our ruin rose.

CCXVIII.

n some close-pent room it crept along, 875
smouldering as it went, in silence fed;
infant monster, with devouring strong,
k'd boldly upright with exalted head.

CCXIX.

ke some rich or mighty murderer,
great for prison, which he breaks with gold;
resher for new mischiefs does appear, 881
dares the world to tax him with the old:

CCXX.

pes th' insulting fire his narrow jail,
makes small outlets into open air:
the fierce winds his tender force assail, 885
beat him downward to his first repair.

CCXXI.

The winds, like crafty courtezans, withheld
His flames from burning, but to blow them more:
And every fresh attempt he is repell'd
With faint denials weaker than before. 890

CCXXII.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enraged desire:
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threatening fire.

CCXXIII.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
With bold fanatick spectres to rejoice: 896
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate
Above the palace of our slumbering king; 900
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
And, drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

CCXXV.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise, 905
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire:
And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late,
For helpless infants left amidst the fire. 910

CCXXVII.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murmuring noises rise in every street;
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men justle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary bees in little cells repose; 915
But if night-robbers lift the well-stored hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

853. *Great as the world's, which at the death of time*
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire!]

"*Quum mare, quum tellus, correptaque regia cœli,*
Ardeat," &c.—Ovid. Orig. ed.

871. —— *from what source unknown,*] The
ght naturally have been accounted for, from the
ess of the streets, from houses built entirely of
and a strong east wind that blew at the time. But
scribed by the rage of the people, either to the
cans or the Catholics, especially the latter. An
ion on the monument, proscribed, we know by Pope,
was intended to perpetuate this groundless suspicion. This inscription was erased by James II., but restored at the Revolution, and still remains. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 887. *The winds,*] In this stanza, and in the four following, our poet may be justly said "to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to mingle; to approach the precipice of absurdity, and *hover over the abyss of unideal vacancy.*" Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. —— *like crafty,* &c.] *Hæc arte tractabat cupidum virum, ut illius animum inopia accenderet.* Orig. ed.

Ibid. —— *like crafty courtezans,*] A vulgar and improper allusion! Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 897. *About the fire into a dance they bend,*] How inferior is this passage to Milton's animated description of the wild ceremonies of Moloch, which Dryden, however seems to have here had in mind:

'In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue!"
Ode Nativ. st. 23. TODD.

Ver. 909. *And frighted* mothers] The orig. edit. has *mother,* incorrectly. TODD.

Ver. 914. *And in the dark,* &c.] If I mistake not, Lee has somewhere written a similar line—
"And gods meet gods, and justle in the dark."
Both are equally splendid! TODD.

CCXXIX.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day:
  Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire: 920
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play;
  And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

CCXXX.

In vain: for from the East a Belgian wind
  His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
The flames impell'd soon left their foes behind,
  And forward with a wanton fury went. 926

CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
  And lighten'd all the river with a blaze:
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
  And wondering fish in shining waters gaze. 930

CCXXXII.

Old father Thames raised up his reverend head,
  But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
  And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean time, walks in a broader gross;
  To either hand his wings he opens wide: 935
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,
  And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

CCXXXIV.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;
  Now with long necks from side to side they feed: 940
At length, grown strong, their mother-fire forsake,
  And a new colony of flames succeed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler portion of the town
  The curling billows roll their restless tide:
In parties now they straggle up and down, 945
  As armies, unopposed, for prey divide.

CCXXXVI.

One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,
  Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,
By powerful charms of gold and silver led, 949
  The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
  And slowly eats his way against the wind:
But the main body of the marching foe
  Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now day appears, and with the day the king, 955
  Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest:
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,
  And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke
  With gloomy pillars cover all the place; 960
Whose little intervals of night are broke
  By sparks, that drive against his sacred face.

CCXL.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,
  And pious tears which down his cheeks did shower:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own; 966
  So much the pity of a king has power.

CCXLI.

He wept the flames of what he loved so well,
  And what so well had merited his love:
For never prince in grace did more excel,
  Or royal city more in duty strove. 970

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
  Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress;
He cheers the fearful and commends the bold,
  And makes despairers hope for good success.

CCXLIII.

Himself directs what first is to be done, 975
  And orders all the succours which they bring:

Ver. 928. *And* lighten'd *all* the river with a blaze:] "*Sigæa igni freta lata relucent.*"—Virg. Orig. ed.

Ver. 931. *Old father Thames raised up his reverend head,*
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:]
An evident allusion to the 21st book of Homer, where Vulcan dries up the allied streams of Simois and Scamander. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 975.] Immediately after the fire of London, there was published, on a half sheet, "A true and exact Relation of the most dreadful and remarkable Fires, which have happened since the reign of King William the Conqueror to this present year, 1666, in the cities of London and Westminster, and other parts of England."

The following is the account of the fire in 1666:—"On Sunday, the second of September, this present year, 1666, about one o'clock in the morning, there happened a sad and deplorable fire in *Pudding-lane*, near *New Fish-street;* which, falling out in a part of the city so close built with wooden houses, propagated itself so far before day with such violence, that it bred such distraction and astonishment in the inhabitants and neighbours, that care was taken not to stop the further diffusion of it, by pulling down houses, as ought to have been; so that this grievous fire in a short time became too big to be mastered by any engines, or working near it; and being fomented by the hand of God in a violent easterly wind, which kept it burning in such a raging manner all Sunday and Sunday night, spreading itself by Monday morning up *Gracechurch-street* to *Lombard-street*, and to *St. Swithin's church* in *Canon-street*, and downwards from *Canon-street* to the water-side as far as the *Three Cranes in the Vintry*, and eastward beyond *Billingsgate*. The greatness and vastness of the fire was such, that made the amazed and distracted people take care only to preserve their own goods, and secure every man his particular concerns, making but slender attempts to extinguish the flame. In fine, it continued all Monday and Tuesday with such impetuosity, that it had, at ten of the clock on Tuesday night, westward, consumed houses and churches all the way to *St. Dunstan's church*, in *Fleet-street;* at which time, by the favour of God, the wind slackened; and *that night, by the vigilancy, industry, and indefatigable pains of his Majesty and his Royal Highness, calling upon all people, and encouraging them by their personal assistances*, a stop was put to the fire in *Fleet-street*, the *Inner Temple*, and *Fetter-lane*, at *Holborn-bridge*, *Pie-corner*, *Aldersgate*, *Cripplegate*, near the lower end of *Coleman-street*, at the end of *Basinghall-street*, by the *Postern*, at the upper end of *Bishopsgate-street*, and *Leadenhall-street*, at the standard in *Cornhill*, at the church in *Fenchurch-street*, near Clothworker's-hall in *Mincing-lane*, at the middle of *Mark-lane*, and at the *Tower-dock*. But on Wednesday night it suddenly brake out afresh in the *Inner Temple*, which happened (as it is supposed) by flakes of fire falling into the gutters of the buildings. His Royal Highness in person fortunately watching there that night, by his care, diligence, great labour, and seasonable commands for the blowing up, with gunpowder, some of the said buildings, it was most happily before day extinguished, after it had laid level with the ground *Tanfield-court*, *Parson's-court*, and the buildings in the church-yard, and done some little damage to the church and hall." TODD.

The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy such a king.

CCXLIV.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,
That where it seizes, all relief is vain: 980
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
That country, which would else the foe maintain.

CCXLV.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire, 985
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,
But straight like Turks, forced on to win or die,
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

CCXLVII.

Part stays for passage, till a gust of wind 991
Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet:
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood-side, 995
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire, 1001
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

CCL.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud:
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd, 1005
When others' ruin may increase their store.

CCLI.

As those, who live by shores, with joy behold
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh;
And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd gold,
And seek the tempest which the others fly:

CCLII.

So these but wait the owner's last despair, 1011
And what 's permitted to the flames invade;
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,
And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

CCLIII.

The days were all in this lost labour spent; 1015
And when the weary king gave place to night
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective light.

CCLIV.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal picture of the general doom; 1020
Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

CCLV.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wandering friends:
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care, 1025
To look how near their own destruction tends.

CCLVI.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

CCLVII.

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire, 1031
Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
And while through burning labyrinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

CCLVIII.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor; 1036
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

CCLIX.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
What streets are burning now, and what are near, 1040
An infant waking to the paps would press,
And meets instead of milk, a falling tear.

Ver. 988. *But straight like Turks, forced on, &c.*] The Turks are not only predestinarians, but they also believe that every man who dies fighting against unbelievers, for so they call all who differ from them in religion, goes directly to Paradise. These tenets often encourage those to fight who have no great stomachs to it; and, in this sense, they may be said to be forced on. DERRICK.

Ver. 991. *Part stays for passage,*] Original edition. Derrick has *stay*. TODD.

Ver. 1007. *As those, who live by shores, &c.*] The gallant Sir Cloudesley Shovel was barbarously murdered on the coast of Cornwall, as he swam on shore, by a woman, who was incited to the barbarous act by the sight of a ring which he wore on his finger. This is related on the authority of the late Lord Peterborough, who told it to Sir John Mordaunt, who related it to the late Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1010. *And seek the* tempest] Thus the original edition. Derrick has *tempests*. TODD.

Ver. 1016. *And when the weary king gave place to night,*]
—— "seræ meminit decedere nocti." *Virg.*
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1028.
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,]
A pathetic stroke, which reminds us of the lively representation of Livy:—"At præ metu obliti quid relinquerent, quid secum ferrent, deficiente consilio, rogitantesque alii alios, nunc in liminibus starent, nunc errabundi domos suas, ultimum illas visuri pervagarentur." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1041. *An infant waking to the paps would press,*
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.]
A tender and pathetic stroke, which might have been derived from Pliny's description of the famous picture of Aristides the Theban:—"Hujus pictura est, oppido capto ad matris morientis e vulnere mammam adrepens infans: intelligiturque sentire mater, et timere, ne emortuo lacte sanguinem lambat."—Pliny. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1042.]
"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive flames, chastised, went forth to prey
On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd; 1095
By which to heaven they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

The wanting orphans saw with watery eyes
Their founders' charity in dust laid low; 1100
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,
For he protects the poor who made them so.

CCLXXV.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise:
Though made immortal by a poet's song; 1105
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

CCLXXVI.

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
But, since it was profaned by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire.

CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came, 1111
And widely opening did on both sides prey:
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

CCLXXVIII.

And now four days the sun had seen our woes:
Four nights the moon beheld th' incessant fire:
It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose, 1117
And farther from the feverish north retire.

CCLXXIX.

In th' empyrean heaven, the bless'd abode,
The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God; 1121
And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

CCLXXX.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast:
He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie, 1125
And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

Ver. 1096. *On pious structures, &c.*] He here, I presume, alludes to Christ's Hospital, &c. &c. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1097.
By which to heaven they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.]

This passage is a sarcasm upon those who reduce all principles of religion to the single article of faith, which, according to some, is sufficient for salvation, exclusive of every other tenet. DERRICK.

Ver. 1107. —— *flames peep'd in.*] In censuring some seeming blemishes in this piece, such as the above lines, I should be mortified to be placed among those idle and petty objectors who mistake *cavilling* for criticising; such as *he* who blamed *Tasso* for making *Erminia* cut off her hair, to bind up Tancred's wounds, with a sword, as a sword will not cut hair; or *he* who thought *Raphael* had made the boat too little to receive the miraculous capture of fish; or *he* who objected to the figure of *Laocoon* being represented as naked when he was in the act of *sacrificing*. I shall for ever read the *Seasons* of *Thomson* with delight and admiration, though I cannot forbear objecting to the two last as a conceit, alluding to his subject:

"The storms of *wintry* Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded *Spring* encircle all."

The verse below about God's taking an *extinguisher* is an absurdity of the most glaring kind. (Verse 1129.) Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1126. *And eager flames* drive *on*] The original edition erroneously reads *give*. TODD.

CCLXXXI.

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove. 1130

CCLXXXII.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,
Or full with feeding sink into a sleep:
Each household genius shows again his face,
And from the earth the little lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound: 1136
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain; 1140
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And straight the green fields laugh with promised grain:

CCLXXXV.

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
In every heart which fear had froze before:
The standing streets with so much joy they view
That with less grief the perish'd they deplore. 1146

CCLXXXVI.

The father of the people open'd wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed;
Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread. 1150

CCLXXXVII.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds so deep did print the sense,
That if their ruins sadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

CCLXXXVIII.

But so may he live long, that town to sway, 1155
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
And not their humble ruins now forsake.*

CCLXXXIX.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low, 1160

Ver. 1140. *A kindly thaw unlocks it with* mild *rain;*] Original edition. Certainly the genuine reading. Derrick's "*cold* rain" must be discarded. TODD.

Ver. 1147. *The father of the people open'd wide*
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed;]

The poor people that were burned out built huts and sheds of boards for shelter in Moorfields, and other outlets of the city; and the King was often seen among them, inquiring into their wants, and doing every thing in his power to comfort them. He moreover ordered the justices of the peace to see them supplied with food, and to be careful of preventing forestallers from taking advantage of their distresses; besides which, he commanded that the biscuits and other provisions, laid up in the Tower for the use of his army and navy, should be carried out and distributed among them. Enjoying such benefits from his royal presence, we are not to wonder at the citizens begging him not to leave them, when it was supposed he was going into the country. *Vide stanza* 288. DERRICK.

* City's request to the King not to leave them. Original edition.

That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

CCXC.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold, 1165
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

CCXCI.

The utmost malice of their stars is past,
And two dire comets, which have scourged the town,
In their own plague and fire have breath'd the last,
Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown. 1170

CCXCII.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-raised Jove, from his dark prison freed,
Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will gloriously the new-laid work succeed.

CCXCIII.

Methinks already, from his chymic flame, 1175
I see a city of more precious mould:
Rich as the town* which gives the Indies name,
With silver paved, and all divine with gold.

CCXCIV.

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow, 1180
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of time allow.

CCXCV.

More great than human now, and more august,
Now deified she from her fires does rise: 1184
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

CCXCVI.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

CCXCVII.

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold, 1191
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come:
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her doom.

CCXCVIII.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood, 1195
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine, 1199
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffic lost.

CCC.

The venturous merchant who design'd more far,
And touches on our hospitable shore, 1204
Charm'd with the splendour of this northern star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town, without a fleet, 1209
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

CCCII.

And, while this famed emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the war, 1215
And the less dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

CCCIV.

Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:
A constant trade-wind will securely blow, 1221
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

Ver. 1167. —— *malice of* their *stars*] Original edition. In Derrick it is "*the* stars." Todd.

Ver. 1174. —— *the new-laid* work *succeed.*] Original edition. Derrick has "*works.*" Todd.

Ver. 1175. *Methinks already,*] A prophecy most fortunately fulfilled! No city was ever more improved by the wideness and commodiousness, and consequent healthiness and cleanliness, of its streets, and magnificence of its buildings, than London after this calamitous fire.

"Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit!"

And of later years more attention has been paid to the circumstances above mentioned than in any metropolis of Europe. The stanzas 295, 296, 297, are beautiful. The 298th stanza concludes with a puerile conceit. Dr. J. Warton.

* Mexico. Original edition.

Ver. 1183. —— *august,*] *Augusta*, the old name of London. Original edition

Ver. 1219. *Thus to the eastern*] If he had never written any other poem than this *Annus Mirabilis*, he never could have been ranked among our greatest English poets. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 1220. —— *the Cape once doubled, fear no more:*
A constant trade-wind will securely blow.]

Sailors generally imagine themselves out of danger on an East-India voyage, when they double the Cape of Good Hope, because then they get into the trade-winds, or monsoons, that always blow in a certain direction. Derrick.

Ver. 1221. *A constant*] A frigid conceit drawn from the nature of the trade-wind. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 1222. *And gently lay us,* &c.] From these lines Pope has formed one of his most melodious couplets:

"Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below."—Sappho to Phaon.
John Warton.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE,*

BY MR. DRYDEN AND THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

ull, and how insensible a beast
, who yet would lord it o'er the rest?
phers and poets vainly strove
y age the lumpish mass to move:
se were pedants, when compared with these,
now not only to instruct but please. 6
lone found the delightful way,
ious morals gently to convey
rming numbers; so that as men grew
d with their poems, they grew wiser too. 10
has always shone among the rest,
the boldest way, if not the best,
men freely of their foulest faults;
gh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
re too the wise took different ways, 15
h deserving its peculiar praise.
lid all folly with just sharpness blame,
others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame.
these two, the last succeeded best,
n aim rightest when they shoot in jest. 20
we may presume to blame our guides,
nsure those who censure all besides;
er things they justly are preferr'd;
alone methinks the ancients err'd;
t the grossest follies they declaim; 25
hey pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
ig is easier than such blots to hit,
is the talent of each vulgar wit.
s 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach? 30

'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck which all the rest does spoil, 35
To wash off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the loose writ libels of this age,
Or the forced scenes of our declining stage;
Above all censure too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit; 40
Who judging better, though concern'd the most
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
In such a satire all would seek a share,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old story-tellers too must pine and die, 45
To see their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her who miss'd her name in a lampoon,
And grieved to find herself decay'd so soon.
No common coxcomb must be mention'd here:
Nor the dull train of dancing sparks appear: 50
Nor fluttering officers who never fight;
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
Much less half wits: that's more against our rules;
For they are fops, the others are but fools.
Who would not be as silly as Dunbar? 55
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?

s piece was written in 1679, and handed about in ript, some time before it made its appearance in It is supposed to have occasioned the beating Mr. received in Rose-street, Covent-garden, of which taken in his Life. The Earl of Musgrave's name always joined with Dryden's, as concerned in the tion; and that nobleman somewhere takes notice, yden

"Was praised and beaten for another's rhymes."

ot improbable that Rochester's character was drawn ordship, who held him in high contempt, after his g in a very dastardly manner when he challenged How, indeed, Lord Mulgrave came to subscribe agreeable a picture of himself, is hard to divine. E.

. *How dull,*] This satire is claimed by the Earl rave, and perhaps ought not to have a place in our orks. But *quære?* Dr. J. WARTON.

0. *Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?*] Sir Armstrong had been knighted by King Charles II. services received from him during the protectorship, ng been sent over to his majesty, when in Holland, mm of money, raised among some of his faithful for his royal use. He afterwards bore a lieutenant- commission in the first troop of horse-guards, and ointed gentleman of horse to the king. Being a loose immoral character, and of no fixed principles, religion or politics, he joined in the Ryehouse Plot, escaped into Holland. Five hundred pounds were as a reward for taking him. Louis XIV., out of ent to King Charles, offered five hundred pounds to who should secure him in the dominions of France. He was at length seized at Leyden, brought over to England, and condemned to die by Judge Jefferies, who treated him in a very unbecoming manner.

Bishop Burnet observes, that he died with great meekness and resignation, expressing a hearty repentance for his past profligate life. King Charles, about the time of Sir Thomas's execution, told several people, that he had been lately assured Sir Thomas had been suborned by Cromwell to take away his life, when he waited on him in Holland, but he found no opportunity of perpetrating his crime; for failing in which, the Protector imprisoned him on his return home. Though this story came from a royal mouth few people believed it; yet it is certain that Cromwell kept him a year in prison.

He was hanged at Tyburn, on the 20th of June, 1684: his head was fixed upon Westminster Hall, between those of Cromwell and Bradshaw, and his quarters upon Temple Bar, Aldgate, Aldersgate, and the town-wall of Stafford. It is said he was a native of Nimeguen, a city of Guelderland, and would have claimed from the States-General the protection of a native, if he had not been carried away as soon as he was arrested.

I find, in Wood's Fasti, mention made of one James Aston, a divine, of whom no more is said than that he was a zealous loyalist, and about this time well beneficed. It is not unlikely, that it is the same person whom we find here celebrated for dulness; for, had he excelled in anything else, Wood would not have failed to remark it. DERRICK.

Ver. 55. *Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?*
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?]

There was a Lord Viscount Dunbar, and a colonel of the same name, about this time, at court; but to which to apply this character I cannot tell, as I never met with any of their private history.

Monmouth is said to have been brave, soft, gentle, and sincere, open to the grossest adulation, and strongly

The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
Who with dull knavery makes so much ado;
Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too too fast,
Like Æsop's fox becomes a prey at last. 60
Nor shall the royal mistresses be named,
Too ugly, or too easy to be blamed;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet sauntering Charles between his beastly brace,
Meets with dissembling still in either place, 65
Affected humour or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other sold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep; 70
But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natured, and ill-bred?
Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place; 75
At council set as foils on Danby's score,
To make that great false jewel shine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there 's no meddling with such nauseous men;
Their very names have tired my lazy pen: 81
'Tis time to quit their company, and choose
Some fitter subject for a sharper muse.
First, let 's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless genius vainly strive; 85
Quit his dear ease some deep design to lay,
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reason or at rule, 90
He turns himself the best to ridicule.
Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
Show him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd. 95
So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
Till mouse appear'd and thought himself secure;
But soon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good; 100
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find
That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;
Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes. 105
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that 's ill.
'Twere crime in any man but him alone, 111
To use a body so, though 'tis one's own:
Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilst he creeps his vigorous thoughts can soar:
Alas! that soaring to those few that know, 115
Is but a busy groveling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
Whilst on the ground th' intranced wretches lie:
So modern fops have fancied they could fly.

addicted to his pleasures: he was, upon the whole, a man of very weak parts, graceful in his person, and of an endearing placid deportment.—See the notes upon Absalom and Achitophel.

Sir Carr Scrope is the third person in this verse: he was the son of Sir Adrian Scrope, a Lincolnshire knight, and bred at Oxford, where he took a master's degree, in 1664; and in 1666 he was created a baronet. He was intimate with the most celebrated geniuses of King Charles's court, had a very pretty turn for poetry, and was certainly something more than a half-wit. His translation of Sappho to Phaon, among the epistles of Ovid, is in some estimation; and many loose satires, handed about in manuscript, were set down to his account. He is mentioned thus in the first volume of State Poems, p. 200:

"—— Sir Carr, that knight of wither'd face,
Who, for reversion of a poet's place,
Waits on Melpomene, and soothes her grace.
That angry miss alone he strives to please,
For fear the rest should teach him wit and ease,
And make him quit his loved laborious walks,
When sad or silent o'er the room he stalks,
And strives to write as wisely as he talks."

And again, in the third volume, Part I. p. 148:

"—————— no man can compare
For carriage, youth, and beauty, with Sir Carr."

He died at his house in St. Martin's-fields, Westminster, in the latter end of the year 1680. DERRICK.

Ver. 61. *Nor shall the royal mistresses be named,*] About the time of the writing this poem, the king, if we may rely upon Bishop Burnet's authority, divided all his spare time between the Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwin. DERRICK.

Ver. 74. *Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that race*
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;
At council set as foils on Danby's score,]

Sir John Earnely was bred to the law: he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the year 1686, and made one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, in the room of the Lord Treasurer Hyde, Earl of Rochester.

Robert, the first Earl of Aylesbury, was the son of Thomas Bruce, Earl of Elgin, in Scotland, and created, by King Charles, Lord Bruce, in England. In 1685 he succeeded the Earl of Arlington as Lord Chamberlain of the king's household, and died a few months afterwards. Wood gives him the character of a man of learning, a benefactor to the clergy, a great antiquarian, and says he was well skilled in the history of his own country.

Thomas, Earl of Danby, ancestor to the present Duke of Leeds, came out of Yorkshire, and was very zealous in forwarding the Restoration; for which special service he was made Treasurer of the Navy, then a Privy Counsellor, and, in 1673, Lord High Treasurer of England. He enjoyed a great share of the royal favour, which, perhaps, promoted his being impeached by the Commons, for monopoly and mismanagement. He was pardoned by the king, which occasioned much discontent; was zealous in procuring a match between the Prince of Orange and Lady Mary, afterwards king and queen of England; a principal actor in the Revolution, and chairman of that committee of the whole house, which, on King James's flight, voted an abdication and advanced William to the throne; wherefore he was made President of the Council, and raised to the dignity of Marquis of Carmarthen and Duke of Leeds, about three years afterwards. He died in the year 1712, aged eighty-one. DERRICK.

Ver. 84. *First, let's behold the merriest man alive*] This character is so strongly and so justly marked, that it is impossible to mistake its being intended for Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury: "a man of little steadiness, but such uncommon talents, that he acquired great weight with every party he espoused: he was turbulent, restless, ambitious, subtle, and enterprising: he had conquered all sense of shame, was restrained by no fears, and influenced by no principles."—Smollett's History.

In the first volume of the State Poems, p. 140, he is mentioned thus:

"A little bobtail'd lord, urchin of state,
A *praise-god-bare-bone* peer, whom all men hate;
Amphibious animal—half fool, half knave." DERRICK.

Ver. 89. —— *as Nokes and Lee.*] These were two celebrated comedians in Charles the Second's reign. DERRICK.

Ver. 96. *So cat transform'd, &c.*] Alluding to the fable of a cat's being turned into a woman, at the intercession of a young man that loved it; but, forgetting herself, she ran after a mouse, and was reduced to her pristine shape. DERRICK.

e new earl with parts deserving praise, 120
vit enough to laugh at his own ways;
sses all soft days and sensual nights,
nature checks and kinder fortune slights;
ng against his quiet all he can,
e fine notion of a busy man. 125
what is that at best, but one, whose mind
de to tire himself and all mankind?
reland he would go; faith, let him reign;
some odd fantastic lord would fain
in trunks, and all my drudgery do, 130
ot only pay him, but admire him too.
there any other beast that lives,
his own harm so wittingly contrives?
ny dog that has his teeth and stones,
edly leave his bitches and his bones, 135
rn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
his fond man, to get a statesman's name,
its his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
ough satire nicely writ with humour stings
hose who merit praise in other things; 141
re must needs this one exception make,
break our rules for silly Tropos' sake;
was too much despised to be accused,
therefore scarce deserves to be abused; 145
d only by his mercenary tongue,
ailing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.
ys on holy-days let loose to play,
vaggish traps for girls that pass that way;

Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress 150
Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress:
So have I mighty satisfaction found,
To see his tinsel reason on the ground:
To see the florid fool despised, and know it, 154
By some who scarce have words enough to show it:
For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The sinner, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker:
But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
Should be acquired by such little sense;
For words and wit did anciently agree, 160
And Tully was no fool though this man be:
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolsack, fop at council-table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would
Be rather wise than honest, great than good. 165
Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease:
To live dissolved in pleasures still they feign, 170
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of surfeits, headaches, claps are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake; 175
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.
Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that:

120. *As the new earl with parts deserving praise,*
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loses all, &c.] haracter was well known to be drawn for Arthur, f Essex, son to the Lord Capel, who was put to by the regicides; but wherefore he should be called *e earl*, I cannot see, since we find in Collins's e that he was created Earl of Essex in the year ighteen years before the publication of this piece. s very fond of the lieutenancy of Ireland, which he ld from July, 1672, to 1677; and though the Duke mond was much fitter for that important post, as better acquainted with the genius and polity of the , and more agreeable to the people; yet he did every in his power to undermine that nobleman, with a f again obtaining his government. He afterwards d the court, piqued perhaps because he was not ed in all his desires, and perhaps from the repub- principles which he seemed to cherish, though so nt from those of his unfortunate father. He was into custody and committed to the Tower, for being ned in the Rye-house Plot; and he was found in his eat there, with his throat cut from ear to ear, on ry morning of Lord Russell's execution. Lord was a man of indifferent abilities, but what the alls cunning; his education had been neglected in vil wars, but he had a smattering of Latin, knew ing of mathematics, and had a little knowledge of y; he aspired at being something greater than either or education had fitted him for, and his disappoint- perhaps gave him an atrabilarious sourness, that in suicide, for which he was a professed advocate. CK.

143. ——*for silly Tropos' sake;*] Sir William s is meant by Tropos. He was Lord Chief Justice King's Bench, and a violent prosecutor of the s supposed to be concerned in the Popish plot; but e found that Shaftesbury had, in reality, no interest rt, he quitted that party, and acted as much as y he could against it. This occasioned an accusation preferred against him by Oates and Bedloe, but it ver supported, his weight not being thought worth ing. He was resolute and penetrating, had a good f wit, and spoke fluently and boldly; but he often ached himself by being warm. He seems not to een a man of much estimation, and Roger North, Examen, says his course of life was scandalous. CK.

Ver. 178. *Thus Dorset, purring like, &c.*] Charles, Earl of Dorset, about this time forty years of age, was one of the best bred men of his time. He was a lord of the bed-chamber, and sent several times with compliments, or on short embassies, to France, for the king could not bear to be long without him: he was a most munificent patron; learning and genius were sure of his protection; and when our author was deprived of the bays, he allowed him the laureat's annual stipend out of his own private purse. Arthur Manwaring, Mr. Prior, and many other men of abilities, owed to him their being advanced and provided for. Nor was he less brave than polite and learned; for he attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in the first Dutch war, and by his coolness, courage, and conduct, showed himself a worthy representative of his many illustrious ancestors. The night before the famous battle in which the Dutch admiral Opdam was blown up, he made a celebrated song, with the greatest composure, beginning,

"To you fair ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite," &c.

No man had more ease or good-humour; his conversation was refined and sprightly; he had studied books and men deeply, and to good purpose. He was an excellent critic and good poet, with a strong turn to satire, for which he is thus highly complimented in the State Poems, vol. i. p. 200.

"Dorset writes satire too, and writes so well,
O great Apollo! let him still rebel.
Pardon a muse which does, like his, excel,
Pardon a muse which does, with art, support
Some drowsy wit in our unthinking court."

He wrote with severity, but that severity was always justly pointed; and Lord Rochester calls him,

"The best good man, with the worst-natured muse."

His first wife, the Countess Dowager of Falmouth, had proved a barren wife. Of her having been a teeming widow I am ignorant. His second wife, whom he married in 1685, was daughter to the Earl of Northampton, and mother to the present Duke of Dorset. He was principally concerned in bringing about the Revolution; was Lord Chamberlain to King William and Queen Mary; chosen a Knight of the Garter in 1691, and several times appointed one of the regents, when the affairs of Europe demanded the absence of the king. He died at Bath in 1706, aged sixty-nine, lamented by every class of people, and the most opposite parties. Mr. Pope gives him these lines.

"Dorset, the grace of courts, the muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died." DERRICK.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Part I.

—— Si propiùs stes
Te capiet magis ——

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL: A POEM PUBLISHED 1681.

THE OCCASION OF IT EXPLAINED.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury seemed bent upon the ruin of the Duke of York. It was mostly through his influence in both houses, that those infamous witnesses, Oates, Tongue, Bedloe, &c., were so strenuously encouraged, and the Popish plot, if not schemed by him, was at least by him cherished and supported. He had been heard to say with some exultation, *I won't pretend to pronounce who started the game, but I am sure I have had the full hunting.* At this day that plot appears, to impartial and discerning eyes, to have been a forgery contrived to inflame the minds of the people against popery, a religion now professed by the duke, that the bill for excluding him from the throne might meet with more countenance and greater certainty of success; and it went very near having the desired effect.

The indiscreet zeal and imprudent conduct of the Roman Catholics, for some time past, had given too much room for suspicion; they having often openly, and in defiance of the established laws of the kingdom, shown a thorough contempt for the established religion of their country, propagated as much as possible their own tenets, loudly triumphed in their progress, and daily acquisition of proselytes among all ranks of people, without the least secrecy or caution. Hence was the nation ripe for alarm: when given, it spread like wildfire; and the Duke of York, as head of the party at which it was aimed, was obliged to withdraw to Brussels to avoid the impending storm.

The king being some time after taken ill, produced his highness's sudden return, before his enemies, and those in the opposition to the court-measures, could provide for his reception; so that their schemes were thus for a while disconcerted. Lest his presence might revive commotion, he returned again to Brussels, and was then permitted (previously) to retire to Scotland, having received the strongest assurances of his brother's affection, and resolution to secure him and his heirs the succession. He had before this the satisfaction of seeing the turbulent Earl of Shaftesbury removed from his seat and precedence in the privy council, as well as all share in the ministry; and now prevailed to have the Duke of Monmouth dismissed from all his posts, and sent into Holland.

Shaftesbury's views were to lift Monmouth to the throne, whose weaknesses he knew he could so effectually manage, as to have the reins of government in that case in his own hands. Monmouth was the eldest of the king's sons, by whom he was tenderly beloved. His mother was one Mrs. Lucy Walters, otherwise Barlow, a Pembrokeshire woman, who bore him at Rotterdam, in 1649 and between whom and his Majesty it was artfully reported, there had passed a contract of marriage. This report was narrowly examined into, and proved false, to the full satisfaction of the privy council, and of the people in general, though Shaftesbury did all in his power to support and establish a belief of its reality. The youth was educated at Paris, under the queen-mother, and brought over to England in 1662: soon after which time he was created Duke of Orkney, in Scotland, and Monmouth in England, or rather Wales; chosen a Knight of the Garter; appointed Master of Horse to his Majesty, General of the land forces, Colonel of the life-guard of horse, Lord-lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire, Governor of Kingston-upon-Hull, Chief Justice in Eyre on the south of the

, Lord Chamberlain of Scotland, and Duke of Buccleugh, in right of his wife, who was nd heiress to a noble and wealthy earl, bearing that name; but he lost all those places of fortune, together with his royal father's favour, by the insinuation and art of Shaftesbury, ed him with illegal and ambitious notions, that ended in his destruction.

tisans of this earl, and other malecontents, had long pointed out his Grace as a proper the crown, instead of the Duke of York, in case of the king's demise; and he began to t he had a real right to be so. At the instigation of his old friend, Shaftesbury, he England without his father's consent, who would not see him; and, instead of obeying andate to retire again, he and Shaftesbury jointly made a pompous parade through several the west and north of England, scattering the seeds of discord and disaffection; so that s seemed to be levelled against the government, and a tempest was gathering at a distance, that which swept the royal martyr from his throne and life. Many people, who would se have taken part with the court, shuddering when they looked back upon the scenes of l confusion that had followed that melancholy catastrophe, in order to prevent the return storm, attached themselves to the King and the Duke of York, and the latter returned ere he kept his ground.

ngdom was now in a high fermentation; the murmurs of each party broke out into and declamatory abuse. Every day produced new libels and disloyal pamphlets. To expose them, their partisans and abettors, several authors were retained by authority, but up to the purpose so well as Sir Roger l'Estrange, in the Observator; and the poet the poem under inspection, the elegance and severity of which raised his character y, and showed the proceedings of Shaftesbury and his followers in a most severe light. ngs, according to Echard, in a great measure stemmed the tide of a popular current, that otherwise immersed the nation in ruin. His Grace the Duke of Monmouth afterwards the Ryehouse Plot, and a reward was offered for the taking him, both by his father and , whether in England or France. He obtained his pardon both of the king and duke, by bmissive, nay abject, letters; and being admitted to the royal presence, seemed extremely s past offences, confessed his having engaged in a design for seizing the king's guards, and e government, but denied having any knowledge of a scheme for assassinating either his ncle, which it seems was set on foot by the inferior ministers of this conspiracy.

ing, however, upon the king's paternal affection, he soon recanted his confession, and vith his old followers; so that the king forbid him the court, and he retired to Holland, e he returned in 1685, raised a rebellion against his uncle, then on the throne, caused be proclaimed king, and being defeated and taken prisoner, was beheaded on Tower-hill in xth year.—DERRICK.

TO THE READER.

y intention to make an apology for my poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and receive none. The design I am sure is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party, t to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are consequents of Whig and Tory;* nan is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the Fanatic well as in the Popish; and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the factious, and the blockheads: but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not

now that the party-distinctions of Whig and Tory were first adopted; the courtiers were deridingly the Irish banditti, who were called Tories; and they likened their opponents to Whigs, a denomination formerly given the Scotch covenanters, who were supposed to live on a poor kind of buttermilk so e names still distinguish contending parties in England, though strangely varied from their original DERRICK.

curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there 's a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges; for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire (where justice would allow it), from carrying too sharp an edge. They, who can criticise so weakly as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced, at their own cost, that I can write severely, with more ease, than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices; and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you Commonwealth's-men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing of my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may, possibly, be in my writing (though 'tis hard for an author to judge against himself). But, more probably, 'tis in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent, on both sides, will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forebore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to show Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist; and if the draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconcilement of Absalom to David. And who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story: there seems yet to be room left for a composure; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accused of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen, that the devil himself may at last be saved. For which reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards as he in his wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he who writes honestly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease; for those are only in order to prevent the chirurgeon's work of an *Ense recidendum*, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as necessary in a not distempered state, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.*

ous times ere priestcraft did begin,
e polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confined;
When nature prompted, and no law denied
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and wide as his command
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land. 10
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To god-like David several sons before.
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend, 15
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon:

his poem is said to be one of the most perfect alle- pieces that our language ever produced. It is on through the whole with equal strength and pro- The veil is no where laid aside. There is a just rity in the characters, which are exactly pourtrayed; eaments are well copied; the colouring is lively; upings show the hand of a master, and may serve rince us, that Mr. Dryden knew his own power when erted, that he found it easier to write severely than Many editions of this poem were sold in a very ne; the name of the author was, for some time, a and the real merits of it were allowed, even by the s of the cause it was meant to assist. Dr. William d, a physician of Merton College, Oxford, published translation of it in 1682; as did also the celebrated ancis Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester. e of such reputation and service to a particular party ot appear without much censure and many answers;† the most remarkable of which we may reckon ah and Hushai;" and "Absalom senior, or Achitophel rosed;" a poem, dedicated to the Tories, as this was Whigs. Here the satire is transferred to the Duke k; and from the four following lines in the second Absalom and Achitophel, we are to suppose, that ah Settle was the author of it, to whom also the piece is attributed.

stinct he follows, and no farther knows,
r to write verse with him is to———transprose.
were petty treason at his door to lay,
Tho makes———heaven's lock a door to its own key."

od tells us, that the Duke of Buckingham printed a heet of paper soon after the publication of this poem, d, "Reflections upon it," which contained nothing ial and were sold very dear. The application of the f Absalom to this part of King Charles II.'s reign, was ade by a clergyman in the pulpit, and his sermon rinted with the title of "Absalom and Achitophel." ICK.

1. *In pious times*] The application of Scripture in the way of allegory, as in the piece before us, dern and political events, has been practised by more ne eminent poet. *Racine* is supposed to have alluded situation of Madame *Maintenon* in his *Esther*. But et striking example of this practice, is the *Samson* ts of Milton, throughout which noble drama there onstant reference to the case and condition of the poet himself, exposed to the derision and insults of banched and dissolute Philistines of Charles II.'s and wishing to pull down the temple of *Dagon* on eads. This is particularly visible in the chorus at 667. The very trials and the condemnations of ury Vane, his favourite, and of the other regicides, nly pointed out in these lines:

to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times
d condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude."

the following lines clearly relate to his own losses excise, and his severe fits of the gout:

If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty,
Painful diseases and deform'd;
Tho' not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
The punishment of dissolute days."

observed by my very ingenious friend, Mr. *Hayley*, who has certainly given us the most candid and exact life of Milton extant, that the lot of Milton had a marvellous coincidence with that of his hero Samson in three remarkable points: "First, he had been tormented by a beautiful but disaffectionate and disobedient wife; secondly, he had been the great champion of his country, and as such the idol of public admiration; lastly, he had fallen from that height of unrivalled glory, and had experienced the most humiliating reverse of fortune:

'His foe's derision, captive, poor, and blind.'

In delineating the greater part of Samson's sensations under calamity, he had only to describe his own." I cannot forbear adding what the same candid writer has observed concerning Milton's political principles: "That had his life been extended long enough to witness the Revolution, he would probably have exulted as warmly as the staunchest friend of our present constitution can exult, in that temperate and happy reformation of monarchical enormities." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 6. *Promiscuous use*] These lines are insufferably gross and offensive. It is curious to see how Atterbury, who, from a veneration for Tory principles, translated the whole poem, has rendered them.

"Cognovere pias nondum pia sæcula fraudes
Arte sacerdotum, nondum vetuere maritos
Multiplici celebrare jugo connubia leges,
Cum vir sponsarum numeraverat agmen, et uni
Non servare toro, fato adversante, coactus
Plurima fertilibus produxit stemmata lumbis.
Cum stimulos natura daret, nec legibus ullis
Et sponsæ et lenæ vetitum est commune cubile,
Tunc Israelis, cœlo cedente, monarcha
Concubitu vario vernas nuptasque fovebat."

The poem was so popular, that another Latin translation was also published, in 4to, 1682, at Oxford, by Dr. William Coward, a physician of Merton College. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 18. *So beautiful, so brave,*] The Duke of Monmouth was young, exquisitely beautiful, brave, generous, affecting popularity, and tenderly beloved by his father; had been educated with one part of the flower of the English youth at Oxford, and served with another in the army; so that he had all the advantages of private friendships joined to those which attend upon royal extraction. His tutor, one Ross, a Scotchman, either from love to his pupil, or to gain importance to himself, was the first person who inflamed his mind with high ambition, by making him believe, or persuading him to make others believe, that the King had been privately married to his mother. Ross went further, for he advised Couzens, Bishop of Durham, to write a certificate of the marriage, and to deposit it in a strong box in his own house; making use of this argument, that, if the Duke of York should be

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mong the many answers to, and remarks on, this the following are curious:—"Towser the Second a g, or, A Short Reply to Absalon and Achitophel," alf sheet, London, 1681. "Absalon's IX. Worthies," , folio, half sheet, no date. "Poetical Reflections on n and Achitophel," folio, s. d. "Absalom Senior," , folio, 1682. TODD.

Whether inspired by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust: 20
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove, 25
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And paradise was open'd in his face. 30
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he denied;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had, (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see. 35
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purged by boiling o'er,
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injured fame. 40
Thus praised and loved, the noble youth remain'd,
While David, undisturb'd, in Sion reign'd.
But life can never be sincerely blest:
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace; 46
God's pamper'd people, whom debauch'd with ease,
No king could govern, nor no God could please;
(Gods they had tried of every shape and size,
That god-smiths could produce, or priests devise:)
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free, 51
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of men, by laws less circumscribed and bound;
They led their wild desires to woods and caves, 55
And thought that all but savages were slaves.

They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general shout proclaim'd him king:
Those very Jews, who, at their very best,
Their humour more than loyalty express'd,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf a state.
But these were random bolts: no form'd design,
Nor interest made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight:
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They cursed the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men thus qualified,
Inclined the balance to the better side;
And David's mildness managed it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our biass'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause revived a plot requires.
Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
The inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;
And theirs the native right——
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverish'd and deprived of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgraced, and burnt like common wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.

converted from popery, there would be no need of bringing the certificate to public view; and if he should not, that all arts were justifiable to exclude a papist from the throne; circumstances which Couzens immediately communicated to the King, but which that prince disregarded, acquitting Monmouth and imputing them only to the petulance of his tutor. Yet Ross, after Couzens died, spread a report abroad, that he had left such a certificate behind him. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 19. *Whether inspired*] How gross and indelicate must the taste of that age have been, when St. *Evremont* could quote these very filthy and abominable lines in a letter addressed to the celebrated Duchess of Mazarine! Dr. J. Warton.

Ibid. —— *inspired* by *some diviner lust*,] Inspired *with* some diviner lust. First edition.

Ver. 30. *And paradise was open'd in his face.*] Pope's Eloisa, in her compliment to Abelard on his founding the Paraclete, is certainly indebted to this personal description; and the ingenuity of the poet, in the local adaptation, is truly admirable:

"You raised these hallow'd walls; the desart smiled,
And paradise was open'd in the wild." Todd.

Ver. 51. *These Adam-wits, &c.*] Persons discontented in happy circumstances are not unluckily called *Adam-wits*, from a remembrance of Adam's weakness in Paradise, who, aiming at being happier than the happiest, by persuasion of Eve, eat of the forbidden fruit, and thereby forfeited the divine favour, and was excluded the garden of Eden. Derrick.

Ver. 55. *They led their wild desires to woods and caves,*
And thought that all but savages were slaves.]
Pope, whose eye was perpetually on his master, adopted this rhyme:

'Cities laid waste, they storm'd the woods and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.)"
Windsor Forest, ver. 49.

Altering the original:

"From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran,
(For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man.)"
John Warton.

Ver. 92. *Thus worn* or *weaken'd*,] First edition: worn *and* weaken'd.

Ver. 99. *For priests of all*] It is not my intention to add anything to the many just censures that have been passed on this sweeping, indiscriminating piece of satire of the priesthood, which by vulgar use is become almost proverbial. But I cannot forbear adding an extraordinary passage from Mr. Hume's Essays:—"It is a trite, but not altogether a false maxim, that priests of all religions are the same; and though the character of the profession will not, in every instance, prevail over the personal character, yet it is sure always to predominate with the greater number." He has added a long note, in which he says, page 547, 8vo, that "this profession leads to *dissimulation* and *hypocrisy*, to *ambition*, to *self-conceit*, to *pride* and *arrogance*, to inspirit of contradiction, to *intolerance*, and to *revenge*." He afterwards softens these sarcastical strokes, and adds, "Whoever possesses the other noble virtues of humanity, meekness, and moderation, as very many of them, no doubt, do, is beholden for them to *nature* and *reflection*, not to the genius of his calling." Dr. J. Warton.

sh rabbins, though their enemies,
nclude them honest men and wise : 105
their duty, all the learned think,
e his cause, by whom they eat and drink.
ice began that plot, the nation's curse,
elf, but represented worse ;
extremes, and in extremes decried ; 110
as affirm'd, with dying vows denied ;
h'd nor winnow'd by the multitude ;
ow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
th there was, but dash'd and brew'd with
s,
the fools, and puzzle all the wise. 115
ng times did equal folly call,
nothing, or believing all.
tian rites the Jebusites embraced ;
ds were recommended by their taste.
ury deities must needs be good, 120
l at once for worship and for food.
they could not introduce these gods;
o one in former days was odds.
was used, the sacrificer's trade :
more hard to conquer than persuade.
y teachers mingled with the Jews, 125
d for converts even the court and stews:
ebrew priests the more unkindly took,
he fleece accompanies the flock.
ught they God's anointed meant to slay
invented since full many a day : 131
or swears it not ; but who can know
the devil and Jebusites may go !
, which fail'd for want of common sense,
a deep and dangerous consequence : 135
hen raging fevers boil the blood,
ling lake soon floats into a flood,
y hostile humour, which before
et in its channels, bubbles o'er ;
l factions from this first ferment, 140
to foam, and threat the government.
their friends, more by themselves thought
se,
the power to which they could not rise.
l in courts been great, and thrown from
ence,
ls were harden'd in impenitence. 145
their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
don'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
ed in power and public office high ;
nds, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
e the false Achitophel was first ; 150
o all succeeding ages cursed :

Raised in extremes] There are many vigorous some bold truths, in this account of a plot that he annals of this country, and produced so much rjury, injustice, fraud, and revenge. Dr. J.

Not weigh'd nor *winnow'd*] First edition, incor- t weigh'd, *or* winnow'd.

As *served at once for worship and for food.*] l at once for worship and for food. First edition.

Of these the false] This is the introduction of ery of this piece, the celebrated Earl of Shaftes- r the name of Achitophel. A man, insinuating, in private, eloquent, daring in public, full of n both; who had been bred up in the schools of notion, in the long parliament, in Cromwell's , and in those which followed Cromwell's death; rom that education, knew well the power of popu- s, at times when popular passions are in ferment; fiction of the Popish plot, in the year 1678, in ury the Duke, and perhaps the King, under the he national fear and hatred of Popery. Shaftes-

For close designs, and crooked counsels fit ;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;

Ver. 152. *For close designs, and crooked* counsels *fit ;*] First edition: For close designs, and crooked *counsel* fit.

bury was stimulated, too, by offences, both given and received; for the King having said to him,—"Shaftesbury, thou art the greatest rogue in the kingdom," he answered, bowing,—"Of a subject, Sir, I believe I am." And the Duke rated him in passionate terms for one of his speeches in Parliament. "I am glad," said he, "your Royal Highness has not called me Papist and coward." The account of this plot, in which was involved the assassination of Charles and his brother, an invasion, the conflagration of the city, and a massacre of the Protestants, was calculated, in its great lines, to gain the attention of the higher ranks of the nation, and, by the familiarity and detail of its circumstances, to catch the credulity of the meanest of the populace. By making the Duke one of the objects of the pretended assassination, it prevented the suspicion of its being directed against him; and, by accusing the Queen, whom the King did not love, it gave a chance for separating the interests of the brothers. The information, as soon as given, flew instantly abroad. Even the marvellousness of the story gave credit to what it was almost impossible to believe human fiction could have invented. Accident after accident, arising in a manner unparalleled in history, concurred to maintain the delusion. Coleman's letters were seized, which discovered that the Duke had been carrying on a correspondence with France, against the religion of his country and its interests. Danby's correspondence with France for money to the King was betrayed, which made Charles a sharer in his brother's disgrace; but, above all, the murder of Godfrey, who, in his office of a magistrate, had made public the plot, caused almost every Protestant to imagine he felt the dagger in his breast. Shaftesbury knew too well the nature of the human mind, not to improve upon this last accident. He suggested to his faction to bring the eye in aid of the imagination, in order to complete the terror of the people. The dead body, ghastly, and with the sword fixed in it, and lying on a bier, was exposed during two days in the public street. It was carried in procession through the city of London to the grave, as the remains of a martyr to the Protestant religion; seventy-two clergymen walking before, near a thousand persons of condition behind, innumerable crowds in a long silent order, an expression of passion more dangerous than that of clamour and confusion, bringing up the rear.

Such is the character given by my amiable and ingenious friend, Sir John Dalrymple, of this celebrated politician; which character having been censured as unjust and severe, the author, with that candour and liberality that endears him to his acquaintance, made the following apology in his second volume of Memoirs, p. 325: "It has been a misfortune to Lord Shaftesbury's memory, that every thing has been written against him, and nothing for him; upon which account, I am happy to hear, that his family have thoughts of endeavouring to vindicate his memory in public. Far from the intention to injure it, I flatter myself that the papers published in this Appendix will set his character, in several respects, in a new light in the world. They will show that he had no hand in the Duchess of Orleans's treaty, made at Dover for the interests of popery; that Charles first broke the ties of honour with him, by deceiving and betraying him into the second treaty with France, in the year 1671, while he concealed from him the first, which had been made in the year 1670; and that Shaftesbury took no money from France, at a time when most of his friends of the popular party were doing it."

It is painful and difficult to bring one's mind to conceive, that a man, totally profligate and unprincipled, could have been so much respected and beloved, as he was, by such a man as Mr. Locke, and could have been one of the most upright, able, irreproachable, popular Lord Chancellors, that ever adorned that high station, to which Dryden himself bears testimony in the strongest manner, in six fine lines, beginning line 186. It is to be lamented that Locke never finished the memoirs he began of Lord Shaftesbury's life. A very curious and long extract is given from Locke's papers, by Le Clerc, in the seventh volume of the Bibliothèque Choisie, from page 147 to page 169, well worthy the attentive perusal of the impartial reader. Locke dwells much on the acuteness of his wit, and his deep and close penetration into the human heart; of which among others, he gives a remarkable instance. Having dined at Lord Clarendon's with Lord Southampton, he said,

Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace: 155
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high 160
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest, 165
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son; 170
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke; 175
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times, 180
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own! 185
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.

on their return to the latter, "Miss Anne Hyde, whom we have just left, is certainly married to one of the royal brothers. A certain secret respect, a studied and suppressed attention and complaisance, paid to her by the mother, in her voice, looks, and gestures, and even in the manner in which she offered her every thing at the table, renders this suspicion of mine indisputable." Lord Southampton laughed at the time at the improbability of this conjecture, but was soon afterwards convinced of its truth. In these Memoirs is preserved a spirited letter to the Duke of York from Shaftesbury, when he was confined in the tower, in the year 1676. A saying of this sharp-sighted nobleman deserves to be remembered: "That wisdom lay in the heart, not in the head; and that it was not the want of knowledge, but the perverseness of the will, that filled men's actions with folly, and their lives with disorder." Dr. J. Warton.

Ibid. ——— *the false Achitophel——*
A name to all succeeding ages curst:]

was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, raised to the degree of a baron at the Restoration, and afterwards created Earl of Shaftesbury. His first remarkable appearance was in the royal interest, 1642, being then in his twenty-first year. He soon deserted it in disgust, and joined the Parliament, cutting a notable figure during the interregnum, there being nothing of any consequence transacted, but what he had a hand in, the King's death excepted, of which he kept clear. He conceived a dislike to Cromwell, on being refused one of his daughters; and though he had before struck in with all his measures, he now endeavoured to throw many difficulties in his way, but with so much caution, that he was not called to any account for so doing.

Being nourished by variety, and fond of change, and having, at the same time, always an eye to his own advantage, he assisted, privately, Sir George Booth's designs in the West in behalf of the King, which he denied with solemn imprecations, when charged therewith by the Rump Parliament. At the Restoration, in which he aided, he was one of the twelve members that were sent on that occasion to compliment the King at the Hague, when his wit and vivacity recommended him to much notice. It was at this time he received a hurt in his side, by being overturned in a chaise, which was attended with bad consequences; being some years after cut for it, an issue remained open. His enemies thence took occasion to ridicule him, by calling him Tapski. Independent of politics, we have no great room to think highly of his moral character; for King Charles, in one of his social hours, told him, "Shaftesbury, I believe you are one of the wickedest fellows in the kingdom." "Of a subject, sir," answered he smartly, "it may be." In 1672 he was removed from the exchequer, of which he was chancellor and under-treasurer, to be one of the five commissioners appointed to execute the office of lord high chancellor of England. He was also one of the privy-council, and a member of that famous *cabal* which engrossed the King's entire confidence. Derrick.

Ver. 154. *Restless, unfix'd in* principles *and place;*] First edition: Restless, unfix'd in *principle* and place.

Ver. 158. ——— *the tenement of clay.*] So Milton, de Nativ. st. 2:—

"And chose with us a darksome *house of mortal clay.*"
Todd.

Ver. 175. ——— *the triple bond he broke;*] In the year 1667, a triple alliance was entered into between England, Sweden, and Holland, which was dissolved by the second Dutch war, to which and a closer connection with France, Lord Shaftesbury contributed his advice, and thereby

——— *fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.*

The remaining lines allude to his having changed his opinion, when he found it unpopular, as we have observed above, down to

Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.

With all his failings it is on every hand allowed, that the business of the chancery was never transacted with more care and exactness than when Lord Shaftesbury presided in that court. His expedition was unparalleled; he made it his study to bring matters to a speedy issue; and his speeches from the bench were so strong and conclusive, so fraught with knowledge, and so happily expressed, that his meaning was plain to the most indifferent conception. The poet shows himself truly impartial, in thus rendering him his due; and, like a masterly painter, he has thereby thrown a strong light over a place that cannot be viewed to great advantage, nor placed in a clear situation.

He had in his younger days been of Lincoln's-Inn, where he studied the law with great attention; but his paternal inheritance was so considerable, that he thought the practice of it superfluous, except in this elevated station, the dignity of which he carefully and judiciously observed. He proceeded every day from Exeter-house in the Strand, where he then lived, with vast solemnity, to Westminster; for he said the credit of all great offices should be maintained with state and ceremony. He altered nothing of his common garb, while he was lord-chancellor, only added an ash-coloured gown, thrown over his clothes, richly laced with gold. How amiable does the character, drawn of him in the passage now before us, represent him! and who, without grief, can see it so unhappily contrasted in almost all the rest of his life? Derrick.

Ver. 179. Usurp'd a patriot's *all-atoning name.*] The first edition reads: *Assumed* a *patron's* all-atoning name. This last variation, evidently a typographical error, seems to have been discovered and corrected while the poem was going through the press. There is, in the library of Sion College, a copy of the first edition, which reads: *Assumed a patriot's* all-atoning name.

Ver. 180—191.] These twelve lines were added in the second edition.

Ver. 187. *The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge, &c.*] In a brief account, published in 1684, of many memorable passages of the life and death of the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose juridical character is described in this and the four following lines by Dryden, it is related, that the Earl being made lord chancellor of England, he executed the office "*with the greatest judgment and equity imaginable.*" Granger, in his discrimination of this nobleman's various conduct, bestows an eulogium on this part of his character with more than his usual strength of diction, and in the very sentiments of the poet:—"When *we consider him as sitting in the highest tribunal in the kingdom, explaining and correcting the laws, detecting frauds, and*

's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
ore discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
d, unsought, the wretched to redress; 190
dispatch, and easy of access.
d he been content to serve the crown,
tues only proper to the gown;
he rankness of the soil been freed
ckle, that oppress'd the noble seed; 195
r him his tuneful harp had strung,
ven had wanted one immortal song.
Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
tune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
hel, grown weary to possess 200
fame, and lazy happiness,
d the golden fruit to gather free,
t the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
anifest of crimes contrived long since,
d at bold defiance with his prince; 205
the buckler of the people's cause
the crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.
h'd occasion of the plot he takes;
rcumstances finds, but more he makes.
ing emissaries fills the ears 210
ning crowds with jealousies and fears
rary counsels brought to light,
ves the king himself a Jebusite.
rguments! which yet he knew full well,
rong with people easy to rebel. 215
vern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
he same track when she the prime renews;
ce in twenty years, their scribes record,
ural instinct they change their lord.
hel still wants a chief, and none 220
nd so fit as warlike Absalon.
t he wish'd his greatness to create,
iticians neither love nor hate:
he knew his title not allow'd,
keep him still depending on the crowd: 225

ll the powers of his eloquence on the side of justice; we e able lawyer, the commanding orator, and the upright nt when he enters into all the iniquitous measures *hel*, when he prostitutes his eloquence to enslave try, and becomes the factious leader, and the incendiary, we regard him with an equal mixture and regret."—Biog. Hist. vol. iii. p. 362, second bb.

8. *But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,*
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.]

Whether from Seneca? Thyestes.

"Stet, quicunque volet, potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico." JOHN WARTON.

6. *He stood at bold defiance*] The particular cir- e that drove Shaftesbury into a sudden opposi- e court, was, that the King, alarmed at the strong ances of the Commons against Popery, and a dis- power, and breaking with his own hands the seal the declaration of indulgence, and granting all ions desired, was guilty himself of a breach of to his new ministers, and exposed them to the e of the people. To escape which vengeance, the de the same sudden turn with their master; so this occasion Shaftesbury said, "The prince ok himself, deserved to be forsaken." Dr. J.

3. *For politicians*] The faults and merits of and politicians are, in all governments, especially t are free, perpetually exaggerated and carried to e. Deep-laid schemes that never entered their are ascribed to them; and they are frequently artful designs to introduce arbitrary power, when view and aim has been merely to keep themselves The line above insinuates, that as soon as they *inisters*, they cease to be *men*; an insinuation n faction, false zeal, and ignorance of human Dr. J. WARTON.

That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these.
Auspicious prince, at whose nativity 230
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the promised land:
Whose dawning day in every distant age 235
Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess, 240
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign! 245
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight!
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be 250
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will,) 255
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent:
But, if unseized, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize, 260
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dared when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain. 265

Ver. 227. *Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.*] To this alliteration we may not unaptly apply the observation of the acute Dr. Clarke, in an alliterative passage in Homer:—

Χύντο χαμαὶ χηλαδίς· Rem *turpem* consultâ verborum κακοφωνίᾳ depingit. Ita *Virgilius*, belli civilis horrorem;

"Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires."
Æn. vi. 833.

He uses this line again in *The Hind and Panther*, ver. 211. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 230. *Auspicious prince,*] All the most powerful topics that could be urged to kindle the latent sparks of ambition in a vain, young, spirited, unprincipled prince, are here brought together, placed in the most striking light, and so placed as each to strengthen the foregoing one with matchless dexterity and art; so that here appears what Dr. Johnson calls the predominant talent of our poet, Ratiocination. In line 299, Dryden, like a true abject flatterer of despotic power, thought he depreciated the doctrine of a *limited* monarchy, by putting a commendation of it in the mouth of Shaftesbury. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 234. —— *whose extended wand*
Divides *the seas, and shows the promised land:*]

First edition:—

—— whose extended wand
Shuts up the seas, and shews the promised land.

Ver. 261. *And spreads her locks before* her *as she flies.*]

First edition. Derrick incorrectly has—

And spreads her locks before *you* as she flies

Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
But shun the example of declining age:
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand 270
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand;
But, like the prince of angels, from his height
Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn: 275
(Our only blessing since his cursed return:)
Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends and round beset with foes? 280
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring;
Foment the war, but not support the king:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite 285
With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite;
Or if they should, their interest soon would break,
And with such odious aid make David weak.
All sorts of men by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts 290
From David's rule: and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause 295
Might such a general gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower
Fair only to the sight, but solid power:
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land, 300
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flattery soothes, and when ambition blinds?
Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed, 305
Yet sprung from high is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
The ambitious youth too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's mettle in his frame, 310
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise.
Half loth, and half consenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him struggled still,
He thus replied.—And what pretence have I 315
To take up arms for public liberty?

My father governs with unquestion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws; 320
And Heaven by wonders has espoused his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose! 325
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
Inclined to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway? 330
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease. 335
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews and raised the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands: 340
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and out-runs desire;
What more can I expect while David lives? 345
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—But there he paused; then sighing, said—
Is justly destined for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest, 350
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possess'd; 355
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy e'en the offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind. 360
Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh that fate, propitiously inclined,
Had raised my birth, or had debased my mind;
To my large soul not all her treasure lent, 365
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mold.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth; 370
And, made for empire, whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a god-like sin.
Him staggering so, when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies: 375
The eternal God, supremely good and wise,

Ver. 272. *Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand;*] This latter expression Pope has adopted:

"While the long funerals blacken all the way."

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 291. —— *and 'tis* their *general cry,*] First edition: and 'tis *the* general cry.

Ver. 314. *For* royal *blood*] First edition: *loyal.*

Ver. 315. —— *And what pretence have I*] The seeming reluctance of Monmouth, not yet totally depraved, to comply with the dangerous advice of his seducer, his professions of affection, loyalty, and respect for his father, to whom he fondly ascribes many virtues and excellencies, and gratitude for favours received from him, all these circumstances are ably and judiciously painted, and the break in his speech at line 347, where he comes to mention the Duke of York as successor to the crown, is particularly artful. As is the wish at line 363, that fate had given his mind another turn, and fortune made him either greater or meaner. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 367. *I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,*] He had his eye on Virgil's Nisus and Euryalus.

"—— aliquid jam dudum invadere magnum
Mens agitat mihi, nec placidâ contenta quiete est."

But the repetition *I find,* more strongly reminds us of

"Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor."

JOHN WARTON.

s not these prodigious gifts in vain:
vonders are reserved to bless your reign!
t your will your arguments have shown,
irtue's only given to guide a throne.
at your father's mildness I contemn;
nly force becomes the diadem.
ie he grants the people all they crave;
iore perhaps, than subjects ought to have:
rish grants suppose a monarch tame,
iore his goodness than his wit proclaim.
hen should people strive their bonds to break,
when kings are negligent or weak?
m give on till he can give no more,
rifty Sanhedrim shall keep him poor;
very shekel, which he can receive,
cost a limb of his prerogative.
him with new plots shall be my care;
nge him deep in some expensive war;
when his treasure can no more supply,
st, with the remains of kingship, buy
ithful friends, our jealousies and fears
ebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
when our fury from his aid has torn,
ll be naked left to public scorn.
xt successor, whom I fear and hate,
s have made obnoxious to the state;
l all his virtues to his overthrow,
ain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
ht, for sums of necessary gold,
irst be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
ne shall ever wanting David draw,
s your doubtful title into law;
the people have a right supreme
ke their kings; for kings are made for them.
pire is no more than power in trust,
, when resumed, can be no longer just.
sion, for the general good design'd,
own wrong a nation cannot bind:
ing that the people can relieve,
one suffer than a nation grieve.
ws well know their power: ere Saul they chose,
as their king, and God they durst depose.
ow your piety, your filial name,
er's right, and fear of future fame;
iblic good, that universal call,
ich e'en Heaven submitted, answers all.
t his love enchant your generous mind;
ture's trick to propagate her kind.
nd begetters, who would never die,
ut themselves in their posterity.
his kindness by the effects be tried,
him lay his vain pretence aside.
id, he loved your father; could he bring
er proof, than to anoint him king?
ly show'd he loved the shepherd well,
ave so fair a flock as Israel.

11. *All empire*] He thinks he sufficiently exposes
on of the origin and end of government, by putting
e mouth of a seeming profligate politician. Yet
nion was held by Hooker, by Locke, and Hoadly,
y other rational writers on government. And his
r was of a contrary opinion, saying,

Th' *enormous* faith of many made for one."

Dr. J. Warton.

16. *Better one suffer than a* nation *grieve.*] First
million.

Would David have you thought his darling son?
What means he then to alienate the crown!
The name of godly he may blush to bear:
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps the old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who least complains;
And like a lion, slumbering in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford:
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
And self-defence is nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time:
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whose sacred life each minute would expose
To plots, from seeming friends, and secret foes.
And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may control.
He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause:
They who possess the prince possess the laws.
He said, and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblamed for life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with pride.
How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher placed his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne
And bless'd all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love:

Ver. 436. Is't *after God's own heart to cheat his heir?*] The first edition has—

'*Tis* after God's own heart to cheat his heir. εἰρωνικῶς.

Ver. 447. *And like a lion,*] These lines are some of the most highly-finished and animated of any in the whole piece. But is not Shaftesbury, by introducing this fine simile in his speech to Monmouth, as much too great a poet, as Æneas is in the comparisons he has introduced in his narration to Dido in the second and third books of the Æneid? Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 461. Avail *yourself of what occasion gives,*] First edition: *Prevail* &c.

To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot. 490
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites:
Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
For several ends, to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such, 495
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduced by impious arts.
By these the springs of property were bent, 499
And wound so high, they crack'd the government.
The next for interest sought to embroil the state,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate;
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load, 505
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all the haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue. 510
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king;
The Solymean rout; well versed of old,
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword, 515
But lofty to a lawful prince restored;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before
From the ark, which in the Judges' days they bore, 520
Resumed their cant, and with a zealous cry,
Pursued their old beloved Theocracy:
Where Sanhedrim and priest enslaved the nation,
And justified their spoils by inspiration:
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race, 525
If once dominion they could found in grace!
These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed: 530
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Adored their fathers' God and property; 536
And by the same blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be saved, even in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right. 540
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;

Ver. 525. *For who so fit* to *reign as Aaron's race,*] In the first edition:

For who so fit *for* reign as Aaron's race.

Ver. 544. *In the first rank*] It will be difficult to find in Horace, Boileau, or Pope, any portrait drawn with such truth and spirit as this of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Pope entered the lists with his master, but has not come up to the vigour, the variety of follies enumerated, the nice discriminations of foibles and weaknesses, the tone of pleasantry and contempt, the contrarieties and inconsistencies, enumerated by Dryden. These lines were added as a payment in full, for the bitter, but deserved satire of the Rehearsal, acted about nine years before

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;

Whether Bayes or Zimri be placed in the more ridiculous light, I will not determine. But undoubtedly, the very ministerial and formal seriousness, the flatness and bombast language, the unnatural plots, the absurd situations, and total want of decorum in our author's plays, are exposed in the Rehearsal with much good humour, sense and sound criticism. And I cannot but be surprised that Dr. Johnson should speak of this piece in so contemptuous a manner, calling it a mere farce, and wondering it should be thought the production of several wits united in the scheme. But Dryden was so much his favourite, that he has endeavoured to palliate many of his faults, and almost to defend his rhyme-jingling, saying, "that we know not the effect it might have on the spectators of an audience; but it has this convenience, that sentences stand more independent on each other, and striking passages are therefore easily selected and remembered. Thus the descriptions of night in the Indian Emperor, and the Rise and Fall of Empire in the Conquest of Granada, are more frequently repeated than any lines in All for Love, or Don Sebastian." Was ever tragedy whose merit depends on striking detached passages, on salient sentiments, and florid descriptions! Dr. J. Warton.

Ibid. ——— *Zimri.*

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:]

Was drawn for George Villiers, who succeeded to the title of Duke of Buckingham, on the death of his father, who was murdered by Felton. "He had some wit, great vivacity, was the minister of riot, the slave of intemperance, a pretended atheist, without honour, principle, economy, or discretion." He had a fine person, and the women deemed him handsome; he was capricious and sarcastic; sung well; told a story very facetiously; mimicked the failings of others admirably; and possessed strong powers for ridicule; versified with ease; but knew all his accomplishments, and foiled them by his intolerable vanity. He had shared in the King's exile, and coming into possession of more than 20,000*l.* per annum, at the Restoration, was a great favourite. In 1666 it was discovered that he had endeavoured to stir up such of the people that were ill-disposed to the government, because he had been refused the trust of President of the North. In the following year he made his peace at court, and became a member of the Cabal, which was made up of five ministers, in whom alone the King for some time confided, and who led him into measures that were productive of all the uneasiness he afterwards sustained. In 1675 he became a favourer of the Nonconformists; and in the affairs of the Popish plot, and bill of exclusion, stuck close to Shaftesbury, and, with all his strength and influence, opposed the court. Having at length squandered away almost all his immense fortune, with the acquisition of an infamous character, he departed this life in 1687, lamented by nobody, according to Wood, at his house in Yorkshire; but Pope says he died in the utmost misery, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, having run through a fortune of 50,000*l.* a year, and been possessed of some of the highest posts in the kingdom.

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung;
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red;
Great Villiers lies, alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim,
Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury, and love:
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimick'd statesmen, and a merry king.
No wit to flatter left, of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of useless thousands ends."

His grace was the author of several pieces of entertainment, but particularly the Rehearsal; the Bayes of which he intended for Dryden, who has fully avenged himself in the character of Zimri, with this advantage, that the picture is an exact resemblance. Derrick.

the course of one revolving moon, 549
ymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
l for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
adman, who could every hour employ,
mething new to wish, or to enjoy!
and praising were his usual themes; 555
th, to show his judgment, in extremes:
violent, or over civil,
ery man with him was God or Devil.
ndering wealth was his peculiar art:
went unrewarded but desert. 560
l by fools, whom still he found too late;
his jest, and they had his estate.
h'd himself from court; then sought relief
ing parties, but could ne'er be chief:
te of him, the weight of business fell 565
alom, and wise Achitophel:
icked but in will, of means bereft,
no faction, but of that was left.
s and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
, below the dignity of verse. 570
arriors, commonwealth's-men, were the
est:
usbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.
erefore, in the name of dulness, be
ll-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free:
nting Nadab let oblivion damn, 575
ade new porridge for the paschal lamb.

Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place, 579
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-faced Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who Heaven's anointed dared to curse;
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring 585
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king;

0. *Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:*]
mobates, augur, medicus, magus, omnia novit."
JOHN WARTON.

69. *Titles and names*] Fourscore years ago it
ave been interesting and entertaining to have
he particular histories of the persons here enume-
Who inquires anything relating to *Balaam*, who
Earl of Huntingdon; to *Nadab*, Lord Howard of
; to bull-faced *Jonas*, meaning Sir William Jones,
awyer of his time, and mentioned by Burnet as
refused the great seal; to *Shimei*, who was Slingsby
Esq., famous for his avarice, of whom our poet
rsely,
was his kitchen, though his brains were hot."
y person of whom we wish to know more was *Caleb*,
Ford, Lord Grey, whose memoirs are very curious.
VARTON.

574. —— *cold Caleb*] Lord Grey, who was child-
18. Note by Mr. Luttrell. MALONE.

575. *And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,*
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.]
is Lord Howard of Escrick, who took the sacra-
lambswool.—MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell. MALONE.
Lord Grey of Werk, was strongly attached to the
Monmouth, a zealous promoter of Lord Shaftes-
measures, and a constant opponent of the court.
a smooth talker, possessed of a large estate, both
accomplishments gave him influence among the
Being concerned in the Ryehouse-plot, he was
, and examined before the Privy-council, who
him to the Tower; but when the messenger, who
care of him, brought him thither, the gates were
being late, and they could not get in; so that
ent the whole night together, and drank pretty
In the morning they came to the Tower again
ly, the doors not being as yet opened; and his
who was very drunk, falling asleep, he turned
wards the wharf, and, taking oars, got off to
. Here he joined his old friend Monmouth, whom
ibuted to spirit up to the rebellion in the ensuing
hat brought that unhappy nobleman to the block.
uke is said to have relied much upon him to very
rpose; for he was charged with having made a
cowardly figure at Sedgemore, where he headed
e's cavalry, which was, by his dastardly behaviour,
into confusion, and the King's forces obtained a
victory. Lord Grey was taken at Holtbridge in
a shepherd's habit; and the duke himself was soon after seized in a ditch, disguised like a peasant, with a few peas in his pocket; neither of them behaved with composure or equanimity, and both were brought prisoners together to London. Monmouth's fate has been already taken notice of, but Lord Grey's life was saved by a proper application of several sums of money; Lord Rochester having touched 16,000*l.* He was, besides, mean enough to confess every thing that he knew relative to Monmouth, or his designs, and even appeared as an evidence against several persons: however, he had before stipulated for their lives.

Lord Howard was bred up in republican principles; he was a professed enemy to monarchical government, stuck fast to all Shaftesbury's seditious undertakings, and was very active in promoting riots, and opposing the Tory interest in the City. He had been committed to the Tower for endeavouring to persuade Fitz-Harris, who was tried for being concerned in a seditious libel, to accuse the King, Queen, and Duke, of some designs against the people's liberty; and was actually engaged so far in the Ryehouse-plot as to have listened to a scheme proposed for murdering the King. Lord Russel and some other men of honour, linked in this conspiracy, knew of nothing but a design of securing his royal person, till such time as they should have obtained from him a certainty of the support and firm establishment of the Protestant religion, which these patriots, not without reason, supposed to be in some danger.

A warrant being issued out against him on this account, he was found hid in a chimney in his own house, and when dragged down, behaved in the most contemptible manner, bewailing his misfortune with tears, promising to reveal every thing he knew; and he kept his word, being used as a witness against the good Lord Russel, and many other people in great estimation: nor did the succeeding reign excuse his being still called upon to do their dirty work, a drudgery of which he complained in heavy terms. DERRICK.

Ver. 576. *Who made new porridge*] I have avoided in these remarks the irksome, and, perhaps, useless task, of pointing out, from time to time, the many vulgar, familiar, flat, coarse, and prosaic expressions, into which our author so frequently and unexpectedly falls, in the midst of passages remarkably beautiful:

"—— medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 581. —— *Jonas, who could statutes draw*] Sir William Jones. He drew the Habeas Corpus Act.—MS. Luttrell. MALONE.

Ver. 585. *Shimei, whose* youth did early *promise bring*
In the first edition:

Shimei, whose *early youth did* promise bring

Ibid. *Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring*
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king;]

Shimei, Slingsby Bethel, Esq., by poll chosen one of the sheriffs for the city of London, on Midsummer-day, 1680, was a zealous fanatic, and had been formerly one of the Committee of Safety; however, to render himself fit for his office, he received the sacrament, and renounced the covenant, but not his factious principles. Burnet calls him a man of knowledge, and says he wrote a learned book about the interest of princes; but that his miserable way of living, and miserly disposition, was very prejudicial to his party, and rendered him disagreeable to every body.

When the King, as usual in such cases, had changed Lord Stafford's sentence from hanging to beheading, he officiously and impudently petitioned the House of Commons, to know whether such a right was vested in the King? And he and his colleague, Henry Cornish, tampered with Fitz-Harris, while in Newgate, about introducing the names of the King, the Queen, or the Duke

Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the sabbath, but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government. 590
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray:
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a vare of justice did uphold; 595
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet loved his wicked neighbour as himself. 600
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them:
And if they cursed the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company. 605
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish those 610
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power,
(Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,)
His business was, by writing to persuade,
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade: 615
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd:
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot; 620
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.

Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire. 625
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount.
To speak the rest who better are forgot, 630
Would tire a well-breathed witness of the plot.
Yet Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade. 635
What, though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapours, ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
This arch-attestor for the public good 640
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever ask'd the witness's high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen. 645
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud:
His long chin proved his wit; his saint-like grace
A church-vermilion, and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great, 650
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke: 655
Some things like visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where;
And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university.
His judgment yet his memory did excel; 660
Which pieced his wonderous evidence so well,
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.

as concerned in the Popish plot; and promising him, in case he could only trump up a formal story to that purpose, not only his life, but restitution of his estate, which had been forfeited in the Irish rebellion, for Fitz-Harris was an Irish Roman Catholic

Cornish was a plain-spoken honest republican, who temporised for the good of his party; he was unjustly accused, in 1685, of high treason, and hurried out of the world without being allowed time sufficient to prepare for his defence, for he was tried, condemned, and executed, in a week; but King James was shortly after so well convinced of his innocence, that he restored his estate to his family, and condemned the two witnesses that had appeared against him, Colonel Rumsey and Goodenough the attorney, to perpetual imprisonment. DERRICK.

Ver. 594. *Against his master, chose him magistrate.*] Sheriff. —MS. Luttrell. MALONE.

Ver. 595. *His hand a* vare *of justice did uphold;*] Doubts have been entertained concerning the word *vare* in this line, which some persons have supposed an error of the press; and Derrick substituted *vase* for it. But the text is perfectly correct, and *vare* is the true reading; the meaning of which uncommon word is ascertained by the following passage in Howell's Letters, p. 161, edit. 1728, which has been communicated by James Boswell, of the Inner Temple, Esq.

"He [the Spaniard] is wonderfully obedient to government; for the proudest Don of Spain, when he is prancing upon his ginet in the street, if an alguazil (a serjeant) show him his *vare*, that is, a little white staffe he carrieth as a badge of his office, my Don will presently off his horse, and yield himself his prisoner."

Vara in Spanish signifies a wand. In a note on one of Dryden's Prose Pieces, Mr. Malone has observed, that he was a great reader of Spanish authors.

Ver. 614. *His business was, by writing to persuade, &c.*] See his "Interest of the several Protestant Powers."—MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell. MALONE.

Ver 618. *Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board, &c.*] He kept a very poor and scandalous shrievalty.—MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell. MALONE.

Ver. 632. *Yet Corah,*] This was Titus Oates, the informer of the execrable Popish plot, which was so loaded with absurdities and inconsistencies, that to have believed it, is a lasting disgrace to the people of this country. He was himself the most infamous of men; and among other crimes, had been indicted for perjury; and been expelled from a chaplainship in the fleet on complaint of some unnatural practices. So ample an account has been given of the intended murders, massacres, and cruelties, by Burnet, Echard, North, and Hume, that they need not, and cannot, be detailed in this place, and are, indeed, sufficiently known. Oates for his discovery was by the parliament recommended to the King, was lodged in Whitehall, and protected by guards, and had a pension of 1200*l.* a year. But in the succeeding reign, 1685, this abandoned villain was convicted of the most atrocious perjury, on the fullest and clearest evidence, was fined a thousand marks on each of two indictments, and sentenced to be whipped on two different days from Aldgate to Newgate, to be imprisoned for life, and to be pilloried five times every year. All this he survived, and in the succeeding reign obtained a pension of 200*l.* a year. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 637. *From* earthly *vapours*] *Earthy*, first edition.

Ver. 639. *By weaver's issue, &c.*] Titus Oates was the son of a weaver.—MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell. MALONE.

Ver. 656. *Some things like visionary* flights *appear;*] First edition. Derrick has *flight*.

Ver. 659. *Unknown to foreign university.*] He pretended to have taken a degree at Salamanca.—MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell. MALONE

d's foes suspect his heavenly call,
dy judge his writ apocryphal; 665
for such affronts have forfeits made:
his life who takes away his trade.
nyself in witness Corah's place,
ch who did me such a dire disgrace,
het my memory, though once forgot, 670
him an appendix of my plot.
to Heaven made him his prince despise,
l his person with indignities.
peculiar privilege affords,
g latitude to deeds and words: 675
ah might for Agag's murder call,
as coarse as Samuel used to Saul.
hers in his evidence did join,
that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall: 680
For witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court:
Impatient of high hopes, urged with renown,
And fired with near possession of a crown. 685
The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names. 690
Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then, with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke, 695
Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate;
Though far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a banish'd man for your dear cause 700
Exposed a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade, 705
And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.

. *And Corah might for Agag's murder call,*] Edmondbury Godfrey, a justice of peace, before tes had made his first deposition, and who was, , found murdered in a ditch near Primrose-hill, ad to Hampstead, his sword being run quite is body, without any effusion of blood. This was it was supposed, with a view to make people had murdered himself; whereas, in fact, his occasioned by strangling, a broad livid mark in round his neck, which was broken, and his lised in several places, as if he had been kneeled d upon. His gloves and cane lay near him, his clean, and his money untouched. It is very that his murderers were never discovered, ellos, an infamous wretched incendiary, swore against two or three innocent people, who suf- th. The Earl of Shaftesbury took prodigious ree some unhappy persons to swear it upon the fering them 500*l.* reward, in case they acquiesced; ing them in the severest manner, if they refused. ened one Mrs. Mary Gibbons, a relation of Sir that she should be worried to death, as dogs s, unless she confessed that Sir John Banks, s, and Mr. De Puy, knew something of the y his rude behaviour the woman was thrown and her life endangered: he laboured hard to two men who first found the corpse, to lay the pon some great Roman Catholic; but though both in mean circumstances, he could not pervert esty. Nor had he more success with Francis honest common hackney-coachman, whom some issaries accused of having carried the corpse in to the place in which it was found. This poor confined in Newgate near two months, loaded , inclosed in a dungeon, the noisomeness of contagious, and actually kept from Thursday without victuals, in such misery, that he begged knife to end a wretched life, which he said he er forfeit than stain his soul with perjury. He ngth dismissed, after having given proofs of that would have done honour to the most refined ling.

onsistencies and contradictions of the witnesses, ded to know the circumstances of Sir Godfrey's iciently acquit the different persons who suffered testimony. Perhaps he was despatched in reality alous Papist, who feared that Oates's information prejudicial to the Catholic interest, and that the ght be hereafter summoned as a secondary or may be, it was perpetrated by the contrivers tors of the Popish plot, to throw the greater the court, and the party they meant to ruin: if ceeded to admiration.

mondbury Godfrey was a man of a very good of a reserved melancholy turn of mind, an all persecution, and rather a protector than of Nonconformists. He had, with reluctance, ates's information. As to the report that pre- his having been murdered by the Papists, eir violent enemy, it was without any manner of , for he was upon good terms with the party in It has been affirmed, that he hanged himself in ouse, and that his two brothers, who were his , had the body conveyed abroad, and the sword gh it, that so it might be thought he was d, and the crown thereby prevented from seizing ts."—Burnet, Echard, Smollett. DERRICK.

Ver. 683. *Deluded Absalom*] I intended to have pointed out, as we passed along, the art and dexterity of the poet in adapting the Scripture-story to his design; but the parallel is so broken and disjointed, and so imperfectly pursued, that I was forced to drop that design.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 686. *The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,*
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.]

Here the poet describes the tour taken by the Duke of Monmouth after his return from Holland, without the King's leave, and with the advice of Shaftesbury, to whose counsels he had fatally resigned himself. This progress, he justly observes, though couched under the notion of its being made for hunting, and the diversions of the country, was, in reality, to try how the people stood affected; whether the suspicions against the Queen and the Duke of York were sufficiently inculcated, to give Monmouth an opportunity of mounting the throne, in case of the King's death; and his ambition he disguised under the specious pretences of his being the King's lawful son, whose right was suppressed to make way for an uncle's usurpation; of his being the avowed champion of the Protestant religion, and the only one of the royal family who had the courage openly to declare himself an enemy to Popery and slavery.

With regard to the make and outward graces of Monmouth's person, says Grammont, nature never formed a man more complete. Every feature of his face had a peculiar delicacy, and altogether exhibited a countenance, beautiful without effeminacy, manly, yet not robust. His body was finely formed: he was extremely agile, fenced admirably, and was one of the best horsemen of his time; but he had a soul very unequal to such a tenement. He had no sentiments of his own; his voice was pleasing; his manner of expressing himself captivating; but these accomplishments were used only to deliver the thoughts and words of other people. He was rash in his undertakings; irresolute and uncertain in the execution; abject and cowering in distress; he begged his life of James II. with tears in his eyes. That monarch treated his sorrow slightly; the queen insulted it. When he found he had no hopes of life, he assumed an air of philosophic calmness, and met death with indifference. He was brave in the field, felt for the distresses of humanity, was kind to his inferiors, and naturally very generous. With these virtues he might have proved a friend to his country, and a pillar of the throne, had fortune thrown him into the hands of honest men; for his ruin was owing to his connections, not to himself. DERRICK.

Ver. 688. *His joy conceal'd,*] First edition: *Dissembling joy.*

My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame;
And, bribed with petty sums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old; 710
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys:
And all his power against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away:
But why should he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed, 715
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, (with that he wiped his eyes,)
'Tis all the aid my present power supplies:
No court-informer can these arms accuse;
These arms may sons against their fathers use:
And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign 721
May make no other Israelite complain.
Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail;
But common interest always will prevail:
And pity never ceases to be shown 725
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train:
From east to west his glories he displays, 731
And, like the sun, the promised land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning-star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
Each house receives him as a guardian god, 735
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent 741
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went
The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes;
And try their strength, before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence 745
Of specious love and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always please,
Are often urged; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife. 750
Thus in a pageant show a plot is made;
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh, foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease, 755
In midst of health imagine a disease;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword 761
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord:
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just, 765
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming covenant was declared
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity, 770
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command, 775
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is mischievously seated in the crowd:
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolved by might? 780
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few,
And faultless kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout, 785
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Nor only crowds but Sanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagined crimes. 790
If they may give and take whene'er they please
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itself at length must fall
To nature's state, where all have right to all.
Yet grant our lords the people kings can make, 795
What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more.
All other errors but disturb a state;
But innovation is the blow of fate. 800
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark:
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew, 805
Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue;
At once divine and human laws control,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse. 810
Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were, e'en in the worst of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praise. 815
In this short file Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.

Ver. 723. *Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail;*]

"Tutatur favor Euryalum, lachrymæque decorus,
Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 738. ——— *wealthy western friend.*] Issachar was Thomas Thynne, Esq., ancestor of the Marquis of Bath, one of the most opulent commoners in the kingdom, and therefore usually called Tom of Ten Thousand. He had once been a favourite of the Duke of York, but he afterwards magnificently entertained the Duke of Monmouth and all his attendants, when he made a progress into the west, at his noble house at Longleat.
Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 742. *To sound the* depths,] First edition: To sound the *depth*.

Ver. 777. Add, that the power *for property allow'd*] In the first edition:

That power which is for property allow'd.

Ver. 802. *To patch* their *flaws*,] First edition: the flaws.

Ver. 804. *For all beyond it is to touch* the *ark*.] The first edition reads less elegantly, *our* ark.

Ver. 817. *In this short file*] For honour, integrity, consistency, greatness of mind, benevolence, and justice, the Duke of Ormond, Barzillai, seems to be the very first and most eminent character that ever adorned the English nobility. Dr. J. WARTON.

e, the rising rebels he withstood
s waste beyond the Jordan's flood: 820
ately brave to buoy the state;
ng underneath his master's fate:
rith his godlike prince he mourn'd;
he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
t he practised, not the courtier's art: 825
s his wealth, but larger was his heart;
ell the noblest objects knew to choose,
ing warrior, and recording muse.
ould once a fruitful issue boast;
e than half a father's name is lost. 830
t hope, with every grace adorn'd,
Heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
ys honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's prime
al fates, and providence's crime;
efore the goal of honour won, 835
fulfill'd of subject and of son:
the race, but short the time to run.
w circle, but of power divine,
n space, but perfect in thy line!
y land, thy matchless worth was known,
delight, and war was all thy own: 841
infused the fainting Tyrians propp'd:
hty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.
nt honour! Oh, unconquer'd hand,
es unpunish'd never could withstand!
l was unworthy of his name; 846
he date of all immoderate fame.
s Heaven our ruin had design'd,
t not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
from earth, thy disencumber'd soul 850
p, and leaves behind the clouds and
rry pole:

——— *the rising rebels he withstood*
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:]
e of Ormond adhered zealously to the interest
ereign Charles I. in Ireland, where, being
noble, ancient, and wealthy family, his power
ce were, as long as possible, exerted against
f Cromwell. But being at length obliged to
necessity of the times, he quitted that kingdom,
anied King Charles II. in his exile. After the
, he was at one and the same time lord lieu-
reland, steward of the household, groom of the
rivy-councillor for the three kingdoms. Per-
n was ever better beloved, and no man deserved
e was liberal, brave, loyal, and sincere; a friend
titution, and a protector of the Protestants. On
t he was no favourite in the succeeding reign,
retirement, without post or employment, July,
seventy-nine. DERRICK.

His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,]
arl of Ossory, Baron Butler of More Park by
son of the aforesaid duke, and one of the most
blemen of his time. He behaved with great
the first Dutch war, under Sir Edward Spragg;
second was rear-admiral of the blue. He was a
warrior, a prudent counsellor, a dutiful son, a
, a liberal patron, and a generous man. He died
lamented in 1680. DERRICK.

Thy force infused the fainting Tyrians propp'd:
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.]
ory having married a Dutch lady, lived some
lland, and was of signal service in preventing
s of the French arms, by his knowledge and
ERICK.

Oh, ancient honour! Oh, unconquer'd hand,]
pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque bello
tera!" JOHN WARTON.

But Israel was unworthy of his name;
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.]
edition we find:
t Israel was unworthy of *thy birth*,
ort is the date of all immoderate *worth*

From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here stop, my muse, here cease thy painful flight:
No pinions can pursue immortal height: 855
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see
If thou canst find on earth another he: 861
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanced to David's grace. 865
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophets' sons, by such example led, 870
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws;
Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend; 876
Sharp-judging Adriel, the muses' friend.

Ver. 858. ——— *and left this verse*
To hang on her departed patron's hearse?]
This alludes to the custom of affixing poems to the pall or hearse. See Milton's Lat. Eleg. ii. 22, and his *epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester*, ver. 58, &c. TODD.

Ver. 864. ——— *the priest,*] Sancroft (Zadoc) was advanced from the deanery of St. Paul's to the see of Canterbury. He had considerable learning, but was a man of solemn and sullen gravity and deportment. He seldom mixed in company, but led a strict and ascetic life. He lived unmarried, and rather encouraged celibacy in his clergy. He was so cold, reserved, and peevish, that few loved him. He died in a state of separation from the church, but had not the courage to own it. His death, says Burnet, ought to have put an end to the schism that some were endeavouring to raise, on the pretence that a parliamentary deprivation was never to be allowed, and therefore they looked on Sancroft as the archbishop still, and reckoned Tillotson an usurper. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 866. ——— *the Sagan of Jerusalem,*] This was Compton, brother to the Earl of Northampton. Having carried arms for some years, he was past thirty when he took orders. He applied himself more to his function than bishops, says Burnet, had commonly done. His preaching was without much life or learning. He was a great patron of the converts from Popery, and of those Protestants, whom the bad usage they were beginning to meet with in France drove over to us. The Duke of York hated him. This was the bishop that carried the Princess Anne to Nottingham, in order to join the party of the Prince of Orange. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 868. *Him of the western*] This was Dolben, who was bishop of Rochester, and succeeded Sterne in the archbishopric of York; a man, says Burnet, of more spirit than discretion, an excellent preacher, but of a free conversation, which laid him open to much censure in a vicious court. During the rebellion he bore arms, and was made a major by Charles I. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 875. *Who best* can *plead, and best can judge a cause.* First edition:

Who best *could* plead, and best can judge a cause.

Ver. 877. *Sharp-judging Adriel,*] Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Adriel, was a man of fine person, elegant manners, and insinuating address. When they were both young, he paid his address to Queen Anne, and to prevent a connection Charles II. is said to have contrived a cruel and unjustifiable scheme of sending him to Tangiers in a ship so crazy as to have drowned him. He was always firm in

Himself a muse: in Sanhedrim's debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state:
Whom David's love with honours did adorn, 880
That from his disobedient son were torn.
Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought:
Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
To move assemblies, who but only tried
The worse awhile, then chose the better side: 885
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai, the friend of David in distress;
In public storms, of manly stedfastness:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth, 890
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care supplied the wanting throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low: 895
For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
When kings are forced to sell, or crowds to buy.

his attachment to James II., for which, with great liberality, King William once commended him, and after some years took him into favour, and gave him a pension of 3000*l.* a-year. He was a man of wit and parts, not a genius. His poems are feeble and flimsy, notwithstanding Dryden has so profusely praised his Essay on Poetry. But the prose is terse, perspicuous, and elegant, and his memoirs so curious, that we must regret they were left unfinished. He imitated the Cæsars of the Emperor Julian, a capital piece of satire, equal to any part of Lucian, in a piece called the Assembly of the Gods, where many contemporary princes are introduced. I cannot forbear mentioning a sly sarcasm on King William, to whom Jupiter himself is said to have shown great esteem; but was suspected a little of some partiality, on account of his own proceeding with old father Saturn. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 882. *Jotham of* piercing *wit,*] First edition: Jotham of *ready* wit.

Ibid. —— *of piercing wit,*] The Marquis of Halifax, Jotham, was, in Hume's opinion, the man who possessed the finest genius and most extensive capacity of all employed in public affairs by Charles II. Hume is of opinion, that the many variations he was guilty of in his political conduct, for he voted first for the exclusion bill, then for limitations, then for expedients, and was then on good terms with the Duke, might be the effects of his integrity, rather than of his ambition. Lord Orford in his Noble Authors, p. 86, vol. ii. is of a very different opinion. He wrote many pamphlets on topics then agitated, now forgotten. His Advice to a Daughter is still read. Notwithstanding the great change of manners, it would be amusing to compare it with Mrs. Hannah More's Strictures. His moral, political, and miscellaneous thoughts are full of penetration and a deep knowledge of men and manners. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 888. *Hushai, the friend of David in distress;*] Laurence Hyde, second son to Edward the great Earl of Clarendon, was advanced to the earldom of Rochester, and made treasurer in 1682, but removed from the treasury in 1684, to the office of president of the council, a post of more rank but less advantage, which gave the lively Marquis of Halifax occasion to say, that "he had heard of many people being kicked down stairs, but the Earl of Rochester was the first he had ever known kicked up." He was incorrupt, sincere, warm, and violent; writ well, but not a graceful speaker, though smooth and plausible. He defended his father in the House of Commons with strength of argument, and power of elocution, that showed him master of great abilities; and yet with so much decency and discretion, as not to embroil himself with his opponents. Through the whole of King Charles's reign, he deported himself with so much real fidelity to his master, and such prudence, that he was not particularly pointed at, or ridiculed by any party. Derrick.

Ver. 890. *By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,*] In 1676 he went on an embassy to Poland, was one of the plenipotentiaries at the treaty of Nimeguen, and afterwards ambassador in Holland, where he acquitted himself with honour He was strongly against the bill of exclusion. Derrick.

Indulge one labour more, my weary muse,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet 900
In his own worth, and without title great:
The Sanhedrim long time as chief he ruled,
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
So dexterous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense, 905
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
They, like the unequal ruler of the day, 910
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way:
While he withdrawn at their mad labours smiles,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dared to stand, 915
And tempt the united fury of the land;
With grief they view'd such powerful engines bent,
To batter down the lawful government.
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrims to plume the regal rights; 920
The true successor from the court removed;
The plot, by hireling witnesses improved;
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They show'd the king the danger of the wound;
That no concessions from the throne would please, 925
But lenitives fomented the disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state: 930
The council violent, the rabble worse:
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress'd,
And long revolving in his careful breast
The event of things, at last his patience tired, 935
Thus, from his royal throne, by Heaven inspired,
The god-like David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd: 940

Ver. 899. —— *who can Amiel's praise*] Sir Edward Seymour, Amiel, was a man of high birth, being the elder branch of that family, of great boldness, vivacity of parts, and a graceful manner, though of insufferable pride. Burnet says, he was the first Speaker of the House of Commons that was not bred to the law. He knew the house and every man in it so well, that by looking about he could tell the fate of any question. Charles II. loved him personally, though he frequently voted against his measures. But once having voted for the court, the king said to him, "You were not against me to-day." He immediately answered, "No, sir, I was against my conscience to-day." Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 914. *These were the chief,*] If this be considered, says Dr. Johnson, as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellencies of which the subject is susceptible; acrimony of censure, elegance of praise, artful delineations of characters, variety and vigour of sentiment, happy turns of language, and pleasing harmony of numbers; and all these raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition. On this exaggerated panegyric I will only beg leave to observe, that if this poem is of a nature purely and merely political and controversial, it does not partake of the essence of real poetry. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 937. *The god-like David*] This speech of the King is by no means equal to those of Shaftesbury and Monmouth. Dr. J. Warton.

g to forgive the offending age;
the father did the king assuage.
so far my clemency they slight,
nders question my forgiving right:
was made for many, they contend; 945
to rule; for that 's a monarch's end.
ll my tenderness of blood, my fear:
manly tempers can the longest bear.
e they will divert my native course,
to show I am not good by force. 950
eap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,
dens for a camel, not a king.
re the public pillars of the state,
sustain and prop the nation's weight:
oung Samson will pretend a call 955
e the column, let him share the fall:
that yet he would repent and live!
sy 'tis for parents to forgive!
ow few tears a pardon might be won
ature, pleading for a darling son! 960
itied youth, by my paternal care,
up to all the height his frame could bear!
d ordain'd his fate for empire born,
ld have given his soul another turn:
vith a patriot's name, whose modern sense
hat would by law supplant his prince; 965
ople's brave, the politician's tool;
was patriot yet, but was a fool.
e comes it, that religion and the laws
more be Absalom's than David's cause? 970
instructor, ere he lost his place,
ver thought indued with so much grace.
eavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
el ever proves my people's saint.
they impose an heir upon the throne! 975
hedrims be taught to give their own.
's at least a part of government;
ne as requisite as their consent:
t my leave a future king to choose,
right the present to depose. 980
ey petition me to approve their choice:
u's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
s subjects for my safety pray;
to secure, they take my power away.
lots and treasons Heaven preserve my
ears, 985
e me most from my petitioners!
te as the barren womb or grave;
not grant so much as they can crave.
en is left, but with a jealous eye
d the small remains of royalty! 990
shall still direct my peaceful sway,
same law teach rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more establish'd power control,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove; 995
For Gods and god-like kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my power to saving were confined!
Why am I forced, like Heaven, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind! 1000
Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
Oh, cursed effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man. 1005
Law they require, let Law then show her face;
They could not be content to look on Grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed, 1010
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
Till viper-like their mother plot they tear;
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before. 1015
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight;
Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt the event: for factious crowds engage,
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
Then let 'em take an unresisted course: 1020
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But, when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is still superior found;
When long driven back at length it stands the ground. 1025
He said: The Almighty nodding gave consent;
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.

7—900. These four verses were added in the lition.

6. *Is one that would by law* supplant *his prince;*] edition has,

one that would by law *destroy* his prince.

1. *The law shall still direct*] We cannot read rds, put into the mouth of Charles II., without of just indignation, when we reflect on some ransactions of his reign, particularly the appoint- hat ministry called the Cabal.
ver in England, Scotland, and Ireland was com- six men. Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, ooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, Lauder- Roberts, the three last of whom had drawn their ainst the King's father. Clifford had raised him- is great influence in the House of Commons; ooper had still greater in the House of Lords: Arlington, notwithstanding his secret inclinations to Popery, had maintained connections with the dissenters; Buckingham, favouring all sects, because he was of no religion himself, was a favourite of the dissenters; Lauderdale had great interest with the presbyterians of Scotland; and Shaftesbury and Buckingham were supported by the people, because they pretended a reverence for their rights. This ministry was the most extraordinary that ever was composed: for the King had an unconquerable distrust of Shaftesbury; though diverted with the humours of Buckingham, he was shocked with an advice which that duke had given him to procure a parliamentary divorce from the Queen, and had once committed him to the Tower, for personal offences against himself: Arlington and Buckingham were mortal foes; and Buckingham, Shaftesbury, and Lauderdale were averse from the influence of the Duke of York with his brother, because they thought it interfered with their own; or, at least, the Duke believed that they were so: but at the interview at Dover, the Duchess of Orleans reconciled Arlington and Buckingham, and the King to Buckingham, and knit the famous Cabal firmly together in the interests of the new alliance. See Echard and Dalrymple.

The melancholy fate of the Duchess of Orleans, after her return from Dover, supposed to have been by poison, ordered to be given her by her husband, who was jealous of her intimacy with her own brother, Charles II., is too well known, but we hope too atrocious to obtain credit. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1010. *By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,*
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.

"——— neque enim lex æquior ulla est,
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ."

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1012. *Against themselves their witnesses will swear,*] Alluding to the inconsistencies and contradictions of Dr. Oates, Captain Bedloe, and other witnesses, made use of to support the credit of the Popish plot. DERRICK.

Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran:

Once more the god-like David was restored, 1030
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

Ver. 1028. —— *a series of new time*] It is an undoubted fact, though it may appear a strange assertion, that this poem, once so famous, is in the present age but little read. I have met with many well-informed literary persons, who have frankly owned they never went through it, and knew little of it but from the report of its former celebrity. So short-lived and transitory is personal and occasional satire. The Dunciad of Pope begins to be neglected. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 1031. *And willing nations*] Great is the reader's disappointment at meeting with this feeble conclusion, having been led to expect that some important event would be brought forward after such mighty preparations. But the radical fault of the poem is, that it consists only of characters and speeches, without any action. Dr. J. Warton.

Part II.

—— Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget ——

TO THE READER.

In the year 1680, Mr Dryden undertook the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the desire of King Charles the Second. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a second part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate* to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning with

"Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,"

and ending with

"To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee."

containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's compositions, besides some touches in other places.

Derrick.

Since men like beasts each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none sure so cursed as those
That madly their own happiness oppose;
There Heaven itself and god-like kings in vain 5
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign;
While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction awed the wanting throne.
For now their sovereign's orders to contemn 11
Was held the charter of Jerusalem;
His rights to invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;

As if from heavenly call this licence fell, 15
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!
Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flattering charms no longer stands in need; 20
While fond of change, though ne'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair, 25
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel plead?
Sway'd by a monarch, whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our promised land; 30
Whose only grievance is excess of ease;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet, as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,

* This second part was written by Mr. Nahum Tate, and is by no means equal to the first, though Dryden corrected it throughout, and added above two hundred lines, very easily distinguishable from the lame numbers of Tate. The characters introduced are fewer and of less importance, and require not so much illustration. Few authors have been friends, and wrote in conjunction; but Mr. *Dryden* did so with *Lee* and *D'Avenant*; *Colman* with *Thornton* and *Garrick*; *Gray* with *West*; *Lloyd* with *Churchill*; and *Boileau* with *Racine*. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 9. *Thus David's* clemency *was fatal grown,*] In the *first edition we find:*

Thus David's goodness was *e'en* fatal grown.

Ver. 20. *Of* flattering *charms*] First edition: *flatterie's.*

Ver. 33. Yet as *all folly*] First edition: *Yet since* all folly.

ments they 'd make their treason good,
eous David's self with slanders load:
of foreign sway he did affect,
y Jebusites from law protect,
ry chiefs, convict, were never freed;
ave seen their sacrificers bleed!
infamy is urged in vain,
the bounds of sense they did contain;
they launch'd into the unfathom'd tide,
e depths they knew disdain'd to ride.
ble discoveries to dispense,
ght below a pension'd evidence;
h was dull, nor suited with the port
r'd Corah when advanced to court.
an wonders now they will impose,
cts void of grace or sense disclose.
the charge on pious Michal brought,
at ne'er was cruel even in thought,
of queens, and most obedient wife,
l of cursed designs on David's life!
he theme of her eternal prayer,
so much his guardian angel's care.
her morns such mildness can disclose,
on lily, nor the Sharon rose.
g each vain pomp of majesty,
ed Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
with angels, and, as angels do,
ven sometimes to bless the world below;
herish'd by her bounties' plenteous
ing,
widows smile, and orphans sing.
a rebellious Israel's crimes at height
ten'd with her lord's approaching fate,
of Michal then remain
's remembrance, and prolong his reign!
solation did the pest pursue
Dan's limits to Beersheba slew,
the repeated wars of Tyre,
Jerusalem's avenging fire.
ler terror these our state o'er-ran,
e our evidencing days began!
cheek a pale confusion sat,
l fear beyond the worst of fate!
no more; art, science, useless made;
ations lost but Corah's trade.
e a guard on modest Corah wait,
safety, needful yet for state.
ht he deem each peer and prince his
ve,
it o'er the tribes which he could save:

Such was the charge *on pious Michal brought,*] n. Derrick incorrectly has *change.*

The best of queens,] Of all the nations in Portuguese were, and still are, the most ignoost bigotted. Of all persons that could be atharine of Portugal was the most improper wife d spirited prince. At her very first appearance retained and showed a strong tincture of the he even rejected the English dress, and the lance of the English ladies, and was only fond eserved, and formal duennas, who were the scorn t of the whole court. When she was married ter, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, she would fter him the words of the matrimonial service, the sight of the archbishop. She proved, says rren wife, and was a woman of a mean appear- no agreeable temper; so that the king never er much, and she made ever after but a very . I cannot forbear adding, that Charles II. rit of not listening to some proposals basely , either of a divorce, or of sending her away to atry. Dr. J. Warton.

Even vice in him was virtue—what sad fate
But for his honesty had seized our state?
And with what tyranny had we been cursed,
Had Corah never proved a villain first?
To have told his knowledge of the intrigue in gross,
Had been, alas! to our deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had the experience got
To husband well, and make the best of's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secured his pension still;
Nor quite of future power himself bereft,
But limbos large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ such reverence had got,
'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
Some were so well convinced, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out.
Some had their sense imposed on by their fear,
But more for interest sake believe and swear:
Even to that height with some the frenzy grew,
They raged to find their danger not prove true.
Yet, than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urged by fear, nor through misguided sense,
Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence,
But for the good old cause, that did excite
The original rebels' wiles, revenge and spite.
These raise the plot, to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown,
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursued,
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.
Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserved by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
Though still the charm the giddy rabble held.
Even Absalom, amidst the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excused,
To aid designs, no less pernicious, used.
And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts expressed:—
Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
Not so when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew entire.
My regal power how will my foes resent,
When I myself have scarce my own consent?
Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
How slight to force a throne that legions guard
The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!
And if the imagined guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic scene is wrought?
Dire war must first be conjured from below,
The realm we 'd rule we first must overthrow;

Ver. 96. *'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.*] The tide of prejudice ran so strongly in favour of Oates and the other witnesses, after the death of Sir Godfrey, that to speak slightingly of them, or their deposition, was as much as a man's life was worth; and even the king himself, who saw the trick from the beginning, did not dare to speak his sentiments freely. He did his utmost to keep as private as possible such discoveries of the supposed plot as were communicated to him, the intention of which his perspicuity soon canvassed; and he was very angry when Lord Danby, without his leave, laid them before the parliament: "Now," said he, "you have laid the foundation of your own ruin, and of much perplexity for me." The sequel proved his majesty a prophet. Derrick.

And, when the civil furies are on wing
That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling, 140
Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?
Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or if the tempest of the war he stand,
In peace, some vile officious villain's hand 145
His soul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, press'd by clamorous crowds, myself be made
His murtherer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt;
Which if my filial tenderness oppose, 150
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:
The same pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels be found as bold 155
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.
He said. The statesman with a smile replies,
A smile that did his rising spleen disguise:—
My thoughts presumed our labours at an end,
And are we still with conscience to contend? 160
Whose want in kings as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
And only can be safe by pressing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise, 165
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
Whose patience is the effect of stinted power,
But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour: 170
And if remote the peril he can bring,
Your present danger 's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could so resent, 175
To doom you little less than banishment,
What rage must your presumption since inspire?
Against his orders you return from Tyre;
Nor only so, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity, 180
The factious tribes——And this reproof from thee?
The prince replies; O statesman's winding skill,
They first condemn that first advised the ill!
Illustrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
Misconstrue not the words that mean you well. 185
The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
But 'tis because you leave it unpursued.
A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies;
Who reach, lay hold on death that miss the prize.
Did you for this expose yourself to show, 190
And to the crowd bow popularly low?
For this your glorious progress next ordain,
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
With fame before you like the morning star,
And shouts of joy saluting from afar? 195
Oh, from the heights you 've reach'd but take a view,
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this so oft made Israel groan;
Your single interest with the nation weigh'd, 200
And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid?
Even when at helm a course so dangerous moved
To land your hopes, as my removal proved.

I not dispute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies; 205
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame
The privilege that statesmen ever claim;
Who private interest never yet pursued,
But still pretended 'twas for others' good.
What politician yet e'er 'scaped his fate, 210
Who saving his own neck not saved the state?
From hence, on every humorous wind that veer'd,
With shifted sails a several course you steer'd.
What form of sway did David e'er pursue, 214
That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you?
Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,
That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;
And who suspends fix'd laws, may abrogate;
That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
Even property, whose champion now you stand,
And seem for this the idol of the land, 221
Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
As when your counsel shut the royal store;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procured,
But secret kept till your own banks secured. 223
Recount with this the triple covenant broke,
And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counsels' fatal progress staid,
But sent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Israel, low in ruins laid, 230
And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror made.
Even yet of such a season can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme;
For power unlimited could reasons draw,
And place prerogative above the law; 235
Which, on your fall from office, grew unjust,
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust:
Whom with state-craft, to interest only true,
You now accuse of ills contrived by you.
To this Hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here; 240
Let interest be the star by which I steer.
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose interest most in your advancement lies,
A tie so firm as always will avail,
When friendship, nature, and religion fail; 245
On ours the safety of the crowd depends,
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.

Ver. 142. Oh! rather let me perish] First edition *Or, rather let me, &c*

Ver. 214. *What* form of *sway did David e'er pursue,*] So the first edition. Derrick absurdly has,

What *from a* sway, &c.

Ver. 216. *Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,*] Suspending the penal laws, and granting liberty of conscience, was owing to the advice of our Achitophel; and was an affair of dangerous tendency, as being one great step towards enslaving the state. Derrick.

Ver. 223. ——*shut the royal store;*] Or the exchequer, in the beginning of 1672, he being in great want of money; a transaction that occasioned much confusion, for there being thereby a stagnation of all public payments, the banks also stopped; but the king having assured the bankers and merchants that the present deficiencies should be soon made good, matters flowed again in their proper channel, though it was a stretch of power not easily forgotten or digested. Derrick.

Ver. 232. *Even yet of such a season* can we *dream,*] First edition: Ev'n yet of such a season *we can* dream.

Ver. 241. *Let interest be the star by which* I *steer.*] So the first edition. A reading evidently required by the context. Compare ver. 238 and 243. Derrick has,

Let interest be the star by which you steer

sition can your rival bring, 250
edrims are jealous of the king?
h as yet in David's friendship lies,
can David's self without supplies?
exclusive bills must now dispense,
heir, or starve in his defence; 255
which our elders ne'er will quit,
's justice never can admit.
y wants his brother to betray,
bition next he clears the way;
ession once to nought they bring, 260
advance removes the present king:
else his senates to dissolve,
zard shall his reign involve.
, whom Pharaoh's power so much
ms,
vithout their prince to oppose his arms;
it on what cause at first they join, 265
ps, once up, are tools for our design.
ch subtle covenants shall be made,
itself is war in masquerade.
s of mysterious sense, 270
t seeming for, the king's defence:
eir courts of justice fetters draw,
our agents muzzle up their law.
conquest, if we fail to make,
vn game at worst, and we secure our 275
and for the dire success depends
sects, by common guilt made friends.
ds, though ne'er so differing in their

of treason yet were well agreed.
ese, extorting Ishban first appears, 280
y a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.
, when Ishban, he whose occupation
been to cheat, reforms the nation!
onscience suited to his trade,
saint as usurer ever made. 285
on has not so engross'd him quite,
lays as large a claim of spite;
hose pardons from his prince he draws,
proaches, and cries up the cause.
n which the city he did sway, 290
ellion in a hopeful way.
bition once was found so bold,
lents of extorted gold;
d's wants have so been bribed, to shame
alise our peerage with his name; 295
his dear sedition he 'd forswear,
urn loyal to be made a peer.
let railing Rabsheka have place,
eal, he has no need of grace;

A saint that can both flesh and spirit use, 300
Alike haunt conventicles and the stews:
Of whom the question difficult appears,
If most i' the preachers' or the bawds' arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem! 305
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
Protesting that he dares not sleep in 's bed,
Lest he should rise next morn without his head.
Next these, a troop of busy spirits press, 310
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled streams anew. 315
Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.
Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse, 320
Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension-purse;

——— *extorting Ishban first appears,*
Pursued by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.] Clayton, an alderman of the city, and one of who remarkably opposed the court. Though avaricious, he had offered a large sum to be ; and those who consider the king's wants will me, he was sorry the alderman's money was DERRICK.

——— *railing Rabsheka*] Sir Thomas Player, ity representatives in Parliament; a factious malecontent; one of the chief supporters of the city; declared enemy of the Duke of York, for the bill of exclusion. When he was re-0-1, together with Sir Robert Clayton, Thomas and William Love, esqrs., many of the Whig mmon hall assembled, drew up and presented them an extraordinary paper, "giving them eir former good services, more especially for promoting the bill for excluding the Duke of York from the succession, and recommending that they would still literally pursue the same measures, and grant no supplies to the crown, till they saw themselves effectually secured from Popery and arbitrary power." And in pursuit of these measures, the subscribing persons promised to stand by them with their lives and fortunes.

Indeed, addresses of the same nature were forwarded to their representatives from many other parts of the kingdom, which gave great uneasiness to the court, and occasioned these lines, put into Achitophel's mouth, line 253:

——— what can David's self without supplies?
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence. DERRICK.

Ver. 301. ——— *conventicles*] He accents the word again on the *third syllable*, in the *Medal*, line 285. Thus, in a Collection of Loyal Songs, written between 1639 and 1661, vol. ii. p. 16.

"But all the parish see it plain,
Since thou art in this pickle,
Thou art an Independent queen,
And lov'st a *conventicle*." TODD.

Ver. 310. *Next these*] This was not the only poem written on the political transactions of those times. *Duke* wrote one also, entitled *The Review*, the best and most vigorous, perhaps, of his compositions. He begins with the Restoration, and passes on through great part of Charles II.'s reign, but left it unfinished. The characters of *Shaftesbury* and *Villiers* are particularly laboured, but very inferior to those given by Dryden.—He is particularly, and I think blameably, severe on Lord *Clarendon*, whom he calls *Byrsa*, accusing him of taking bribes to procure the pardon of many notorious rebels, and of being privy to, and promoting the marriage of his daughter with the Duke of York, which the chancellor always denied in the most solemn and most unequivocal terms. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 315. *And long to fish the troubled* streams *anew.*] First edition: ——— troubled *waves.*

Ver. 320. *Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,*] Robert Ferguson, a Scotch Independent preacher, subtle, plausible, bold, and daring, had for many years preached and writ against the government with great animosity; had weight among the Whigs in the city, and was a very proper instrument to stir up sedition. Shaftesbury knew his excellencies, made use of them by confiding in him, and he contributed much to the success of his designs.

Ferguson was one of the main springs that animated the Rye-house plot, for which he was outlawed both in England and France, a reward of five hundred pistoles being offered for taking him. He had openly approved of the conspirators' intention to murder the king and his brother; and a day being appointed for that parricide, which some of the assassins objected to as being Sunday, he told them, "The sanctity of the deed fitted the sanctity of the day." He was described thus remarkably:—"A tall thin man, dark brown hair, a great Roman nose, thin jawed, heat in his face, speaks in the Scotch tone, a sharp piercing eye, stoops a little in the shoulders, hath a shuffling gait that differs

Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,
Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree;
Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
His college for a nursery of sects; 325
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures!
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Israel's promised land have you?
Here Phaleg, the lay Hebronite, is come, 330
'Cause, like the rest, he could not live at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer even of Hebronitish grain;
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injured subjects, alter'd property: 335
An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.
Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldising juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and, at the table fed, 340
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to travelling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose,
Till bastinado'd back again he went,
To learn those manners he to teach was sent. 345
Chastised he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politics to Absalom.
For never Hebronite, though kick'd and scorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
—But leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed, 350
And to talk treason for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay, let Hell, produce a man
So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan,
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree: 355
His pride no higher than the desk aspired,
But for the drudgery of priests was hired
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up single shekels from the grave. 360
Married at last, but finding charge come faster,
He could not live by God, but changed his master:
Inspired by want, was made a factious tool;
They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook. 365
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
So this prose prophet took most monstrous pains
To let his master see he earn'd his gains.
But as the devil owes all his imps a shame, 370
He chose the apostate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflection took the rogue he drew.
A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
In every age a murmuring generation; 375
To trace 'em from their infancy of sinning,
And show 'em factious from their first beginning;
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the chosen flock;
A strong authority, which must convince 380
That saints own no allegiance to their prince.
As 'tis a leading-card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
The son that show'd his father's nakedness? 385
Such thanks the present church thy pen will give,
Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
Must ancient failings be examples made?
Then murtherers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
Methinks the apostate was the better man: 390
And thy hot father, waiving my respect,
Not of a mother-church, but of a sect.
And such he needs must be of thy inditing:
This comes of drinking asses' milk and writing.
If Balak should be call'd to leave his place, 395
As profit is the loudest call of grace,
His temple, dispossess'd of one, would be
Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load; I'll lay thee down, 400
And show rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below even David's Psalms translated;
Some in my speedy pace I must outrun,
As lame Mephibosheth, the wizard's son; 405
To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza, as I would the pox;
And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;

from all men, wears his perriwig down almost over his eyes, and about forty-five years of age." He escaped to Holland, returned with Monmouth in 1685, had the good luck again to secure his retreat, and was rewarded with a good post on the Revolution; but being of a turbulent uneasy disposition, he turned tail, became a strenuous advocate for Jacobitism both in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne; appeared more than once a champion for the banished king, and engaged in schemes for his restoration. DERRICK.

Robert Ferguson, here meant, says Mr. Granger, was a great dealer in plots, and a prostitute political writer for different parties, and particularly for the Earl of Shaftesbury. He approached nearer to a parallel character with Oates than any of his contemporaries; and was rewarded with a place in the reign of William, though it was well known he merited a halter. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 324. *Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects*
His college for a nursery of sects;]

Ferguson had a chapel near Moorfields. DERRICK.

Ver. 334. *Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high*
Of injured subjects, alter'd property:
An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.]

"MUSCA, TROCHILUS, ET TROSSULUS.

"Æstate mediâ concitati sex equi,
Currum trahentes, putre quatiebant solum,
Claramque denso pulvere tegebant diem.
Temone in ipso tenuis interea sedens,
O quantus, inquit Musca, premit equos labor,
Quantusque sudor irrigat, dum me trahunt!
Sic prævalenti cum sedere vult trabe,
Quæ quinque opimos facilè sustineat boves,
Pusillus ille, ex alitum gente infimâ,
Prætentat illam Trochilus, et supersilit
Similis timenti, ferre ne se non queat.
Sic impudenti Trossulorum de grege
Aliquis, ineptus, administris imperi
Multum exhibere se negotii putat,
Qui, vivat ille an mortuus sit, nesciunt."

Desbillon's Fab. Æs. Lib. iv. Fab. 14.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 353. *So made for mischief*] *Ben-Jochanan* was [illegible] Johnson [illegible] of the famous pamphlet entitled *Julian*, in which he drew a parallel betwixt that apostate and James II. And also of another still more offensive, called *An Address to the English Protestants in King James's Army*. For which he was sentenced to stand in the pillory three several times, at Westminster, Charing cross, and the Royal Exchange, to pay a fine of five hundred marks, and be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. The last part of the punishment was mildly executed, and he was degraded from his ecclesiastical functions before it was inflicted. Of all the seditious writers here proscribed by Dryden, he was a man of the greatest learning and best morals. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 384. *But, tell me, did the drunken* patriarch bless] The first edition, by a strange error of the press, has patriot.

my muse, to all succeeding times 410
, in spite of their own doggrel rhymes.
hough without knowing how or why,
l a blundering kind of melody;
boldly on, and dash'd through thick and
in,
sense and nonsense, never out nor in; 415
a all meaning, whether good or bad,
ne word, heroically mad:
o warm on picking-work to dwell,
ted his notions as they fell,
y rhymed and rattled, all was well. 420
e is not, though he wrote a satire,
here goes some thinking to ill-nature:
no more than birds and beasts to think,
casions are to eat and drink.
rogue and rascal from a garret, 425
s you no more mischief than a parrot:
ls for friend and foe alike were made,
'em in verse is all his trade.
nds he 'll cry whore to his own mother:
young Absalom king David's brother. 430
be gallows-free by my consent,
ing suffer since he nothing meant;
supposes human soul and reason;
al 's below committing treason.
be hang'd who never could rebel? 435
preferment for Achitophel.
an that committed buggary
tly sentenced by the law to die;
hard fate that to the gallows led
that never heard the statute read. 440
other men may be a crime,
t to pass for mere instinct in him:
he follows, and no farther knows,
rite verse with him is to transprose.
ity treason at his door to lay, 445
kes *heaven's gate a lock to its own key:*
rail on, let his invective muse
r-and-twenty letters to abuse,
f he jumbles to one line of sense,
m of a capital offence. 450
rks give him leave to vent his spite,
e the only serpents he can write;
ht of his ambition is, we know,
e master of a puppet-show,

. *Doeg, though without knowing*] This character of ettle, which is exquisitely satirical, particularly 420, 422, 427, 428, was certainly inserted by hom he had offended by writing pamphlets for , though he afterwards suddenly changed sides, violent a defender of Tory principles, and wrote high panegyric on the coronation of James II. e was the author of seventeen plays, now totally He had a pension from the city for writing an egyric on the lord mayor. Towards the end of was reduced to great poverty, and wrote low Bartholomew Fair, and was reduced in his old n farce a dragon enclosed in a green leather of his tion. To which our witty satirist, Dr. Young, his epistle to Pope, on the authors of the age:—

Elkanah, all other changes past,
bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last:
streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
found his manners suited to his shape."

tioned afterwards, who was *Shadwell*, we must aking of to a more important occasion. I can- adding, that Dryden was so much mortified at of the *Emperor of Morocco*, a tragedy of Settle's, even acted at Whitehall by the court-ladies, ote a most virulent and even brutal criticism on d by envy, rage, and jealousy, from which n has given a long extract of eight pages, which e pen of Dryden. Dr. J. Warton.

On that one stage his works may yet appear, 455
And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.
Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
For here 's a tun of midnight work to come,
Og, from a treason-tavern rolling home;
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink, 460
Goodly and great, he sails behind his link.
With all this bulk there 's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool, is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter, 465
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before cursed him;
And if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew; 471
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That even on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But though Heaven made him poor (with reverence speaking),
He never was a poet of God's making; 475
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull
With this prophetic blessing—*Be thou dull!*
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight,
Fit for thy bulk; do anything but write:
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
A strong nativity—but for the pen; 481
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink.
I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane; 485
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck;
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Darest thou presume in verse to meet thy foes, 490
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, though he 's the poet's horse. 495
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason, and for writing dull.
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil.
Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd, 500
Thy praises had been satire at the best:
But thou, in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed.
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes? 505
But of king David's foes, be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom;
And, for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.
Achitophel each rank, degree, and age, 510
For various ends neglects not to engage;
The wise and rich, for purse and counsel brought,
The fools and beggars, for their number sought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For even in court the faction had its friends; 515
These thought the places they possess'd too small,
And in their hearts wish'd court and king to fall;
Whose names the muse disdaining, holds i' the dark,
Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;
With parasites and libel-spawning imps, 520
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.

Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew.
See where involved in common smoke they sit,
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit: 525
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those for mere good fellowship frequent
The appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, anything to employ the glass;
And who believe, in their dull honest hearts, 530
The rest talk treason but to show their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleased to be reputed of a set.
  But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot: 535
The labours of this midnight magistrate,
May vie with Corah's to preserve the state.
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's most powerful, dangerous weapon, gold.
And last, to take from Jebusites all odds, 540
Their altars pillaged, stole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surprised,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguised;
Which to his house with richer reliques came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame: 545
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains to inquire,
What 'twas he burnt, so 't made a rousing fire.
With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;
So poor, that when our choosing-tribes were met,
Even for his stinking votes he ran in debt; 551
For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,
The saints he choused for his electing drink;
Thus every shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last. 555
  Now, raised on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threatening far and wide;
As when a battering storm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
Is gazed upon by every trembling swain, 560
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;

Ver. 534. *But in the sacred annals of our plot,*
Industrious Arod never be forgot:]

Arod, Sir William Waller, son to him who had done so much service to the long parliament. He upheld the exclusion bill with all his might, and took every opportunity of showing his hatred to Popery, by seeking out and dispersing the Papists, when assembled to celebrate divine service in their way. To which, if he was not much misrepresented, he was stimulated rather in hopes of spoil, their altars being generally rich, than out of respect to his country, or love for religion. DERRICK.

Ver. 555. —— *all to be no Zaken at the last.*] At the choosing a new parliament in the beginning of the year 1679, Sir William had, to no purpose, endeavoured to get himself chosen into the house; and the publicans, who trusted him at this time in such entertainments as he ordered, found it difficult to get their money from him. DERRICK.

Ver. 556. *Now, raised on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride*
Soar'd high.]

The success of Louis XIV.'s arms, particularly in Holland, rendered him formidable all over Europe; while England, who has it so much in her power to command respect, was scarcely regarded. Weakened by domestic disputes, her king always wanting money, and opposed and kept bare by her parliament, her mediation was of no consequence, and she had little or no influence abroad. DERRICK.

Ver. 560. *As when a battering storm engender'd high,*
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
Is gazed upon by every trembling swain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;]

For blooming plants, and flowers new opening, these
For lambs yean'd lately, and far-labouring bees:
To guard his stock each to the gods does call.
Uncertain where the fire-charged clouds will fall:
Ev'n so the doubtful nations watch his arms, 565
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar!
Thou only couldst the captive lands restore;
But thou, with inbred broils and faction press'd,
From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest.
Thy prince from Sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
Too much the representers of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no supply,
But what the crown's prerogatives must buy: 575
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were, than to preserve the state!
From present dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes 580
Unjudged would sentence, and ere crown'd depose.
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!
By Sanhedrims and clam'rous crowds thus press'd,
What passions rent the righteous David's breast!
Who knows not how to oppose or to comply, 586
Unjust to grant, and dangerous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
Which yet the extremest virtue did require, 590
Even of that prince whose downfal they conspire!
His absence David does with tears advise
To appease their rage. Undaunted he compliés.
Thus he, who, prodigal of blood and ease,
A royal life exposed to winds and seas, 595
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
And like an exile quits the promised land!
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal state maintains, 601
Who now embracing on the extremest shore
Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
To storms and seas than to the raging crowd! 605
Forbear, rash muse, the parting scene to draw,
With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep!
The tide restrain'd her course, and more amazed
The twin-stars on the royal brothers gazed: 611
While this sole fear——
Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,
Lest next the popular rage oppress the king!
Thus parting, each for the other's danger grieved,
The shore the king, and seas the prince received.
Go, injured hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode! 620

"Qualis ubi ad terras abrupto sidere nimbus
It mare per medium, miseris heu præscia longè
Horrescunt corda agricolis: dabit ille ruinas
Arboribus, stragemque satis, ruet omnia latè."
Virgil. Æn. xii. 451.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 592. *His absence David does with tears advise*] This alludes to the Duke of York's quitting the court, and retiring to Brussels, and afterwards to Scotland. DERRICK.

y breast reclined, her rest be deep,
e a Nereid by the waves asleep;
piest dreams her fancy entertain,
ysian fields convert the main!
d hero, while the shores of Tyre 625
proach so silent shall admire,
ay thunder still their thoughts employ,
thy landing with a trembling joy.
es thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
by every nation but their own; 630
our factious Jews his worth deny,
ing conscience gives their tongue the lie.
he worst of men the noblest parts
im, and he triumphs in their hearts,
his king the best respects commend 635
, soldier, kinsman, prince and friend;
names of most divine esteem,
rfection all sustain'd by him,
, and constant, courtly without art,
iscern and to reward desert; 640
of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
e noblest subjects still employ'd:
eady soul ne'er learnt to separate
his monarch's interest and the state,
those blessings on the royal head, 645
well knows must be on subjects shed.
t pretence could then the vulgar rage
is worth, and native rights engage?
fears their argument are made,
fears his sacred rights invade! 650
superstition they complain,
sitic worship in his reign:
alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
gers fright which not themselves believe.
othing can our sacred rites remove, 655
the faith of the successor prove:
their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
hile their religion is their gain,
w by old experience Baal's commands 659
claim'd their conscience, but their lands;
dge God's tithes; how therefore shall
ey yield
ll possession of the field?
h a prince enthroned, we must confess
le's sufferings than that monarch's less,
t to hard conditions still be bound, 665
is quiet with the crowd compound;
his thoughts to tyranny incline,
e the means to compass the design?
n's revenues are too short a store,
us Sanhedrims would give no more. 670
our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
s Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
with such measures can comply
the common rules of policy;
ad like him the growth of Israel's king,
lone sufficient aids can bring; 675
ws that prince to Egypt can give law,
ur stubborn tribes his yoke could draw:
rofound expense he has not stood,
for this his hands so deep in blood; 680
'er through wrong and right his progress
te,
is own rest, and keep the world awake,
awless prince on Judah's throne,
vade our rights, and then his own;
gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil, 685
the harvest of his crimes and toil.
his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
e its fatal influence on our land,
Which our bribed Jews so numerously partake,
That even an host his pensioners would make. 690
From these deceivers our divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king;
These, with pretended friendship to the state,
Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create,
Both pleased and frighten'd with the specious cry, 695
To guard their sacred rites and property.
To ruin, thus, the chosen flock are sold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduced by these we groundlessly complain,
And loathe the manna of a gentle reign. 700
Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod;
We trust our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reasoning prophets preach
To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars; 705
When the same household mortal foes did yield,
And brothers stain'd with brothers' blood the field;
When sons' cursed steel the fathers' gore did stain,
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain!
When, thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand, 711
Our tribes lay slaughter'd through the promised land,
Whose few survivors with worse fate remain
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew, 715
And madly, even those ills we fear, pursue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils.
Yet our fierce Sanhedrim, in restless rage,
Against our absent hero still engage, 720
And chiefly urge, such did their frenzy prove,
The only suit their prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd, they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers waive for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring, 725
With all the indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting till the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels. 730
At last his deep resentments silence broke;
Th' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke:—
Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For, lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Punishment her stroke delays, 735
Our sovereign right, Heaven's sacred trust, decays!
For whose support even subjects' interest calls;
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
So far his people's freedom does betray. 740
Right lives by law, and law subsists by power;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which Heaven itself in vain has tried with grace!
When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes unclose,
And Israel judge between her friends and foes? 746

Ver. 705.] "Sanguine civili rem conflant: divitiasque
Conduplicant avidi, cædem cædi accumulantes.
Crudeles gaudent in tristi funere fratris:
Et consanguineum mensas odere, timentque."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 735. *While halting Punishment her stroke delays,*]
"Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Pœna claudo."
JOHN WARTON.

When shall we see expired deceivers' sway,
And credit what our God and monarchs say?
Dissembled patriots bribed with Egypt's gold,
Even Sanhedrims in blind obedience hold; 750
Those patriots falsehood in their actions see,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree:
If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
Our senates in due methods they had led 755
To avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to dread;
But first, ere yet they propp'd the sinking state,
To impeach and charge, as urged by private hate,
Proves that they ne'er believed the fears they press'd,
But barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest! 760
Oh! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
When their injustice we are press'd to share,
The monarch urged to exclude the lawful heir;
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd, 765
And this the privilege of royal blood?
But grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,
His sufferings yet were than the people's less;
Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field: 770
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for the oppression which they fear make way;
Succession fix'd by Heaven, the kingdom's bar,
Which once dissolved, admits the flood of war;
Waste, rapine, spoil, without the assault begin, 775
And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not understand,
'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand;
Authority and force to join with skill,
And save the lunatics against their will. 780
The same rough means that 'suage the crowd, appease
Our senate's raging with the crowd's disease.
Henceforth unbiass'd measures let them draw
From no false gloss, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score, 785
Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,
Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.
Impartial justice from our throne shall shower,
All shall have right, and we our sovereign power.
He said, the attendants heard with awful joy, 791
And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd;
Till his approach, like some arriving god, 795
Composed and heal'd the place of his abode;
The deluge check'd, that to Judea spread,
And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And chased from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.
The field confess'd his power in arms before, 801
And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
So nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
Now fit to inherit godlike David's throne.

Through Sion's streets his glad arrival 's spread, 805
And conscious Faction shrinks her snaky head;
His train their sufferings think o'erpaid to see
The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distress'd,
A virtue proper to the brave and best; 810
'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To serve the crown, and loyal by descent,
Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
Deserved at once two royal masters' trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood; 815
Of learning yet no portion was denied,
Friend to the muses and the muses' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of steady soul when public storms were high; 820
Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,
Secured at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings mourn'd,
And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
While those that sought his absence to betray, 825
Press first their nauseous false respects to pay;
Him still the officious hypocrites molest,
And with malicious duty break his rest.
While real transports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their dissembled joy, 830
His triumphs so resounded far and near,
Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunters' clam'rous train
Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forced the bold assailants yield, 835
And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,
Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
His eyes inflaming all the desert round,
With roar of seas directs his chasers' way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray; 840
Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
Such indignation his fired eyes confess'd.
Where now was the instructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide?
Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd, 845
And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd.

Ver. 752. *And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;*] A scriptural allusion. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 818. ——— *nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,*] When the Duke of York returned from Scotland, in the beginning of 1682, the murmurs against him seemed to lull, in a good measure, subsided. He had shown himself so well inclined to support the reformed religion in this kingdom, that he was thanked for it by seven bishops, in an address which was published, to the satisfaction of all ranks of people; and the citizens of London, particularly, treated him on that account with vast respect. DERRICK.

Ver. 806. *And conscious Faction shrinks her snaky head;*] An energetic line, the imagery of which Pope seems to have dilated, and perhaps weakened.

"Then hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel;
Then Faction roar———"

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 811. ——— *Jothran always bent*
To serve the crown, and loyal by descent,]

Jothran, the Lord Dartmouth, a nobleman of great honesty, who, though inviolably attached to the Duke of York, had always the courage to tell him freely when he disliked any of his proceedings; and his highness was discreet enough to take his representations as they were meant. DERRICK.

Ver. 819. *Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,*] Benaiah, Colonel, afterwards General Sackville, a gentleman of true courage, and known good sense: he was of the Dorset family; had served at Tangier with reputation; and on account of his having expressed a disbelief of the Popish plot, was expelled the House of Commons, and committed to the Tower. He obtained his liberty, rank, and command, in a very short time, but not his seat in the house. DERRICK.

Ver. 833. *And as when joyful hunters' &c.*] This is a faint imitation of Dryden, and abounds with what Quintilian calls "otiosa epitheta." JOHN WARTON.

elving thoughts he weighs his state,
raft, nor doubts to baffle fate;
his storm'd bark must go adrift,
is charge, and for himself to shift. 850
is dextrous wit had oft been shown,
wreck of kingdoms saved his own;
th more than common danger press'd,
resolutions stands possess'd,
he crowd's unstable zeal decay, 855
ecanting chief the cause betray,
ather's grace his hopes may ground,
pardon with their heads compound.
fore, ere his fortune slip her time,
an plots to engage in some bold crime
, whether to attempt his bed, 861
ith open arms the royal head,
ring method, and unjust,
onfirm him in the people's trust.
thus to ensnare him, nor secure 865
is foil'd ambition may endure,
o lay him by as past his date,
ne new pretender's luckier fate;
es with equal toil he would pursue,
what claimer's crown'd, except the 870
dom, approaching ruin shun,
, see, for whom thou art undone!
y honours and thy fame betray'd,
ty of desperate villains made?
and conscious fears their crimes create,
n them was little less than fate; 876
ouldst thou, from every grievance free,
vineyards for their stormy sea?
d Canaan's milk and honey flow,
d thy bowers, and laurels sought thy
, 880
, wealth, and power thy vassals were,
onarch all things but the care.
our crimes again that curse draw down,
rms once more attempt the crown,
uits unhappy Absalon, 885
nquest or defeat undone!
relentless see such youth and charms
h wretched fate in impious arms?
o form'd, with earth's and Heaven's
ause,
o'er crown'd heads in David's cause: 890
m victor, still his hopes must fail,
ering would not for himself prevail;
, whom he trusts for future sway,
e public would alike betray;
emselves divide the captive state, 895
their hydra-empire in his fate!
g beat the clouds with painful flight,
youth, with sceptres in his sight,
eir cruel politics decreed,)
t crew, that made him guilty, bleed! 900
their pride brook any prince's sway,
t mild David would they choose to
y?
at such a gentle reign repine,
monarchy itself design;
to that their reformations spring, 905
not their grievance, but the king.
with panic fear the faction lies,
clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd
s,

That may confirm *him*] First edition: That im.

Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the flatter'd youth must see. 910
But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel;
Who now an envious festival installs,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worship too must gild; 915
But, oh, how weakly does sedition build!
For, lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid, 920
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seized, engender'd by some careless swain,
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth broke up, distracted go, 925
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow:
Even so our scatter'd guests confusedly meet,
With boil'd, baked, roast, all justling in the
street;
Dejected all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For shekel, without treat, or treason, paid. 930
Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
Here, labouring muse, those glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate; 935
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortalised in laurell'd Asaph's verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recall,
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall. 940
First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Forestalls our praise, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be 945
Held worthy such a president as he!
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks, serene his life and thought;
On whom so largely nature heap'd her store,
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal, 951
His second care that service to conceal;

Ver. 912. ——— *Achitophel;*
Who now an envious festival installs,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,]
The Duke of York being invited to dine at Merchant Tailors' Hall with the Company of Artillery, of which he was captain-general, on the 21st of April, 1682, tickets were dispersed in opposition to, and contempt of, this meeting; inviting the nobility, gentry, and citizens, who wished well to the Protestant religion, to convene the same day at St. Michael's church, Cornhill, and thence proceed to dine at Haberdashers' Hall: but this association was stopped by an order of council. DERRICK.

Ver. 917. ——— *lo! the royal mandate issues forth,*] The substance of which was, that the power of appointing public days of fasts and thanksgivings being vested in the crown, a particular meeting, pretended to that end, and advertised to be held on the 21st of April, 1682, at St. Michael's, Cornhill, must be of a seditious tendency, as not having the royal sanction; and therefore the lord mayor and aldermen of London are, at their peril, ordered to hinder it as an unlawful assembly. DERRICK.

Ver. 929. Dejected *all,*] First edition: Derrick incorrectly, *Dejecting.*

Ver. 941. *First write Bezaliel,*] Bezaliel, the Marquis of Worcester, created Duke of Beaufort in 1682, a nobleman of great worth and honour, who had always taken part with the king, and one of those whom the Commons, in 1680, prayed his majesty to remove from about his person, as being a favourer of Popery. DERRICK.

Of dues observant, firm to every trust:
And to the needy always more than just:
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide, 955
Has all the gownsmen's skill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his glories copied in his son,
Whose forward fame should every muse engage;
Whose youth boasts skill denied to others' age. 960
Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
Already are the conquest of his mind.
Whose loyalty before its date was prime;
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:
The monster faction early he dismay'd, 965
And David's cause long since unalloy'd his aid.
Brave Abhiel who the prophets' school was placed:
Abhiel with all his father's virtue graced;
A hero, who, while slave look'd wondering down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restored the crown.
That praise was his, when therefore did remain 971
But following death, but boldly to maintain
That crown restored; and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abhiel with the first a place must claim.
Proceed, Shaftesbury, happy chief, proceed, 975
Remember the palmetto for thy brow decreed,
While the inspired tribe attend with noblest strain
To register the glories thou shalt gain:
Thy care the Jew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan run his stream with Sodom's lake,
Or, more welcome, their secret stores disclose, 981
And to the sun their scaly brood expose,
Or, rang'd above the cliffs their billows raise,
Before the muse have their patron's praise.
What can great labour does invite, 985
And hard the task to do Kilah right:

Long with the royal wanderer he roved,
And firm in all the turns of fortune proved!
Such ancient service and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal household for his charge.
His age with only one mild heiress bless'd, 990
In all the bloom of smiling nature dress'd,
And bless'd again to see his flower allied
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride!
The bright restorer of his father's youth, 995
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:
Resolved to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely sought, while sought by Absalom.
Ah prince! the illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more powerful virtue guard thy worth;
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast! 1002
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.
Even envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive ark its zeal retain, 1006
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride,
He all the allurements of his court defied:
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway. 1010
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.
Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;

Ver. 955. *——— firm to every trust.*] First edition: firm to every trust.

Ver. 958. *Sees all his glories copied in his son.*] Charles Seymour, Lord Herbert of Raglan in Monmouthshire, who, according to Wood, was entered of Christ Church, Oxford, and took his degree as a master of arts in 1681. Derrick.

Ver. 968. *Abhiel with all his father's virtue graced;*] Aldrich, the Duke of Albemarle, son to the brave General Monck, and constant of Wales. He was liberal and loyal, and a leading man among the friends of the King and the Duke, on which account he was severely stigmatised by the Whig writers. In 1687 he was sent abroad governor of Jamaica, where he died. Derrick.

Ver. 968. *Kilah.*] Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, wrote a poem severe satire on Lord Arlington, here introduced under the name of Kilah, called "Advice to a Painter." Kilah, he was thought was a younger son of a private gentleman, and followed the royal family into exile; at whose restoration he was made first privy purse, then secretary of state, and at last created Earl of Arlington, knight of the garter, and at last lord chamberlain to King Charles II. and to his brother King James II. afterwards. He was for some years a kind of diplomatic minister; I mean conversant in his master's business, as well as entrusted with his business: notwithstanding the constant enmity both of the Duke of York and Chancellor Clarendon, whose superior power, especially in the latter, was yet unable to shake King Charles's inclination to this gentleman, who, therefore, at the other's instigation, remained, if not sole minister, at least the principal one for some time. He met with one thing very singular in his fortune, which I have scarce known happen to any one else; with all his advancement (which is wont to raise envy, but seldom contempt) he was believed in disgrace by most people, a man of much less abilities than himself. For this unusual sort of mistake, I can only assign two reasons; first, his over-cautious avoiding to shew his endeavours as having been more conversant in the business, though nobody performed it better when

obliged to give account of some treaties to the House of Lords, or to defend himself in the House of Commons; by which last he once brought himself off with great dexterity. The other reason of it I fancy to have come from the Duke of Buckingham, who being his rival in court, after the fall of Clarendon, and having an extraordinary talent for turning any thing into ridicule, exercised it sufficiently on this lord, both with the king and every body else; which had its effect at last, even to his being left out of his master's business, but not his favour, which in some measure continued still; and long after this his supplanter was totally discarded. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 988. *And firm in all the turns of fortune proved!*] First edition: *fortunes.*

Ver. 991. *His age with only one mild heiress bless'd,*
——— young Othniel's bride.]

Othniel, Henry Duke of Grafton, one of the King's natural sons, begotten upon the body of the Duchess of Cleveland. She was averse to his marrying Lord Arlington's daughter, though a considerable heiress. I have seen a letter from her to Lord Treasurer Danby, dated from Paris (I think in 1675) thanking him for his care in endeavouring to prevent this match. It is in her own handwriting.

This Duke of Grafton soon joined the Prince of Orange at the revolution, and was killed at the siege of Cork in the year 1690. He had great natural bravery, was very sincere, but rough as the sea, of which he was fond, and whereon, had he lived, he promised to make a gallant figure. Derrick.

Ver. 999. Ah *prince!*] First edition. Derrick erroneously, *A* prince!

Ver. 1003. *Even envy must consent to Helon's worth,*] Helon, the Earl of Feversham, a Frenchman by birth, and nephew to Mareschal Turenne: he was honest, brave, and good-natured, but precipitate and injudicious. Derrick.

Ver. 1007. *To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride*
He all the allurements of his court defied:]

His lordship professed himself a Protestant, though Burnet says there was reason to suspect his sincerity. Affection for King Charles II., who really esteemed him, made him prefer England to his own country, where he had great interest, and might have expected to be nobly provided for. Derrick.

Ver. 1013. *Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,*] And, Sir Heneage Finch, constituted lord keeper of the great

ith a loyalty that did excel, 1015
t all the endowments of Achitophel.
was Amri, and not only knew,
ael's sanctions into practice drew;
s, that did a boundless ocean seem,
oasted all, and fathom'd all by him. 1020
bin speaks like him their mystic sense,
, and with such charms of eloquence:
m the double blessing does belong,
loses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.
Sheva none more loyal zeal have shown,
l as Judah's lion for the crown, 1025
r that cause still combats in his age,
ich his youth with danger did engage.
our factious priests the cant revive;
seditious scribes with libel strive 1030
ame the crowd; while he with watchful eye
es, and shoots their treasons as they fly;
veekly frauds his keen replies detect;
leceives more fast than they infect.
es when the pest on legions prey'd, 1035
ed his signal, and the plague was stay'd.
more, my fainting muse, thy pinions try,
rength's exhausted store let love supply.
ribute, Asaph, shall we render thee?
crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree! 1040
rel grove no envy's flash can blast;
ng of Asaph shall for ever last.
wonder late posterity shall dwell
salom and false Achitophel:
rains shall be our slumbering prophets' dream, 1045
hen our Sion virgins sing their theme,
bilees shall with thy verse be graced;
ng of Asaph shall for ever last.
fierce his satire loosed; restrain'd, how tame; 1049
nder of the offending young man's fame!
ell his worth, and brave adventures styled;
his virtues, to his error mild.
e of thine that fears the strictest view,
ms with just reproof, or praise as due;
len could a fairer prospect yield, 1055
adise without one barren field:
wit the censure of his foes has pass'd;
ng of Asaph shall for ever last.
t praise for such rich strains shall we allow?
ust rewards the grateful crown bestow? 1060

Shaftesbury's dismission, and soon after advanced rage and the chancellorship. He was a zealous nt, and yet conducted himself with such steadiness grity, as to give offence to no party; which was a rprising, as he held this important station at a time rty-feuds raged with unlicensed fury. His abilities y great; he was judicious, eloquent, and industrious, lawyer, and a statesman, endued with strong and inflexible integrity. DERRICK.

1025. *Than Sheva none*] Meaning Sir Roger ge, who of all venal and sordid scribblers that ever any administration, in any country or time, seems gone the greatest length in striving to defend any e and injustice that a government can be guilty style is the masterpiece of what may be called, *-Dull*, and was vitiated by cant and affected vulgar and coffee-house expressions. In this sort of he translated, or rather travestied, the Offices of he Morals of Seneca, the Visions of Quevedo, and tory of Josephus; and gave a nauseous caricatura mplicity of Æsop in his Fables. Dr. J. WARTON.

While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true;
While Judah's throne, and Sion's rock stand fast
The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.
Still Hebron's honour'd happy soil retains 1065
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now sails off with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his sufferings' bright companion back.
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy; 1070
Nor can our coasts restored those blessings see
Without a bribe to envious destiny!
Cursed Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious chance the valiant died.
Give not insulting Askalon to know, 1075
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant died!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry!
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply. 1080
Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds asleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treacherous sands the princely bark devour;
Then death unworthy seized a generous race, 1085
To virtue's scandal, and the stars' disgrace!
Oh! had the indulgent Powers vouchsafed to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field;
A listed field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose, 1090
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retired,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expired:
But destiny is now their only foe,
And dying, even o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last breaths their master's 'scape applaud, 1095
Of whom kind force could scarce the fates defraud;
Who for such followers lost, oh, matchless mind
At his own safety now almost repined!
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms; 1100
If all your sufferings past so nearly press'd,
Or pierced with half so painful grief your breast?
Thus some diviner muse her hero forms,
Not soothed with soft delights, but toss'd in storms.

Ver. 1061. *While bees in flowers rejoice, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. v. 76.

"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes," &c. &c.
TODD.

Ver. 1065. *Still Hebron's honour'd happy soil retains*
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains; &c.]

The duke seeming to have now got the better of his enemies, the Popish plot having lost its credit, and the fears of Popery greatly subsided, he embarked for Scotland in the Gloster yacht on the 3rd of May, to bring up his family; but here

A bitter grief must poison half his joy.

For early in the morning on the 5th, she struck upon a sand-bank, and soon went to the bottom, carrying with her one hundred and thirty stout men, several young people of quality, and many of the duke's servants, who

With loud last breaths their master's 'scape applaud.

For so well was he beloved, that it is said, even when they saw themselves sinking without hope of relief, they expressed their joy at beholding their master safe. And he was highly complimented for his resolution, calmness, and humanity, on this melancholy occasion, in which he seemed less solicitous for himself than any other person. DERRICK.

Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove, 1105
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with
love.
But he removed in thundering camps is found,
His chambers short, his bed the herbless ground:
In toils of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice his
thirst. 1110
Long were his enemies driven with fortune's rage,
And long, opposing, gods themselves engage,
Were all his country, friends, his friends destroy'd,
Before the wounded empire be enjoy'd:
Such was of late your king, such is of late
Your king, such he, Israel's crown, the godlike David
was.
When sudden storms dispel the clouds so fast,
Whence, threatening, rains had all our vineyards
wasted,
The spring so far behind her course delay'd,
Cold, late, unkind, in all her bloom array'd; 1120
The clouds breathe low, the element serene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
Thronging and busy as Hybleean swarms,
At danger all soldiers summon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark, in loosest pride, 1125
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!

Ver. 1105. *Nor stretch'd on roses*] First edition: *Not.*

Ver. 1109.
But he removed in thundering camps is found,
His chambers short, his bed the herbless ground:
In toils of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice his thirst.]

Livy, lib. 19. cap. 4.

"Nulla labore aut corpus fatigari, aut animus vinci poterat: tantum ad frigoris patientia par: cibi potionisque [illegible] modus finitus: vigiliarum [illegible] non voluptate modus finitus: vigiliarum [illegible] noctes discriminata tempora; id quod [illegible] superesset quieti datum: ea neque molli [illegible] accersita: multi sæpe militari sagulo [illegible] jacentem inter custodias, stationesque [illegible] conspexerant: vestitus nihil inter æquales excellebat: equi conspiciebantur: equitum pedites [illegible] primus erat: princeps in prælium ibat: [illegible] pretio excedebat." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1128. *See where the princely bark, in loosest pride,*
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers stand, &c.]

Having settled the government of Scotland, the Duke of York with his duchess and household, returned to England, arriving safely in the Gun-fleet on the 6th of May. They were met at Erith by the King and court, whom they accompanied by water to Whitehall, being saluted, as they

High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your sufferings rest.
This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem, 1131
And boldly all sedition's surges stem,
Howe'er encumber'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the chair;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail'd, 1135
That faction at the next election fail'd,
When even the common cry did justice sound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Israel's peace restored,
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their
lord. 1140

came up, by the Tower guns, and by all the ships in the river. From Whitehall they went to Arlington-house in the Park, where they were sumptuously entertained; and his royal highness received the congratulations of the city on his happy escape and return, and London and Westminster blazed with bonfires, and echoed with rejoicing for this happy event. DERRICK.

Ver. 1129. *Welcome to Israel*] The Duke of Buckingham gave this character of the two royal brothers; that Charles could see things if he would, and James would see things if he could. The conduct of James, and his behaviour in his visit to Oxford, is marvellously weak, preposterous, and absurd. It is recorded in Anthony Wood's Life. Charles II. used to say with respect to the mistresses of his brother, which were plain and homely, that his confessor had imposed such mistresses upon him as Mrs. Williams, Lady Bellasyse, Mrs. Sedley, and Mrs. Churchill, by way of penance. Charles II.'s favourite mistress retained her beauty till near seventy years of age. Sir Peter Lely, in a high strain of flattery, drew her portrait, and that of her son the Duke of Richmond, as a Madonna and Child, for a convent in France. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1131. *This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem, &c.*] Sir John Moor, lord mayor of London in 1681, and one of the representatives of the city in Parliament, was a most zealous and corrupt partisan of the court. He nominated two sheriffs whom he knew would be perfectly subservient to the ministry and the arbitrary measures of the King. Dr. J. WARTON.

In a congratulatory poem, addressed to Sir William Pritchard, (the successor of Sir John Moor,) published on a half-sheet in 1682, the humble bard hurls his indignation, not without an allusion to Dryden's poem, against

"That long-ear'd rout, and their *Achitophel*,
That think it sin to live and not rebel;
Those pious elders, that Geneva rabble,
That hope, once more, to make old Paul's a stable."
TOPO.

Ver. 1132. *And boldly all sedition's surges stem,*] First edition: *Syrges.* Derrick, *Syrtes.*

KEY TO ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

L.	General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
DIN	The name given, through this Poem, to a Lord Chancellor in general.
ON	Duke of Monmouth.
OPHEL	The Earl of Shaftesbury.
. . . . .	Earl of Mulgrave.
. . . . .	Sir Edmondbury Godfrey.
. . . . .	Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons.
. . . . .	Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, and Lord Chancellor.
EL.	Duchess of Monmouth.
. . . . .	Sir William Waller.
. . . . .	A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the Second Part of this Poem.
M	Earl of Huntingdon.
. . . . .	Barnet.
LLAI	Duke of Ormond.
HEBA	Duchess of Portsmouth.
AN	General Sackville.
OCHANAN . . .	Rev. Mr. Samuel Johnson.
EL	Duke of Beaufort.
. . . . .	Lord Grey.
. . . . .	Dr. Oates.
. . . . .	Charles II.
. . . . .	Elkanah Settle.
. . . . .	France.
. . . . .	Sir Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington.
C PLOT . . .	The Popish Plot.
. . . . .	The Land of Exile, more particularly Brussels, where King Charles II. long resided.
N	Scotland.
W PRIESTS . .	The Church of England Clergy.

HELON	Earl of Feversham
HUSHAI	Hyde, Earl of Rochester.
JEBUSITES	Papists.
JEBUSALEM	London.
JEWS	English.
JONAS	Sir William Jones.
JORDAN	Dover.
JOTHAM	Marquis of Halifax.
JOTHRAN	Lord Dartmouth.
ISHBOSHETH	Richard Cromwell.
ISRAEL	England.
ISSACHAR	Thomas Thynne, Esq.
JUDAS	Mr. Ferguson, a canting Teacher.
ISHBAN	Sir Robert Clayton.
MEPHIBOSHETH . . .	Pordage.
MICHAL	Queen Catharine.
NADAB	Lord Howard of Escrick.
OG	Shadwell.
PHALEG	Forbes.
PHARAOH	King of France.
RABSHEKA	Sir Thomas Player.
SAGAN OF JERUSALEM .	Dr. Compton, Bishop of London
SANHEDRIM	Parliament.
SAUL	Oliver Cromwell.
SHIMEI	Sheriff Bethel.
SHEVA	Sir Roger Lestrange.
SOLYMEAN ROUT . .	London Rebels.
TYRE	Holland.
UZZA	Jack Hall.
ZADOC	Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.
ZAKEN	A Member of the House of Commons.
ZIMRI	Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
ZILOAH	Sir John Moor.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

AN EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

For to whom can I dedicate this poem, with so much justice as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own hero: 'tis the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of the Tower, nor the rising sun; nor the Anno Domini of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party; especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so inhanced, that many a poor Polander who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true; and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B., yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero, or a Caligula; though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us in your preface to the No-protestant Plot,* that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe when he is dead you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the king. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any association of men, (to come nearer to you), who, out of parliament, cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal to the public welfare to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the king according to the laws, allow you the licence of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the king's disposition, or his practice, or even where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and the benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the

* A folio pamphlet with this title, vindicating Lord Shaftesbury from being concerned in any plotting design against the king, was published in two parts, the first in 1681, the second in 1682. Wood says, that the general report was, that they were written by the earl himself, or that, at least, he found the materials; and his servant, who put it into the printer's hands, was committed to prison. Derrick.

trustees of the public liberty; and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like, which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die, and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot* is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's Defence of the English People is from Buchanan De jure regni apud Scotos; or your first Covenant and new Association from the holy league of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the king and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot, a Hugonot, murdered Francis, duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian, (for our Church abhors so devilish a tenet) who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former, and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the No-protestant Plot, and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pageantries of worship; but in times of war, when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close entrenched behind the Council of Trent: so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword: 'tis the proper time to say any thing when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this association,† and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it, the other without either the consent or knowledge of the King, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion,‡ that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is, wholly to waive the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government;

* This third part, printed in quarto, was supposed to be written by Ferguson, under my lord's eye. It reflects on the proceedings against him in the points of high treason, whereof he stood accused; and strives to depreciate the characters of the witnesses, by painting them in the most odious colours. The *Growth of Popery* was written by Mr. Marvel, who published it a little before his death, which happened in 1678. A second part of it was written by Mr. Ferguson above mentioned; for which, and other seditious practices, his body was demanded of the states of Holland, he being then at Brill, but refused; though Sir Thomas Armstrong had been given up by them a little before. This is the same man who was concerned in the Ryehouse-plot; and it is remarkable, that when the Secretary of State was giving out orders for the seizing of the rest of the conspirators, he privately bade the messenger to let Ferguson escape. DERRICK.

† When England, in the sixteenth century, was supposed in danger from the designs of Spain, the principal people, with the Queen at their head, entered into an association for the defence of their country, and of the Protestant religion, against popery, invasion, and innovation. DERRICK.

‡ The friends of the Earl of Shaftesbury insinuated everywhere, that the draught of that association, which was said to be found among his papers, was put there by the person who seized them, to advance the credit of the Tories, and give greater weight to the court charge DERRICK.

for if scandal be not allowed, you are no free-born subjects. If God has not blessed you w talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock and welcome; let your verses run upon my fe for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn r lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of yo been driven to this bay already; but, above all the rest, commend me to the non-conformist who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, beca bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am ch enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no for his learning than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the some English bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem w with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps it is the relation that makes the ki Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their socie nas had his livery pulled over his ears; and even Protestant socks are bought up among you veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a Pro rhymer, as a dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant parson. Besides, if you enc a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets fane, and saucy Jack, and atheistical scribbler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enth is strong upon him: by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of h before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in you from Genesis to the Revelations; and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if y be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter, and not to take them for Irish wit After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, ar your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his cessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my advers disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble s whatever your party says or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL.

Of all our antic sights and pageantry,
Which English idiots run in crowds to see,

The Polish Medal bears the prize alone:
A monster, more the favourite of the town

Ver. 1. *Of all our antic sights*] The most candid and impartial account of Lord Shaftesbury's trial and acquittal, on which occasion this medal was struck, is given by Mr. Hume. "After the dissolution of the Parliament, and the subsequent victory of the Royalists, Shaftesbury's evidences, with Turberville, Smith, and others, addressed themselves to the ministers, and gave information of high treason against their former patron. It is sufficiently scandalous, that intelligence, conveyed by such men, should be attended to; but there is some reason to think, that the court-agents, nay, the ministers, nay, the king himself, went further, and were active in endeavouring, though in vain, to find more reputable persons to support the blasted credit of the Irish witnesses. Shaftesbury was committed to prison, nd his indictment was presented to the Grand Jury. The ew Sheriffs of London, Shute and Pilkington, were en- ged as deeply as their predecessors in the country party; d they took care to name a Jury extremely devoted to e same cause: a precaution quite requisite, when it was rce possible to find men attached to neither party. As r as swearing could go, the treason was clearly proved gainst Shaftesbury, or rather so clearly as to merit no ead of credit or attention. That veteran leader of a party, ssured from his early youth to faction and intrigue to cabals and conspiracies, was represented as opening out reserve, his treasonable intentions to these banditti, and throwing out such violent and outrag proaches upon the king, as none but men of low ed like themselves, could be supposed to employ. The d of an association, it is true, against Popery and th was found in Shaftesbury's cabinet, and dangerou ences might be drawn from many clauses of that but it did not appear that it had been framed by S bury, or so much as approved by him; and as pr an association had been proposed in Parliament, very natural for that nobleman to be thinking plan, which it might be proper to lay before that as The Grand Jury, therefore, after weighing all th cumstances, rejected the indictment, and the peo attended the hall, testified their joy by the loudest a tions, which were echoed through the whole city."

Dr. J. Wa

Ver. 3. *The Polish Medal*] The allusion is to pectation, which, it was pretended, Lord Shafteb tertained, of being elected king of *Poland*, whe Sobieski was chosen.—This ridiculous report gave several squibs, both in poetry and prose; but in the poetical pieces is the joke employed with ad

r fairs or theatres have shown. 5
art so well with nature strive;
lol seem'd so much alive:
man; so golden to the sight,
hin, so counterfeit and light.
fill'd with title and with face; 10
e king should want a regal place,
rse, a tower the town surveys;
our mounting sun his beams displays.
pronounced aloud by shrieval voice,
hich, in Polish, is *Rejoice*. 15
onth, year, to the great act are join'd:
canting holiday design'd.
e sat, for every cast and look;
than God to finish Adam took.
n tell what essence angels are, 20
g Heaven was making Lucifer!
he style that copied every grace,
'd such furrows for an eunuch face,
ve form'd his ever-changing will,
s piece had tired the graver's skill! 25
ero first, with early care,
a pigmy by the winds, to war.
s chief, a rebel, ere a man:
is hatred to his prince began.
(how wildly will ambition steer!) 30
wriggling in the Usurper's ear.
is venal wit for sums of gold,
nself into the saint-like mould;
gh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was
t bagpipe of the squeaking train. 35
hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
wdness he could ne'er disguise.
the saint: for hypocritic zeal
sins but those it can conceal.
scandal gives too large a scope: 40
t not trade; but they may interlope.
ly principle was all the same;
cheat betrays his partner's game.
eir pace was formal, grave, and slack;
wit outran the heavy pack. 45
found his fortune at a stay;
ves of blockheads choking up his way;
but not rewarded, his advice;
wit exact a double price.
s his aim: but, thrown from that
ence. 50
turn'd loyal in his own defence;
reconciled him to his prince.
anguish of his soul he served;
faster still than he deserved.

would derive no satisfaction from "The last
stament of Anthony, King of *Poland*," or from
of *Poland's* last Speech to his Countrymen," or
's Lamentation, or *Potapski's* City-Case, being
well to the consecrated Whigs," all published
ough to the last of them the tune is prefixed, in
acters, *Let Oliver now be forgotten!* The close
rather the beginning of 1683, produced also
all, or the Whigs' Lament for Anthony, King
and in 1683 was also published, "The Case is
or the Conversion of Anthony, King of *Poland*,
r satisfaction of the Sanctifyed Brethren."

TODD.

Four more than God] This line is very offen-
e, as is a succeeding one,

long was Heaven in making Lucifer?

too many such in this poem. See also line

— his thunder could they shun,
should be forced to crown another son.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Behold him now exalted into trust; 55
His counsel 's oft convenient, seldom just.
Even in the most sincere advice he gave,
He had a grudging still to be a knave.
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears. 60
At best as little honest as he could,
And, like white witches, mischievously good.
To his first bias longingly he leans;
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus framed for ill, he loosed our triple hold; 65
Advice unsafe, precipitous and bold.
From hence those tears! that Ilium of our woe!
Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail so far,
When he cut down the banks that made the bar? 70
Seas follow but their nature to invade;
But he by art our native strength betray'd.
So Samson to his foe his force confess'd;
And to be shorn, lay slumbering on her breast.
But when this fatal counsel, found too late, 75
Exposed its author to the public hate;
When his just sovereign, by no impious way
Could be seduced to arbitrary sway;
Forsaken of that hope he shifts the sail,
Drives down the current with a popular gale; 80
And shows the fiend confess'd without a veil.
He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,
But not convey'd to kingly government;
That claims successive bear no binding force,
That coronation oaths are things of course; 85
Maintains the multitude can never err;
And sets the people in the papal chair.
The reason's obvious; interest never lies;
The most have still their interest in their eyes;
The power is always their's, and power is ever wise. 90
Almighty crowd, thou shortenest all dispute;
Power is thy essence, wit thy attribute!
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way! 95
Athens no doubt did righteously decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were tried;
As righteously they did those dooms repent;
Still they were wise whatever way they went:
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the father, and recal the son. 100
Some think the fools were most as times went then,
But now the world 's o'erstock'd with prudent men.
The common cry is even religion's test,
The Turk's is at Constantinople best;
Idols in India; Popery at Rome; 105
And our own worship only true at home.
And true, but for the time 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so.
This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God-a-mighties in their turns. 110
A tempting doctrine, plausible and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true
Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare:
And, that a lawful power might never cease, 115
Secured succession to secure our peace.
Thus property and sovereign sway, at last,
In equal balances were justly cast:

But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse;
Instructs the beast to know his native force; 120
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we possess the freedom we pursue!
The lavish government can give no more: 125
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God tried us once: our rebel-fathers fought,
He glutted them with all the power they sought:
Till master'd by their own usurping brave,
The free-born subject sunk into a slave. 130
We loathe our manna, and we long for quails;
Ah, what is man when his own wish prevails!
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill!
Proud of his power, and boundless in his will!
That kings can do no wrong we must believe; 135
None can they do, and must they all receive?
Help, Heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their power!
Already they have lost their best defence,
The benefit of laws which they dispense: 140
No justice to their righteous cause allow'd:
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd:
And medals graved their conquest to record,
The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.
The man who laugh'd but once, to see an ass
Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass, 146
Might laugh again to see a jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable law.
The witnesses, that leech-like lived on blood,
Sucking for them were med'cinally good; 150
But when they fasten'd on their fester'd sore,
Then justice and religion they forswore;
Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.
Thus men are raised by factions, and decried;
And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side. 155
They rack even Scripture to confess their cause,
And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.
But that's no news to the poor injured page,
It has been used as ill in every age:
And is constrain'd with patience all to take, 160
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking trumpet seize;
They make it speak whatever sense they please:
'Twas framed at first our oracle to enquire;
But since our sects in prophecy grow higher, 165
The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire.
London, thou great emporium of our isle,
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
How shall I praise or curse to thy desert?
Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part?
I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand; 171
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.
Sedition has not wholly seized on thee, 175
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.

Of Israel's tribes thou hast a numerous band,
But still the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few. 180
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what's a head with two such gouty hands?
The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave; 185
None are so busy as the fool and knave.
Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge,
Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving king! 190
In gospel phrase their chapmen they betray;
Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the spoil;
They boast even when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing, 195
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring sect;
They cheat the country first, and then infect.
They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone, 199
And they'll be sure to make his cause their own.
Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French Puritan,
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.
What means their traitorous combination less,
Too plain to evade, too shameful to confess! 205
But treason is not own'd when 'tis descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.
The men, who no conspiracy would find,
Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd, 210
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;
At first without, at last against their prince?
If sovereign right by sovereign power they scan,
The same bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not safe, his thunder could they shun,
He should be forced to crown another son. 216
Thus when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich possession was the murderers' own.
In vain to sophistry they have recourse:
By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis worse; 220
Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force:
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see
'Tis working in the immediate power to be;
For from pretended grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise. 225
Then Cyclop-like in human flesh to deal,
Chop up a minister at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king;
But clip his regal rights within the ring:
From thence to assume the power of peace and war, 230
And ease him by degrees of public care.
Yet to consult his dignity and fame,
He should have leave to exercise the name;
And hold the cards while commons play'd the game.
For what can power give more than food and drink, 235
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;
On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian band, 240
That waits impatient for the last command.

Ver. 167. *London, thou great emporium of our isle,*] So Cowper in his usual nervous and animated strains:—

"O thou, resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
That pleasest and yet shock'st me, I can laugh,
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
Feel wrath, and pity, when I think on thee!"

JOHN WARTON.

satire or public & or gen

vs open villany maintain,
not, but in squadrons scour the plain :
r power the passengers subdue,
ave right, the wrong is in the few. 245
us axioms foolishly they show,
e soils republics will not grow :
ate isle will no extremes sustain,
sway or arbitrary reign :
etween them both into the best, 250
reedom, in a monarch blest :
the climate, vex'd with various winds,
ugh our yielding bodies on our minds;
ome tempest purges what it breeds,
end the calmness that succeeds. 255
, the pander of the people's hearts,
soul and serpentine in arts,
dishments a loyal land have whored,
the bond she plighted to her lord;
s on thy blasted name will fall! 260
to age their legacy shall call;
st curse the woes that must descend
ll.
ou hast none: thy Mercury
through every sect, or theirs through
264
hou giv'st, that venom still remains;
x'd nation feels thee in their brains.
inspires the tongues and swells the
sts
ellowing renegado priests,

—— *curses on thy blasted name*] Can this
e 270, 277, 296, 60, 65, 81, and indeed many
led just satire? and ought they not rather to
ensive, gross, and downright ribaldry?

e succus nigræ loliginis, hæc est
ugo ræra"

Shaftesbury of Dryden, nor the *Harvey* of
any favourable idea of their hearts and
author of the Characteristics, the grandson
, did not let Dryden escape for this usage of
"To see," says he, "the incorrigibleness of
their pedantic manner, their vanity, their
iticism, their rhodomontade, and poetical
ed only turn to our famous poet laureat, the
imself, in one of his latest and most valued
Sebastian, writ many years *after* the in-
r of the Rehearsal had drawn his picture."
276. Dr. J. Warton.

inspires the tongues and swells the breasts
bellowing renegado priests, &c.]

ms to have borrowed some of these severe
the fanatical ministers from *The Geneva*
hed on a single half sheet in 1674, which
rness (and is not deficient in poetical spirit)
efore us. I select a stanza or two in unison

om the Sisters so adore,
ting his actions all divine!
hen the Spirit hints, can roar,
if occasion serves, can whine;
y, he can bellow, bray, or bark.
s ever sike a beuk-larn'd clerk,
at speaks all linguas of the ark!

w in proselytes like bees,
pleasing twang he tones his prose,
es his handkerchief a squeeze,
draws John Calvin through his nose.
tive on motive he obtrudes,
th slip-stocking similitudes,
ght uses more, and so concludes.

monarchy began to bleed,
treason had a fine new name;
Thames was balderdash'd with Tweed,
pulpits did like beacons flame;

That preach up thee for God; dispense thy
laws;
And with thy stum ferment thy fainting cause?
Fresh fumes of madness raise; and toil and
sweat 271
To make the formidable cripple great.
Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless
power
Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be, 275
Thy God and their's will never long agree;
For thine (if thou hast any) must be one
That lets the world and human-kind alone:
A jolly god, that passes hours too well
To promise heaven, or threaten us with hell: 280
That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,
And wink at crimes he did himself commit.
A tyrant their's; the heaven their priesthood
paints
A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints;
A heaven like Bedlam, slovenly and sad; 285
Fore-doom'd for souls, with false religion mad.
Without a vision poets can foreshow
What all but fools by common sense may know:
If true succession from our isle should fail, 289
And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,
Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
With which thou flatterest thy decrepit age.
The swelling poison of the several sects, 294
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
Shall burst its bag; and fighting out their way,
The various venoms on each other prey.
The presbyter, puff'd up with spiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride:
His brethren damn, the civil power defy; 300
And parcel out republic prelacy.
But short shall be his reign: his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny sects provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all their tadpole train,
Will croak to heaven for help, from this devouring
crane. 305
The cut-throat sword and clamorous gown shall
jar,
In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war:
Chiefs shall be grudged the part which they
pretend;
Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit shall contend. 310
The surly commons shall respect deny,
And justle peerage out with property.
Their general either shall his trust betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;
Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim, 315

When Jeroboam's calves were rear'd,
And Laud was neither loved nor fear'd,
This Gospel-Comet first appear'd." Todd.

Ver. 293. —— *thy decrepit age.*] This appearance of Shaftesbury, who however was now little more than sixty, is also described in "Tony's Lamentation," published about the same time as "The Medal" was.

"Alas! poor unfortunate Tony,
Where now must thou hide *thy old head?*
That has not so much as one crony
Dares own the great things thou hast said.

"Ungrateful, unsensible cullies,
To leave your *decrepit* patroon
To the merciless rage of the bullies
And tories in every lampoon!"

Todd.

In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame;
And thrust out Collatine that bore their name.
Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
Or wars of exiled heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting vengeance overtook our age: 320
And our wild labours wearied into rest,
Reclined us on a rightful monarch's breast.

—— Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.

RELIGIO LAICI;

OR, A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

THE PREFACE.

A Poem with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence, both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations, which belong to the profession of divinity; I could answer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning I plead not this: I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise, were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the Church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion, are already consecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliah was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errors, which yet I hope are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it; but whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother Church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authorised, or at least uncondemned by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of showing this paper before it was published to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State; and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance: it is true he had too good a taste to like it all; and, amongst some other faults, recommended to my second view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion: but then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation, which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japheth (of whose progeny we are) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession. Or that so many ages had been delivered over to hell, and so many reserved for heaven, and that the devil had the first choice, and God the next.

Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons, might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Shem is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japheth swarmed into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others, in process of time their descendants lost by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of nature as the next in dignity was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my poem may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah: and that our modern philosophers, nay and some of our philosophising divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual being which we call God: that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God, by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed 'tis very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any Being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out, by them, that supreme nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support; it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were possible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its own proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least, so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred Scriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may possibly be saved: in the first place I desire it may be considered that it is the preface only, not the creed itself, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digestion for my charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several texts of Scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder, and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in Church history, knows that belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the Father; and that thus compiled it was sent abroad among the Christian Churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took was looked on as an orthodox believer. It is manifest from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt Heretics and true Believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid, from so venerable a man; for if this proportion, "whosoever will be saved," be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the Church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a Heresy, which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution to be avoided: and therefore the prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has

interposed her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural, will always be a mystery in spite of exposition, and for my own part, the plain Apostles' creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the Scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens: because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the Scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the Papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us what they could; and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility: and the Fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit: and have detorted those texts of Scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, at least in appearance, to our present state, for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their peerage and commons are excluded from parliament, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their Clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe; for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be anything more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I suppose the Fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santarel, Simancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, *si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall never so little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him, like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex hominum Christianorum dominatu*, from exercising dominion over Christians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, as a learned priest has lately written, that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not *de fide;* and that consequently they are not obliged by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their Church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most received and most authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the king of England is a vassal to the Pope, *ratione directi dominii*, and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that king John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the Church, and the crown received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot: I will grant their behaviour, in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean when it comes to my turn, and [illegible]y betters; for it is a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk: but that

saying of their father Cres. is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of Christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our Church; namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present Pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, a thesis of the Jesuits, amongst others, *ex cathedrâ*, as they call it, or in open consistory.

Leaving them therefore in so fair a way, if they please themselves, of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion, I mean the Fanatics, or Schismatics, of the English Church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved but to be damned by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevarieated to the destruction of that government which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with Popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graft upon our Reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful Monarchy, which was prescribed for a rebellious Commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the Church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject, by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets: and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-prelate, the Marvel of those times, was the first presbyterian scribbler, who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause. Which was done says my author, upon this account; that their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted, they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if Church and State were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate: even the most saintlike of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile; and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and scurrilous from their infancy: and if spiritual pride venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox belief; the presbytery and the rest of our schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible church in the Christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but to show what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the story tells us, got up into a pease-cart, and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force: so that however it comes about, that now they celebrate queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their saint

and patroness; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her; and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two sheriffs of their party, to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic speech: "There is in every one of these considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence," (meaning the presbyterian discipline,) "should cause posterity to feel those evils, which as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold we know too well by sad experience: the seeds were sown in the time of queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of king Charles the Martyr: and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too likely to follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth: and it is the observation of Maimbourg, in his History of Calvinism, that wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery, attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were Papists, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depose princes; when we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons; and out of the same magazine, the Bible: so that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction; and never since the Reformation has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorise a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the Papists, the most frontless flatterers of the Pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, and are still maintained by the whole body of Nonconformists and republicans. It is but dubbing themselves the people of God, which it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or other will turn up for their purpose: if they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper; but I who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advised the Papists, to disclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen when they obey the King, and true Protestants when they conform to the Church-discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that these verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman my friend, upon his translation of The Critical History of the Old Testament, composed by the learned father Simon: the verses therefore are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critic as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem; I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem designed purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic; for here the poem is presumed to be a kind of lawgiver, and those three qualities which I have named, are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul, by showing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life or less: but instruction is to be given by showing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

RELIGIO LAICI.

orrow'd beams of moon and stars
veary, wandering travellers,
the soul: and as on high,
g fires discover but the sky,
here: so Reason's glimmering ray 5
ot to assure our doubtful way,
s upward to a better day.
e nightly tapers disappear,
bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
ws Reason at Religion's sight; 10
so dissolves in supernatural light.
whose lamp shone brighter, have been

to cause, to nature's secret head;
that one first principle must be:
r who, that UNIVERSAL HE; 15
me soul incompassing this ball,
moved; yet making, moving all;
atoms' interfering dance
form, the noble work of chance;
t all was from eternity; 20
e Stagirite himself could see;
us guess'd as well as he:
groped they for a future state;
dged of providence and fate:
all could their endeavours find* 25
concern'd the good of human kind:
ess was never to be found;
d from 'em like enchanted ground.
t Content the good to be enjoy'd:
little accident destroy'd: 30
nadmen did for Virtue toil,
at best a barren soil:

—— *Reason's glimmering ray*] If man was ed, and had lost in great measure the know- rue religion of nature; then, the expediency iness of a revelation was not the less, merely n, if rightly exercised, (and it was not) was scovering all the necessary principles of mo- Indeed, the advantage of revelation is as would have been, if men were actually and ignorant of the great truths of religion.
Dr. J. WARTON.

—— *that universal He;*] In the valuable ranslations lately given us from the Sanskreet find many wonderful and sublime descriptions particularly in the Baghvat-Geeta, an episode bharat, a poem of the highest antiquity in are the following words; pages 94 and 95, Mr. Wilkins.
r being," says Arjoon, "who art the prime al God of gods, the world's mansion. Thou ruptible being, distinct from all things tran- art before all gods, the ancient Poorosh and supporter of the universe. Thou knowest all rt worthy to be known; thou art the supreme by thee, O infinite form, the universe was . Reverence be unto thee before and behind; unto thee on all sides: O thou who art all in is thy power and thy glory. Thou art the l things, animate and inanimate." Dr. J.

of the several sects of philosophers concerning *bonum.* Marginal Note, orig. edit.

In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
But found their line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep. 35
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach Infinity? 40
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;*
Cries ἔυρεκα, the mighty secret's found:
God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;
We made to serve, and in that service blest; 45
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven:
Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means his justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to PRAISE and PRAY: 50
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet since the effects of providence, we find,
Are variously dispensed to human kind; 55
That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;
Our reason prompts us to a future state:
The last appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declared;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward. 61
Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar: †
And would not be obliged to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature, how art thou misled
To think thy wit these god-like notions bred! 65
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd Religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the light.

* System of Deism. Marginal Note, orig. edit.

Ver. 42. *The Deist thinks*] To a serious and religious deist, who should say, he cannot embrace Christianity, on account of the many difficulties and seeming absurdities with which it is overloaded, we might surely reply—first, Are you certain that these seeming absurdities are the true and genuine doctrines of Christianity, and not added to it by fantastic and fanatical commentators? and secondly, Are there no such difficulties and absurdities as you complain of in revelation, to be found also in deism? What can you say, of an uncaused cause of every thing? of a being who has no relation to time or space? of a being whose infinite goodness lay dormant for so many ages? and, as Milton says, who built so late? How do you reconcile omniscience and prescience with the contingency and freedom of the human will? How will you fully and adequately account for the introduction and existence of moral and natural evil, under the government of a being infinitely powerful, good and wise? What clear ideas have you on these subjects? If you reject Christianity on the score of the difficulties which you complain of, you ought, to act consistently, to reject deism also.
Dr. J. WARTON.

† Of revealed religion. Marginal Note, orig edit.

Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:
'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse. 71
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to Heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found:
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.* 75
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant wits in happier ages born, 80
(When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,)
Knew no such system: no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
To one sole God.
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe: 85
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin; 90
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a spoil!
Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal; 95
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote, and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleased to make.
But if there be a power too just and strong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong; 100
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way:
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store: 105
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
The offended suffering in the offender's name;
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolved on thee. 110
For granting we have sinn'd, and that the offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost: remorse for vice, 115
Not paid; or paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can Reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?

That shows us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure: 120
If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
(Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good,)
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;
With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one. 125
Proof needs not here, for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, (which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,)
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find 130
None answering the great ends of human kind,
But this one rule of life, that shows us best
How God may be appeased, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The world is scarce more ancient than the law:
Heaven's early care prescribed for every age; 135
First, in the soul; and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in arts, 140
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price. 145
If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause, 150
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produced our frame. 155
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend,
Or sense indulged has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin; 160
Oppress'd without, and undermined within,
It thrives through pain; its own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can Reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine? 165
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.
But stay: the Deist here will urge anew,*
No supernatural worship can be true:
Because a general law is that alone 170
Which must to all, and every where, be known:

* Socrates. Marginal Note, orig. edit.

Ver. 76. *Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,*
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know, &c.]

Although, in the manner of these interrogations, Dryden has obviously borne in mind the solemn language of Scripture, it is also plain that in his application of it he has detracted from its grandeur and impressiveness. From the conceit of the poet we turn with admiration to the words of the patriarch:—"Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" Job xi. 7, 8. TODD.

Ver. 98. *What satisfaction*] "Though by the light of nature it was indeed exceeding probable and to be hoped for, that God would forgive sin upon true and real repentance; yet it could not be proved, that he was absolutely obliged to do so, or that he would certainly do so. Hence arises the importance, utility, and comfort of revelation." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 162. —— *its own tormentors tires;*] Origen says clearly and decisively, that but few persons died for their faith in Christ; a passage that of itself is sufficient to show that the number of martyrs has been greatly exaggerated, and confirms the famous opinion of Dodwell, in his Dissert. Cyprianicæ. But Dodwell has been frequently answered. Dr. J. WARTON.

* Objection of the Deist. M. N. Orig. edit.

Ver. 170. *Because a general law*] The objections, which are futile enough, that are urged against Christianity, for the want of its *universality*, are all of them fully answered by *Law*, in his "Considerations on the Theory of Religion," and by that close reasoner, Mr. *Soame Jenyns*, in his "Treatise of the Origin of Evil," p. 168, where he demonstrates

arge as not this book can claim,
that bears reveal'd religion's name.
e sound of a Messiah's birth
ough all the habitable earth: 175
at text must be confined alone
as then inhabited and known:
provision could from thence accrue
souls, and worlds discover'd new?
arts it helps, that, ages past, 180
tures there were known, and were
raced,
read once again the shades of night:
at to these who never saw the light?
jections this indeed is chief *
reason, stagger frail belief: 185
'tis true, that Heaven from human
se
e secret paths of Providence:
less wisdom, boundless mercy, may
for those bewilder'd souls a way:
nature foes may pity claim, 190
e may strangers who ne'er heard his
ie.
h no name be for salvation known,
f his eternal Son's alone;
's how far transcending goodness can
e merits of that Son to man? 195
s what reasons may his mercy lead;
ce invincible may plead?
harity bids hope the best,
the great apostle has express'd:
Gentiles, whom no law inspired, 200
did what was by law required;
the written rule had never known,
emselves both rule and law alone:
s plain indictment they shall plead; 205
eir conscience be condemn'd or freed.

bility of this universality of revelation from
of existence of all human affairs. Dr. J.

To what was then inhabited,] The whole earth
a little spot, that bears no proportion at all to
; and in all probability the large and number-
eaven cannot but be supposed to be filled with
capable than we to show forth the praise and
r Almighty Creator, and more worthy to be the
is care and love. To which other beings, in
f the universe, God may have made discoveries
ecording to their several wants and capacities,
hich we can know nothing, and in which we
arn. Dr. J. WARTON.

ction answered. M. N. Orig. edit.

——— *the secret paths*] "In the common
," says *Balguy* most admirably, "common ex-
sufficient to direct us. But will common expe-
to guide our judgment concerning the *fall* and
f mankind? From what we see every day, can
the *commencement*, or foretel the *dissolution* of
Or can we undertake to prescribe to infinite
what time, and in *what manner*, and by *what*
ll convey the knowledge of true religion over
e whole earth? To judge of events like these,
conversant with the history of other planets;
the nature, the circumstances, the conduct of
inhabitants; should be distinctly informed of
s dispensations to all the different orders of
ugs." This, the reader must allow, is a most
complete comment on this whole passage of
is worth his most serious attention. Dr. J.

Extend the merits] "As no man ever denied,"
, "but that the benefit of the death of Christ
backwards to those who lived before his appear-
world, so no man can prove but that the same
likewise extend itself *forwards* to those who
of his appearance, though they lived *after* it."
RTON.

Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd Reason's dictates right,
Lived up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face, 210
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it balk my charity, to find
The Egyptian bishop of another mind:
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains 215
All who believed not all his zeal required;
Unless he first could prove he was inspired.
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
Or else conclude, that, Arius to confute, 220
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and, as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.
Thus far my charity this path has tried; *
(A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:) 225
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou hast read:
Thy matchless author's work: which thou, my friend,
By well translating better dost commend:

Ver. 213. *The Egyptian bishop*] *Baronius*, *Bona*, *Bellarmine*, and *Rivet*, think *Athanasius* wrote the creed that goes under his name; but many modern critics ascribe it to a Latin writer, *Vigilius*, bishop of *Tapsus*, in Africa; and it is not to be found in almost any manuscript of Athanasius's works; and the style is more like a Latin than a Greek writer; nor does St. Cyril, of Alexandria, nor the Council of Ephesus, ever urge it, or make mention of it in the arguments used against the heresies of *Nestorius* and *Eutyches*. The famous book of Servetus, De Trinitatis Erroribus, is in a vile obscure style. Libri 7. per Mich. *Servetum*, alias *Reves* ab Arragone Hispanum, 1531. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 214. *For though his creed*] Many very serious Christians devoutly wish with *Tillotson*, "that we were fairly rid of this creed," which they look upon as the greatest blemish in our Liturgy. This is not a place to enter into controversy concerning it. We may just transiently observe the wonderful absurdity of declaring in one sentence, that the doctrine of the Trinity is *incomprehensible*, and in the very next an attempt to *explain* it. Nothing can be more imperfect and unsatisfactory than the history of the famous and important Council of *Nice* on this subject, for neither the time or place in which it was assembled, nor the number of those who sat in it, nor even the name of the bishop who presided on it, have ever been clearly ascertained. See *Valesius* on Eusebius, and *Asseman's* Bibl. Oriental. and Mosheim, Vol. I. p. 337. That excellent man and writer, Dr. Clarke, has thus expressed himself on this important doctrine, in words that contain all that can justly be said on it:—"The self-existent Cause and Father of all things did, before all ages," says Clarke, "in an incomprehensible manner, beget or produce a Divine person, styled the Logos, the Word, or Son of God, in whom dwells the fulness of divine perfections, *excepting* absolute *Supremacy*, *Independency*, or *Self-Origination*." Bishop Pearson maintains the very same opinion of the Son with Dr. Clarke, concerning the absolute *equality* of the Son to the Father, yet was never censured for this opinion, as Clarke has been, with much acrimony and injustice. Dr. J. WARTON.

* Digression to the translator of Father *Simon's* Critical History of the Old Testament. M. N. Orig. edit.

Ver. 228. *Thy matchless author's*] The professed design of Father *Simon*, in his *Critical History*, was to collect and represent the many difficulties that are to be found in the text of the Sacred Scriptures, in order to infer the absolute necessity of receiving the Romish doctrine of oral tradition, and some infallible interpreter. The Church of Rome, therefore, embraced his opinion, which was certainly artful and insidious, and aimed at the truth and authenticity of the Scriptures; and such it was deemed to be by many able divines both at home and abroad. And I remember Dr. Balguy often mentioned it, as a work intended to undermine Christianity. Infidel writers have not failed to

Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd;
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
Of Rabbins' old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy:
Save pains in various readings and translations,
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.
A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As Nature's height and Art's last hand required:
As much as man could compass, uninspired.
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copiers' and translators' trade:
How Jewish, Popish, interests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.
For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
To Pope, and Councils, and Tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new;
If Scripture, though derived from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserved on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promised more,
In fuller terms, of Heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopp'd the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with ease:
What safety from such brushwood-helps as these?
If written words from time are not secured,
How can we think have oral sounds endured?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are entail'd:
And that some such have been, is proved too plain;
If we consider Interest, Church, and Gain.
Oh, but, says one, Tradition set aside,*
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For since the original Scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or Christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in Church Tradition must be found.
Such an omniscient Church we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testaments; and cast in the Creed:
But if this mother be a guide so sure,
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
Then her infallibility, as well,
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains:
Which yet no Council dare pretend to do,
Unless like Esdras they could write it new:
Strange confidence, still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd,
Is in the blest original contain'd.
More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the Scriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me:
For *my* salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what *others* but what *I* believe.
Must all tradition then be set aside?*
This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?
Which every sect will wrest a several way,
(For what one sect interprets, all sects may:)
We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same Scripture urges he's but *man*.
Now what appeal can end the important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, (according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still)
That many have been saved, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
The unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to Heaven, and ne'er is at a loss:
For the strait-gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.

avail themselves of these objections. *Collins*, in his *Discourse on Free-thinking*, has dwelt much on the various readings of the Scriptures, and he was most effectually and most irrefragably answered by Bentley, in his *Philaleutherus Lipsiensis*. No part of the *Characteristics* seems to have been more elaborately written, than the last part of his third volume, where he ridicules various readings, texts, glosses, compilements, editions, &c. and where the old gentleman, whom he introduces as the chief speaker, certainly meant himself. Dryden certainly did not perceive the mischief that lurked in this treatise of Simon, which he so highly commends his young friend *Hampden* for translating. Dr. J. Warton.

Dr. Warton's authority for calling Dryden's young friend by the name of *Hampden* is probably derived from Derrick's [illegible]; for which there appears no authority; the initials [illegible] young friend being given as H. D.

[illegible] infallibility of tradition in general. M. N. Orig.

Ver. 282. *Such an omniscient Church*] The doctrines of Popery have soiled and obscured the pure doctrines of Christianity, just as the smoke of their many tapers and incense-pots have damaged the figures of *Michael Angelo* in the Last Judgment. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 286. *Then her infallibility.*] But in this infallible Church there have been as many different and discordant opinions, as among the various sects of Protestants. One Pope has excommunicated another, and one Council issued a severe anathema against another. The idea of establishing an *uniformity of opinions* on religious subjects, is founded on a perfect ignorance of the nature of man.

"—— soles credis habendos
Esse Deos, quos ipse colis?"
Juvenal. S. 15. v. 35.
Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 300. *In all things*] This argument is urged with much force and precision, in the *Eloquence Chrétienne* of *M. Gisbert*; which was a favourite book of the great Lord Somers, and wrought a great effect in his way of thinking in religious matters. Elijah Fenton communicated this anecdote, as a fact he well knew, to Mr. Walter Harte. Dr. J. Warton.

* Objection in behalf of tradition urged by Father Simon. M. N. Orig. edit.

' nature form'd, with learning fraught,
truct, as others to be taught,
' well the sacred page; and see
trine, this, or that, does best agree
whole tenor of the work divine: 330
liest points to Heaven's reveal'd
gn:
osition flows from genuine sense;
is forced by wit and eloquence.
radition's parts are useless here:
ral, old, disinteress'd and clear: 335
nt Fathers thus expound the page,
the reverend majesty of age:
s force, by biding every test;
thority's next rules are best.
he nearer to the spring we go, 340
d, more unsoil'd the waters flow.
traditions were a proof alone;
e certain such they were, so known:
ome flaws in long descent may be,
not truth but probability. 345
s and Pelagius durst provoke
e centuries preceding spoke.
ence is there in an oft-told tale:
by its own sinews will prevail.
written therefore more commends 350
than what from voice descends:
s perfect as its kind can be,
to us the sacred history:
m the Universal Church received,
d after, for itself believed. 355
tial Papists would infer from hence *
rch, in last resort, should judge the
se.
they would assume, with wond'rous
†
s to be the whole, who are but part
t frame, the Church; yet grant they
o 360
rs down, can they from thence infer
interpret? or would they alone,
ght the present, claim it for their
?
s a common largess to mankind;
for them than every man design'd; 365
me news is in the letter found;
r 's not commission'd to expound.
tself, and what it does contain,
gs needful to be known, is plain.
o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
trade their clergy did advance: 371
t of learning kept the laymen low,
but priests were authorised to know:
at small knowledge was, in them did
ell,
od who could but read or spell: 375
her Church did mightily prevail:
l'd out the Bible by retail:
xpounded what she sold or gave,
in her power to damn and save.
was scarce, and as the market went, 380
en took salvation on content;
men take money good or bad:
d they had not, but the priest's they
'er false conveyances they made,
r still was certain to be paid. 385

* second objection. M. N. Orig. edit.
† wer to the objection. M. N. Orig. edit.

In those dark times they learn'd their knack so
well,
That by long use they grew infallible:
At last, a knowing age began to inquire
If they the book, or that did them inspire:
And, making narrower search, they found, though
late, 390
That what they thought the priest's, was their
estate;
Taught by the will produced, (the written word,)
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then, every man who saw the title fair
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share: 395
Consulted soberly his private good,
And saved himself as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend, (and far be flattery hence,)
This good has full as bad a consequence:
The book thus put in every vulgar hand, 400
Which each presumed he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey;
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd;
And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd: 405
The spirit gave the doctoral degree:
And every member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible, free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found:
But men would still be itching to expound: 410
Each was ambitious of the obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from
grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer:
This was the fruit the private spirit brought: 415
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion
warm,
About the sacred viands buzz and swarm,
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food. 420
A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
A thousand more the perish'd race supply:
So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will,
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same; on several shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves. 426
What then remains, but, waiving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego?
Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know:
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain; 431
The things we must believe are few and plain:
But since men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way 435
To learn what unsuspected ancients say:
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of Heaven, than all the Church before:
Nor can we be deceived, unless we see
The Scripture and the Fathers disagree. 440
If after all they stand suspected still,
(For no man's faith depends upon his will;)
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known,
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And after hearing what our Church can say, 445
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb.
For points obscure are of small use to learn:
But common quiet is mankind's concern. 450

Thus have I made my own opinions clear;
Yet neither praise expect nor censure fear:

Ver. 451. —— *my own opinions clear:*] All the arguments which Dryden has here put together in defence of revelation, must appear stale and trite to us, who since his time have had the happiness of reading such treatises as Clarke on the Attributes, Butler's Analogy, Berkley's Alciphron, Bishop Sherlock's Sermons, Watson's Apology, Hurd on Prophecy, Soame Jenyns' Treatises, Jortin's Discourses, Paley's Evidences, and Lardner's Credibility. Dr. J. WARTON.

And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's, or Tom Shadwell's rhymes
serve.

Ver. 453. —— *rugged* verse] An old expression. T
in P. Fletcher's *Pisc. Eclogues*, edit. 1633, p. 19:—
"Time is my foe, and hates my *rugged* rimes."
And Fletcher adopted it from Spenser. TODD.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM.

SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF KING CHARLES II.

I.

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room:
Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief; 5
But, unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow;
And petrify with grief.
Our British heaven was all serene,
No threatening cloud was nigh, 10
Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;
We lived as unconcern'd and happily
As the first age in nature's golden scene;
Supine amidst our flowing store,
We slept securely, and we dreamt of more: 15
When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepared and out of guard,
Already lost before we fear'd.
The amazing news of Charles at once were spread,
At once the general voice declared, 20
"Our gracious prince was dead."
No sickness known before, no slow disease,
To soften grief by just degrees:
But like an hurricane on Indian seas,
The tempest rose; 25
An unexpected burst of woes:

Ver. 1. *Thus long my grief*] The following just, though severe sentence, has been passed on this Threnodia, by one who was always willing, if possible, to extenuate the blemishes of our poet. "Its first and obvious defect is the irregularity of its metre, to which the ears of that age, however, were accustomed. What is worse, it has neither tenderness nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetic. He seems to look round him for images which he cannot find, and what he has he distorts by endeavouring to enlarge them. He is, he says, petrified with grief, but the marble relents, and trickles in a joke. There is throughout the composition a desire of splendour without wealth. In the conclusion, he seems too much pleased with the prospect of the new reign, to have lamented master with much sincerity."—Dr. Johnson. Dr. J.

No sickness known *before,*] Original edition.

With scarce a breathing space betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and perishing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should sink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
(As once it shall,)
Should gape immense, and rushing down, o
whelm this nether ball;
So swift and so surprising was our fear:
Out Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, sure the best
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly risen from his rest,
And, with a fervent flame,
His usual morning vows had just address'd
For his dear sovereign's health;
And hoped to have them heard,
In long increase of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth:
Guiltless of greatness thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew nor wish'd those vows he made
On his own head should be repaid.
Soon as the ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
(Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace,)
Who can describe the amazement of his face!
Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear:
And then the hero first was seen to fear.
Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
So hasty and so artless was his grief:
Approaching greatness met him with her charm
Of power and future state;
But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
He shook her from his arms.
Arrived within the mournful room, he saw
A wild distraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief, unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed lay
Without motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image now of death.

is sad attendants' groans and cries,
nes of that adored forgiving face,
ted from their native grace;
slumber sat on his majestic eyes. 70
s duke—Forbear, audacious muse,
s thy feeble art can use
to adorn so vast a woe:
f of all the rest like subject-grief did
now,
n sovereign did transcend; 75
no brother, such a grief could know,
any name but friend.

III.

ous changes of a fatal scene,
urying to the last!
n, though its hard decree was past, 80
pointing to a gracious turn again:
Death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.
n half repented of the doom,
ost grieved it had foreseen,
by foresight it will'd eternally to come. 85
pove did hourly plead
er resemblance here below;
d forgiveness intercede
p the coming blow.
racles approach'd the etherial throne, 90
his wondrous life had often lately known,
ed that still they might be shown.
rth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
ouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
lf defending what he cou'd, 95
m all the glories of his future fate.
him the innumerable crowd,
rmed prayers
at the gates of heaven, and knock'd
loud;
first well-meaning rude petitioners. 100
is life assail'd the throne,
ld have bribed the skies by offering up
eir own.
a throng not heaven itself could bar;
most borne by force as in the giants' war.
yers, at least, for his reprieve were
eard; 105
h, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
t the sun the shadow went;
lays, those five degrees, were lent
m our patience and prepare the event.
nd causes took the swift command, 110
licinal head, the ready hand,
All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their art:
Once more the fleeting soul came back
To inspire the mortal frame; 115
And in the body took a doubtful stand,
Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the brand.

IV.

The joyful short-lived news soon spread around,
Took the same train, the same impetuous bound:
The drooping town in smiles again was dress'd, 121
Gladness in every face express'd,
Their eyes before their tongues confess'd.
Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took; 125
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
And long inveterate foes saluted as they pass'd:
Above the heroic James appear'd
Exalted more because he more had fear'd:
His manly heart, whose noble pride 130
Was still above
Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,
Its more than common transport could not hide;
But like an eagre* rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus in alternate course, 135
The tyrant passions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.
Thus, at half ebb, a rolling sea
Returns and wins upon the shore; 140
The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
Rest on their fins awhile, and stay,
Then backward take their wondering way:
The prophet wonders more than they,
At prodigies but rarely seen before, 145
And cries, a king must fall, or kingdoms change their sway.
Such were our counter-tides at land, and so
Presaging of the fatal blow,
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal soul, that, like the labouring moon, 150
By charms of art was hurried down,
Forced with regret to leave her native sphere,
Came but awhile on liking here:
Soon weary of the painful strife,
And made but faint essays of life: 155
An evening light
Soon shut in night;
A strong distemper, and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.

The sons of art all medicines tried, 160
And every noble remedy applied;
With emulation each essay'd
His utmost skill, nay more, they pray'd:
Never was losing game with better conduct play'd.

An iron *slumber sat on his majestic eyes.*] From n. x. 745.

Olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget
Somnus," &c.

P. Sidney's Arcadia, Lib. iii. "But with that ame out of his sound, and lifting vp his languish- which a painefull rest and IRON *sleep* did seeke to eeing her," &c. TODD.

rief of all the rest like subject-grief did show,
e a sovereign did transcend;]

the Dauphiness was dying, 1690, the bishop of ssuet, who attended her, said to Louis XIVth. hen in her chamber, "Your Majesty had better 'No, no," cried the king, "it is right I should y equals die." JOHN WARTON.

—— what he *cou'd.*] Orig. edit. TODD.

. *The* medicinal *head;*] Orig. edit. *med'cinal.*

Ver. 126. Friends *to congratulate*, &c.] *Each* to congratulate *his friend*, &c. Original edit. TODD.

* An *eagre* is a tide swelling above another tide, which I myself observed on the river Trent. Marg. Note, orig. edit.

Ver. 160. —— *all* medicines] Orig. edit.: all *med'cines.* TODD.

Ver. 164. Never was *losing game*] Orig. edit.: *Was never* losing game, &c. TODD.

Ibid. *Never was losing game*] A most vulgar ill-placed allusion Dr. J WARTON

Death never won a stake with greater toil,
Nor e'er was fate so near a foil:
But like a fortress on a rock,
The impregnable disease their vain attempts did mock;
They mined it near, they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war;
No gentle means could be essay'd,
'Twas beyond parley when the siege was laid:
The extremest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable pain,
As none but Cæsar could sustain:
Undaunted Cæsar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent:
In five such days he suffer'd more
Than any suffer'd in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Against the worst of rebels, could decree,
A traitor, or twice pardon'd enemy.
Now art was tired without success,
No racks could make the stubborn malady confess.
The vain insurancers of life,
And he who most perform'd and promised less,
Even Short himself forsook the unequal strife.
Death and despair was in their looks,
No longer they consult their memories or books;
Like helpless friends, who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar;
So stood they with their arms across;
Not to assist but to deplore
The inevitable loss.

VI.

Death was denounced; that frightful sound
Which even the best can hardly bear,
He took the summons void of fear;
And unconcernedly cast his eyes around;
As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.
What death could do he lately tried,
When in four days he more than died.
The same assurance all his words did grace;
The same majestic mildness held its place:
Nor lost the monarch in his dying face.
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if some angel had been sent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again,
As he had number'd in his happy reign,
So cheerfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath;
Nor shrunk nor stept aside for death;
But with unalter'd pace kept on;
Providing for events to come,
When he resign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly state;
And grew familiar with his fate.
Kind, good, and gracious, to the last,
On all he loved before his dying beams he cast:
Oh, truly good, and truly great,
For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set!
All that on earth he held most dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both Heaven
The right had given,
And his own love bequeath'd supreme command:
He took and press'd that ever loyal hand,
Which could in peace secure his reign,
Which could in wars his power maintain,
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well for so great a trust he chose
A prince who never disobey'd:
Not when the most severe commands were laid;
Nor want, nor exile with his duty weigh'd:
A prince on whom, if Heaven its eyes could close,
The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

VIII.

That king who lived to God's own heart,
Yet less serenely died than he:
Charles left behind no harsh decree
For schoolmen with laborious art
To salve from cruelty:
Those, for whom love could no excuses frame,
He graciously forgot to name.
Thus far my muse, though rudely, has design'd
Some faint resemblance of his godlike mind:
But neither pen nor pencil can express
The parting brothers' tenderness:
Though that 's a term too mean and low;
The blest above a kinder word may know:
But what they did, and what they said,
The monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who staid,
Like painters when their height'ning arts are spent
I cast into a shade.
That all-forgiving king,
The type of Him above,
That inexhausted spring
Of clemency and love;
Himself to his next self accused,
And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refused:
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godless men, and of rebellious times:
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country sent
Their best Camillus into banishment:
And forced their sovereign's act, they could not his consent.
Oh, how much rather had that injured chief
Repeated all his sufferings past!
Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
Which given could give the dying no relief:
He bent, he sunk beneath his grief:
His dauntless heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.
Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast
Disdain'd, or was ashamed, to show
So weak, so womanish a woe,
Which yet the brother and the friend so piteously confess'd.

IX.

Amidst that silent shower, the royal mind
An easy passage found,
And left its sacred earth behind
Nor murmuring groan express'd, nor labouring sound,
Nor any least tumultuous breath;

Ver. 170. —— medicinal *war;*] Orig. edit.: *med'cinal* war. Todd.

his life, and quiet was his death. 285
ose gentle whispers were,
the Almighty did appear;
ll voice the prophet knew him there.
e which made thy prosperous reign to
ne,
e thou leav'st to thy imperial line, 290
e, oh happy shade, be ever thine!

X.

ose joys thy restoration brought,
e miracles it wrought,
e healing balm thy mercy pour'd
nation's bleeding wound, 295
that after kept it sound,
rous blessings yearly shower'd,
erty with plenty crown'd;
om, still maintain'd alive,
which in no other land will thrive, 300
an English subject's sole prerogative,
whose charms even peace would be
l quiet slavery:
and more, accept our pious praise;
e subsidy 305
nt age can raise,
is charged on late posterity.
is charged the more,
he large abounding store
and to their heirs is still entail'd by
ee. 310
n of a long descent
astely in the channels ran,
our demi-gods began,
nost to time in its extent,
hazards numberless and great, 315
t derived this mighty blessing down,
the fairest gem that decks the imperial
own:
on, when it shook thy regal seat,
tes, insolently loud,
hoes of a thoughtless crowd, 320
gn or domestic treachery,
rp thy soul to their unjust decree.
thy foes thy manly mind mistook,
ed it by the mildness of thy look:
ell-temper'd sword it bent at will; 325
the native toughness of the steel.

XI.

O Clio, to thy hero's name!
him strictly so,
who view the piece may know;
no trappings of fictitious fame: 330

By the still voice] Orig. edit.: By the still TODD.

luding to 1 Kings xix. 12: "And after the fire a *oice*." See also the marginal reading of Job iv. 16: *still voice*, saying, Shall mortal man be more od?" TODD.

Not senates, insolently loud,
Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd,]

er, in a nervous and animated strain—

senate is a scene of civil jar,
s of contrarieties at war,
re sharp and solid, phlegmatic and light,
ordant atoms meet, contend, and fight;
re Obstinacy takes its sturdy stand,
isconcert what Policy has plann'd;
re Policy is busied all night long
tting right what Faction has set wrong."
Expos. 118. Vol. I.
JOHN WARTON.

The load 's too weighty: thou may'st choose
Some parts of praise, and some refuse:
Write, that his annals may be thought more
lavish than the muse.
In scanty truth thou hast confined
The virtues of a royal mind, 335
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and kind:
His conversation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
Were such, dead authors could not give;
But habitudes of those who live; 340
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His apprehension quick, his judgment true:
That the most learn'd, with shame, confess
His knowledge more, his reading only less. 345

XII.

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he shed
Revived the drooping arts again,
If Science raised her head,
And soft Humanity that from rebellion fled: 350
Our isle, indeed, too fruitful was before;
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the solar walk and heaven's high way;
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle, at the best, amidst the corn it bore:
The royal husbandman appear'd, 355
And plough'd, and sow'd, and till'd,
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish clear'd,
And bless'd the obedient field.
When straight a double harvest rose; 360
Such as the swarthy Indian mows;
Or happier climates near the line,
Or paradise manured, and drest by hands divine.

XIII.

As when the new-born phœnix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to survey, 365

Ver. 348. *Revived the drooping arts*] Charles was very instrumental in founding and promoting the Royal Society; but it has been said, it may be doubted whether the institutions of academies have contributed to the promotion of science and literature. Neither Copernicus nor Kepler were members of any academy; nor was Newton member of our Royal Society till he had made his most important discoveries. None of the great inventions have been owing to academies. But it may be added, that *Alexander* assisted Aristotle with a vast collection of animals; the caliph *Almoran* encouraged philosophy; and without the French academy, *Maupertuis* would not have undertaken his Philosophical Journey; nor *Tournefort* his Voyages, without the encouragement of Louis XIV. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 364. *As when the new-born phœnix, &c.*] Dryden had probably Sannazarius in view, De Partu Virg. lib. ii.

"——— Qualis nostrum cum tendit in orbem,
Purpureis rutilat pennis nitidissima phœnix,
Quam variæ circum volucres comitantur euntem," &c.
TODD.

Ibid. *As when the new-born phœnix takes his way,*
His rich paternal regions to survey,
Of airy choristers a numerous train
Attend his wondrous progress o'er the plain;]

Imitated from Buchanan:

"Sic ubi de patrio redivivus funere Phœnix
Aurorse ad populos redit, et cunabula secum
Ipse sua, et cineres patris, inferiasque decoris
Fert humeris; quacunque citis aremigat alis,
Indigenæ comitantur aves, celebrantque canoro
Agmine: non illas species incognita tantum
Aut picturata capiunt spectacula pennæ."
Buchanan. Silv. p. 59.
JOHN WARTON.

Of airy choristers a numerous train
Attend his wondrous progress o'er the plain;
So, rising from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return;
The officious Muses came along, 370
A gay harmonious quire, like angels ever young:
The Muse that mourns him now his happy triumph sung.
Even they could thrive in his auspicious reign;
And such a plenteous crop they bore
Of purest and well-winnow'd grain, 375
As Britain never knew before.
Though little was their hire, and light their gain,
Yet somewhat to their share he threw;
Fed from his hand they sung and flew,
Like birds of paradise that lived on morning dew. 380
Oh, never let their lays his name forget!
The pension of a prince's praise is great.
Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live blest above, almost invoked below; 385
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
Who didst by wise delays divert our fate,
When faction like a tempest rose, 390
In death's most hideous form,
Then art to rage thou didst oppose,
To weather out the storm:
Not quitting thy supreme command,
Thou held'st the rudder with a steady hand, 395
Till safely on the shore the bark did land:
The bark that all our blessings brought,
Charged with thyself and James, a doubly royal fraught.

XIV.

Oh frail estate of human things,
And slippery hopes below! 400
Now to our cost your emptiness we know,
For 'tis a lesson dearly bought,
Assurance here is never to be sought.
The best, and best beloved of kings,
And best deserving to be so, 405
When scarce he had escaped the fatal blow
Of faction and conspiracy,
Death did his promised hopes destroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but lived not to enjoy.
What mists of Providence are these 410
Through which we cannot see!
So saints, by supernatural power set free,
Are left at last in martyrdom to die;
Such is the end of oft repeated miracles.
Forgive me, Heaven, that impious thought; 415
'Twas grief for Charles, to madness wrought,
That question'd thy supreme decree!
Thou didst his gracious reign prolong,
Even in thy saints' and angels' wrong,
His fellow-citizens of immortality: 420
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd since his blest return:
So strictly wert thou just to pay,
Even to the driblet of a day.
Yet still we murmur, and complain 425
The quails and manna should no longer rain;
Those miracles 'twas needless to renew;
The chosen flock has now the promised land in view.

XV.

A warlike prince ascends the regal state,
A prince long exercised by fate: 430
Long may he keep, though he obtains it late.
Heroes in Heaven's peculiar mould are cast,
They and their poets are not form'd in haste;
Man was the first in God's design, and man was made the last.
False heroes, made by flattery so, 435
Heaven can strike out, like sparkles, at a blow;
But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
With toil and sweat,
With hardening cold, and forming heat, 440
The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
Before the impenetrable shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before 'twas tried and found a masterpiece. 445

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he swiftly ran;
The future god at first was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate, 450
Even o'er his cradle lay in wait;
And there he grappled first with fate:
In his young hands the hissing snakes he press'd,
So early was the deity confess'd;
Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat; 455
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.
Like his, our hero's infancy was tried:
Betimes the furies did their snakes provide;
And to his infant arms oppose
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes; 460
The more opprest, the higher still he rose;
Those were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to subdue
The hydra of a many-headed hissing crew.

XVII.

As after Numa's peaceful reign 465
The martial Ancus did the sceptre wield,
Furbish'd the rusty sword again,
Resumed the long-forgotten shield,
And led the Latins to the dusty field;
So James the drowsy genius wakes 470
Of Britain long entranced in charms,
Restive and slumbering on its arms:
'Tis roused, and with a new-strung nerve the spear already shakes.
No neighing of the warrior steeds,
No drum, or louder trumpet, needs 475
To inspire the coward, warm the cold;
His voice, his sole appearance, makes them bold.
Gaul and Batavia dread the impending blow;
Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their fatal foe. 480

Ver. 380. *Like birds of paradise that lived on morning dew.*] Tavernier, the excellent French traveller, says, that it is a vulgar error that the birds of paradise have no legs: the fact is, that they gorge and over-fill themselves by feeding on the nutmeg-trees, from which they fall down in a kind of intoxication, and the emmet eats off their legs. Louis XIII. had one of these birds, and a very beautiful one, that had two legs. JOHN WARTON.

ıay they fear this awful prince,
ɔt provoke his lingering sword;
s their only sure defence,
ɔest security his word:
he changes of his doubtful state, 485
ıth, like Heaven's, was kept inviolate,
ı to promise is to make it fate.
our can triumph o'er land and main;
roken oaths his fame he will not stain;
onquest basely bought, and with inglorious
gain. 490

XVIII.

ce, O Heaven, unfold thy adamantine book;
t his wondering senate see,
hy firm immutable decree,
t the second page of strong contingency;
s consists with wills originally free: 495
ɜm with glad amazement look
ıt their happiness may be:
ɜm not still be obstinately blind,
divert the good thou hast design'd,
ı malignant penury, 500
ve the royal virtues of his mind.
Faith is a Christian's and a subject's test;
Oh, give them to believe, and they are surely blest.
They do; and with a distant view I see
The amended vows of English loyalty. 505
And all beyond that object, there appears
The long retinue of a prosperous reign,
A series of successful years,
In orderly array, a martial, manly train.
Behold ev'n the remoter shores, 510
A conquering navy proudly spread;
The British cannon formidably roars;
While starting from his oozy bed,
The asserted Ocean rears his reverend head,
To view and recognize his ancient lord again; 515
And with a willing hand restores
The fasces of the main.

Ver. 512. *The British cannon*, &c.] This conclusion is truly spirited, and the prophecy has been abundantly verified. Dryden gives the British king the proper title of *ancient lord of the ocean*. Camden, in his Britannia, had before denominated our island *the lady of the sea*; a very just and emphatical distinction: Esto perpetua! TODD.

TO MY FRIEND MR. J. NORTHLEIGH.

AUTHOR OF "THE PARALLEL,"

ON HIS TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

ɜph, yet a youth, expounded well
ding dream, and did th' event foretell;
by the past, and drew the Parallel.
ırly Solomon the truth explored,
ht awarded, and the babe restored. 5
ıaniel, ere to prophecy he grew,
ɜjured Presbyters did first subdue,
ɜed Susanna from the canting crew.
Well may our Monarchy triumphant stand,
While warlike James protects both sea and land; 10
And, under covert of his sevenfold shield,
Thou send'st thy shafts to scour the distant field.
By law thy powerful pen has set us free;
Thou studiest that, and that may study thee.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM. IN THREE PARTS.

——— Antiquam exquirite matrem.
Et vera, incessu, patuit Dea.—VIRG.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

THE nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that; and though Conscience is the common *Word*, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of *their* conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take beforehand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call them either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of them; at least all such as are received under that denomination. For example: there are some of the Church by law established who envy not liberty of conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his Majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended: it is aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who are come over to the royal party are consequently supposed to be out of gun-shot. Our physicians have observed, that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal; and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been enemies to Kingly Government, as well as Catholic Religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince; but without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their addresses to his Majesty, have said, "That he has restored God to his empire over conscience." I confess I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else but publicly to own that they suffered not before for conscience sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a Church for those impositions which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination (not to speak of rites and ceremonies), will they at length

submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not, they will, consider from what hands they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian king, their native sovereign, who expects a return in specie from them, that the kindness which he has graciously shown them may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed on me, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter and the beginning of this spring, though with long interruptions of ill-health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finished it, his Majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad; which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the Church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Test, which was one design of the poem when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended: I mean that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attacked in print; and I refer myself to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's papers and that of the Duchess (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now informed both of the author and supervisers of his pamphlet, and will reply when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those whom he pretended to answer; and at his leisure look out for some original treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in English (I believe I may say in any other tongue): for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; though with the omission of the seventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cause; for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer that a Catholic cannot fast, because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the poem as such, and abstracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The first part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The second, being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two Episodes, or Fables, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common places of Satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one Church against the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalised, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.*

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.

* This piece is a defence of the Roman Catholic Church, by way of dialogue between a Hind, who represents the Church of Rome, and a Panther, who sustains the character of the Church of England. These two beasts very learnedly debate the principal points controverted between the two Churches, as transubstantiation, infallibility, church-authority, &c. This poem was immediately attacked by the wits; particularly by Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Prior, who joined in writing *The Hind and Panther, parodied in the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse.* DERRICK.

There is a pointed allusion to this poem, in a satire entitled *Ecebolius Britannicus, or A Memento to the Jacobites of the higher order;* in which, indeed, many of Dryden's phrases and sentiments are introduced, and printed in the italic character. This satire is worthy of perusal. It occurs in "The loyal and impartial Satyrist, containing eight Miscellany Poems, 4to. Lond. 1694."

ECEBOLIUS BRITANNICUS, &c.

You, whom Religion *sits so loose about,*
That you *want* charity *to fill it out;*
You that can't swear (that might consist with love)
Yet curse and damn like the great Lateran Jove;
Remember him who lately seem'd to say,
What is Religion but a solemn play?
We do but act a while, and then give o'er;
And, when we quit this stage, we are no more.
In vain men hope *th' abyss of light* to see,
No spirits wait in *hollow trees* beneath,
Nor is there any *bellowing* after death,
'Tis all but vain and senseless poetry:
Death shuts the comick scene; when parted hence
None ever cried, *What am I, or from whence?*
No dæmons walk; no glaring *eye-balls rowl;*
But *horrid stillness* then invades the soul.
Great souls discern not when the leap's too wide;
Heroes will be for ever *changing side:*
And since religions vary like the wind,
Who would to one be *cursedly confined?*
He that can servilely *creep after one*
Is safe, but *ne'er shall reach* promotion.
Sell Plays for Legends, (that 's the way to prosper,)
I'll part with scenes for a more costly shrine;
Phillis for *Bridget*, or Saint *Katherine,*
Bizarre and *Escapade* for *Pater Noster;*
My *Maximin* for *Lewis;* and I hope
To find a new *Almanzor* in the Pope.
Rome's Church, tho' once a whore, now cannot be;
She must be chaste, because she's lov'd by me.
How dear is Mother-Church, how *charming fair,*
To a distressed sinner in despair!
The world shall see I'll turn, *because I dare.*
As once Empedocles to get a name,
Wing'd with ambition to be thought a god,
O'er unfrequented hills, and peaks untrod,
Pass'd into scorching Ætna's liquid flame:
So to be dubb'd a saint, and fill a story,
From *fairy land,* and dark *enchanted isle,*
From *mountains of the moon,* and *head of Nile,*
Immortal Bays will pass to Purgatory.

2.

But, ha! what strange new project here is shewn,
So long kept secret, and so lately known?
As if our old plot *modestly withdrew,*
And here in private were brought forth anew.
New almanacks foretel some change at hand,
When *bear-skinn'd men* in *floating castles land;*
And all our hopes, *like old men's children, be*
Blasted and wither'd *in their infancy.*
Parsons and Curates *careless of their charge,*
And safe in holy ease, now *live at large;*
Unguarded leave their posts, away they flie;
And all dissolved in New Allegiance lie.
The Prelates are protected by the Bar,
Dull heroes fatten still with spoils of war;
Ah! why should a worse fortune be design'd
For him that wrote the *Panther* and the *Hind?*
Is this the state his Holiness has given?
Is this our Cape of Hope, and promised haven?
This province my Unhappy Change has got,
This portion is the losing Convert's lot.
This region my false wandering steps have found,
And fortune *flies me like enchanted ground.*
Best take th' occasion, and this clime forsake,
While time is given; Ho, *Brother Teague, awake,*
If thou art he; *but, ah! how sunk in tone!*
How changed from proud *Bullero* to *O Hone!*
How faded all thy laurels are! I see
My fate too soon, and *my own change in thee.*
Into what wild distraction am I brought!
I 'm lost, and caught in *my own web of thought:*
I burn, I'm all on fire, I more than burn:
Stand off, *I have not leisure yet* to turn.
What have these bears, these boars, and dirty swin
These heretick dogs, *to do with me or mine?*
I 'll ne'er repent of such a gallant crime:
When Wits are down, dull Fops *will watch their th*
Our fame is hush'd, as hope itself lay dead,
And *Rome* begins to nod her drooping head:
The little *Teagues* in dreams their howls repeat,
And weeping laurels with the night-dew sweat:
Panthers are now at rest, but fear denies
Sleep to my *Hind,* and to her Poet's eyes.

This spirited poem, I should add, is in the title-page o of the Miscellany inscribed, *To the truly Orthodox Critic Poet, J. D——n, Esq.* TODD.

Ver. 1. *A milk-white Hind,*] It is impossible to add a thing to the just criticism, the true wit, and well-poin ridicule, with which Mr. Montague and Mr. Prior attac and exposed the matchless absurdity of the plan of t poem in the following words:—

"The favourers of the Hind and Panther will be ap say in its defence, that the best things are capable of be turned to ridicule; that Homer has been burlesqued, Virgil travestied, without suffering any thing in their putation from that buffoonery; and that, in like manner, Hind and the Panther may be an exact poem, though the subject of our raillery. But there is this difference, those authors are wrested from their true sense, and naturally falls into ridicule; there is nothing represen here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not so equall the original. First, as to the general design, is it no easy to imagine two mice bilking coachmen, and supp at the Devil, as to suppose a hind entertaining the pan at a hermit's cell, discussing the greatest mysteries of r gion, and telling you her son Rodriguez was very g Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradict to the rules and examples of all fables, and to the very sign and use of them? They were first begun and ra to the highest perfection in the eastern countries, wh they wrote in signs, and spoke in parables, and delive the most useful precepts in delightful stories; which their aptness were entertaining to the most judicious, led the vulgar into understanding by surprising th with their novelty, and fixing their attention. All t fables carry a double meaning; the story is one and ent the characters the same throughout, not broken or chang and always conformable to the nature of the creatures t introduce. They never tell you, that the dog which sa at a shadow lost his troop of horse—that would be u telligible—a piece of flesh is proper for him to drop, the reader will apply it to mankind. They would not that the daw, who was so proud of her borrowed plu looked very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and t away all the book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th chap

he oft been chased with horns and
nds, 5
ian shafts; and many winged wounds
er heart; was often forced to fly,
'd to death though fated not to die.
ner young; for their unequal line
s make, half human, half divine. 10
hly mould obnoxious was to fate,
rtal part assumed immortal state.
slaughter'd army lay in blood,
o'er the Caledonian wood,
ve walk; whose vocal blood arose, 15
for pardon on their perjured foes.
was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
ith souls, increased the sacred breed.
Israel multiplied in chains,
us exile, and enjoy'd her pains. 20
f and gladness mix'd the mother
w'd
r'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
se to perish, but their kind to last,
the deathless plant the dying fruit
pass'd.
and pensive now she ranged alone, 25
er'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
non hunt, though from their rage re-
in'd
gn power, her company disdain'd;
they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
ny signs of secret enmity. 30
he bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
not time to take a steady sight.
has such a face and such a mien,
oved needs only to be seen.

ole from him. But this is his new way of tell-
and confounding the moral and the fable toge-

the word was written, said the Hind,
aviour preach'd the faith to all mankind.
lation has the hind to our Saviour? Or what
we of a panther's bible? If you say he means
how does the Church feed on lawns, or range
Let it be always a Church, or always the
l beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the
line. If it is absurd in comedies to make a
in the strain of a hero, or a country wench use
e of a court, how monstrous is it to make a
hind, and a parson of a panther! To bring
uting with all the formalities and terms of the
ough, as to the arguments themselves, those,
are suited to the capacity of the beasts; and if
ppose a hind expressing herself about these
would talk at that rate." Dr. J. Warton.

—— *Hind,*] It is singular, that in the most
unt of old *Sanskreet* Fables, given to us by Mr.
ditled *Heeto-pades*, or Amicable Instruction,
our hind and panther, are sometimes absurdly
s arguing on subjects of theology; a tiger is
devout, and praising charity and religious
old mouse is well versed in *Neetee Sastras*, or
olicy and ethics; and a cat reads religious
Wilkins translated the *Mahabarat*, an epic
ir William Jones the *Sacontala*, a drama of a
early date, and an invaluable curiosity on
e manners described in it. Dr. J. Warton.

—— *the Caledonian wood,*] The ravages and
mmitted by the Scotch covenanters gave
hese lines. Derrick.

—— the *mother view'd*] Original edition:
. Todd.

*Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs, &c.*]

s, I think, had Milton in his mind. See Par.

" —— or, with countenance grim,
Glared on him passing." Todd.

The bloody Bear, an independent beast, 35
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,
Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to choose: 40
Still when the Lion look'd, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled Baptist Boar, impure as he,
(But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,)

Ver. 35. *The bloody Bear, an independent beast,*] The Independents were a sect of Protestants, who held, that "each church, within itself, had sufficient power to do everything relative to church-government." They sprung up amidst the confusions of Charles the First's reign, about the year 1643. Walker calls them a composition of Jews, Christians, and Turks. See his History of Independency, p. 1, 27; for which he was committed by Cromwell to the Tower. See Echard's History of England, vol. ii. p. 435, for an account of their rise. Butler calls them,

"The maggots of corrupted texts."—Hud. p. 3. v. 10.

And our author, in his Religio Laici, says,

"The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
And turns to maggots what was meant for food."

Because that, in order to infuse into people a notion that they had a right to choose their own pastors, they corrupted this text: *Wherefore, brethren, look you out from among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, whom ye* (instead of *we*) *may appoint over this business.* Acts vi. 3. Field is said to have been the first printer of this forgery, and to have received for it £1500. Be that as it may, it is certainly to be found in several of his editions of the Bible, particularly in his fine folio of 1659-60, and his octavo of 1661. Derrick.

Ver. 37. —— *the quaking Hare*
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.]

The Quakers: so called from certain tremblings and convulsions with which they appear to be seized at their religious meetings. They decline all military employments; reject the use of arms, which they call profane and carnal weapons; and refuse the oaths. Their affirmation is now admitted, by act of Parliament, in our justiciary courts, as of equal force to an oath taken by a person of any other persuasion upon the gospel. Derrick.

Ver. 39. *Next her the buffoon Ape,*] No particular sect is meant by the buffoon ape, but libertines and latitudinarians, persons ready to conform to anything to serve their turn. Derrick.

Ver. 43. *The bristled Baptist Boar,*] The unexampled absurdities of the principles and practices of the Anabaptists were too inviting and copious a subject for Swift not to seize, and enabled him to give some of the finest touches of ridicule in his Tale of a Tub.

"Having, from his manner of living, frequent occasions to *wash* himself, he would often leap over head and ears into the water, though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much *dirtier*, if possible, than when he went in.

"He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a *soporiferous* medicine to be conveyed in at the *ears:* it was a compound of *sulphur* and *balm of Gilead*, with a little *Pilgrim's Progress salve.*

"He wore a large plaister of artificial *caustics* on his stomach with the fervour of which he could set himself a *groaning*, like the famous *board*, upon application of a red-hot iron.

"He would stand in the turning of a street, and calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, *Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chops:* to another, *Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse. Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hand? Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours, over these poor shoulders.* And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the *public good. Observe this stroke* (said he, shewing his bare shoulders) *a plaguy janisary gave it me this very morning at seven o'clock, as with much ado I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours of mine, this broken head deserves a plaister; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French King long before this time of day among your wives and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the Great Mogul was come as*

With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place, 45
And mountains levell'd in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But since the mighty ravage, which he made
In German forests, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name, 50
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;
So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chased from Nice; then, by Socinus nursed,
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd, 55
And nature's King through nature's optics view'd.
Reversed they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God descry:
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend, 60
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide! 65
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
Oh, teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take, 70
Whom thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own. 75
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done:
What more could fright my faith, than three in one? 80
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Disguised in mortal mould and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And after that trust my imperfect sense,
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel, 85
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way; 90
For what my senses can themselves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who say the Host should be descried
By sense, define a body glorified?
Impassable, and penetrating parts? 95
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through the opposing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.
For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain 100
One single place two bodies did contain.
And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity? 105
'Tis urged again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For latter ages must on former wait, 110
And what began belief, must propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power divine,
As means or ends of some more deep design? 115
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the eternal Son.
God thus asserted, man is to believe
Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely 120
On the proponent, Heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit,

far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides, that he hath not (God bless us) *already swallowed up man, woman, and child.*" Dr. J. Warton.

Ibid. *The bristled Baptist Boar*, &c.] The Anabaptists, who reject infant baptism, and baptize only adults by immersion. Derrick.

Ver. 49. *In German forests, had his guilt betray'd,*] They succeeded to the rise of Lutheranism in Germany about the year 1521, and committed innumerable acts of violence, particularly in Munster. Derrick.

Ver. 53. *False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:*
The graceless beast, &c.]
This alludes to the persecution of the Arians, and the rise of the Socinians. Derrick.

Ver. 64. —— *how well dost thou provide*
For erring judgments an unerring guide!]
Here our author allows of the infallibility of the Pope, and the authority of the Church, contrary to his position in Religio Laici, line 282.

"Such an omniscient Church we wish," &c.

And then proceeds to thank God for his own conversion!
Derrick.

Ver. 82. *Maker of the world could die?*] Of all the numerous artists who have exercised their talents on this subject, *M. Angelo* seems to have treated it in the most skilful and striking manner. In a picture of the Passion, he has represented the Virgin looking at her crucified Son, without grief, without regret, without tears. He supposes her interested in this great mystery, and therefore makes her bear this view of his death with a kind of sublime tranquillity and unmovedness. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 85. *Can I my reason to my faith compel,*] Dryden here advances the doctrine of transubstantiation, which he reconciles to the Divine Omnipotence, and entirely disclaims the use of reason in discussing it. Derrick.

Ver. 95. Impassable,] *Impassible.* Original edition.
Todd.

Ver. 99. *And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.*]

"—— purâ per noctem in luce refulsit
Alma parens, confessa Deam."

His mind was so thoroughly imbued with Virgil, that he fell into perpetual and involuntary imitations of him.
John Warton.

Ver. 100. —— *thus wondrously he pass'd,*] This is urged as an irresistible defence of the doctrine of transubstantiation. But how different the two cases! Our Saviour, by his own power, could miraculously enter the room where his disciples were assembled. But the priest himself makes this Saviour just before he swallows him. The disciples saw with their own eyes the figure and body of Christ, but in the *wafer* surely Christ is *not* seen.
Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 101. *One single place*] The doctrine of transubstantiation is so singularly absurd (perhaps blasphemous) as hardly to deserve a serious refutation. Mr. Pope told Mr. Richardson, that Gay, going to Mr. Titcum, (who was the intimate friend of himself, Swift, Craggs, and Addison) to ask him, when he was dying, as he was a papist, if he would have a priest, "No," said he, "what should I do with them? But I would rather have one of them than one of yours, of the two. Our fools (continued Titcum) write great books to prove that *bread* is *God;* but your booby (meaning Tillotson has wrote a long argument to prove that *bread* is *bread.*' Dr. J. Warton.

n the building gains a surer stay,
the unuseful scaffolding away. 125
by sense no more can understand;
ne is play'd into another hand;
oose we then like bilanders to creep
he coast, and land in view to keep,
afely we may launch into the deep? 130
ame vessel which our Saviour bore,
the pilot, let us leave the shore,
th a better guide a better world explore.
e his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
veil these again to be our food? 135
e in both is equal in extent;
t affords us life, the second nourishment.
he can, why all this frantic pain
true what his clearest words contain,
ke a riddle what he made so plain? 140
up half on trust, and half to try,
t not faith, but bungling bigotry.
nave and fool the merchant we may call,
great sums, and to compound the small:
o would break with Heaven, and would
not break for all? 145
en, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
ences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
the best ensurer of thy bliss;
nk above must fail before the venture
miss.
aven and heaven-born faith are far from
thee, 150
irst apostate to divinity.
nell'd range in thy Polonian plains;
er foe the insatiate Wolf remains.
astful Britain, please thyself no more,
easts of prey are banish'd from thy shore:
ear, the Boar, and every savage name, 155
n effect, though in appearance tame,
aste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
muzzled though they seem, the mutes
devour.
naughty than the rest, the wolfish race 160
r with belly gaunt, and famish'd face:
was so deform'd a beast of grace.
ged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
clapp'd for shame; but his rough crest he
rears,
ricks up his predestinating ears. 165
ld disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
l the bestial citizens surprise.
h fear'd and hated, yet he ruled awhile
tain or companion of the spoil.

153. ——— *the insatiate Wolf*, &c.] Butler, in the to of Hudibras, says, that the Presbyterians

"——— prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks."

general description given of them here is very they hold the doctrine of predestination, or a of God from all eternity, to save a certain number n, from thence called the elect.

et" (of whom Hudibras says a little lower) "whose chief devotion lies
dd perverse antipathies."

reputing the eating of Christmas-pies and plum sinful; nay, they prohibited all sorts of merri- that holy festival, and not only abolished it by council, dated Dec. 22, 1657, but changed it into a They wore, during the confusions about Oliver's ack caps, that left their ears bare, their hair being round quite close; wherefore the *wolf*, the emblem pytery, is here said to

Prick up his predestinating ears.

DERRICK.

Full many a year his hateful head had been 170
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen:
The last of all the litter 'scaped by chance,
And from Geneva first infested France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race; 175
Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.

Ver. 172. *The last of all the litter*] Calvin, the person here pointed at, was, it must be allowed, a man of very extensive genius, much learning, industry, penetration, and piety, and the most persuasive eloquence. He was born at Noyon, in Picardy, in July, 1509. To escape the threats of Francis the First, he retired to Basil, where he published his Christian Institutions, and prefixed to them his famous dedication to Francis I. Calvin was asthmatical, and delivered his sermons slowly: a man at Geneva got his livelihood by writing them down as he pronounced them. "Sapit Calvinus (says Scaliger) quod in apocalypsim non scripsit." We might have expected that Dryden would have here censured the strong Calvinistical turn of some of the articles of the Church of England. Burnet has defended the article concerning predestination. The greatest part of the first English reformers were, says Mosheim, absolute Sublapsarians. James I. censured a preacher, Ed. Symson, for advancing some Arminian tenets, 1616, and he was forced to make a public recantation before the king. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 176. *Because of Wickliff's brood*] Wickliff flourished about the year 1384. John Huss, 1415. Jerome of Prague, 1415. This great triumvirate, we should remember, sowed the first seeds of that reformation, of which Luther and Calvin have alone reaped the glory, and of which our countryman had the honour of being the first. To whom justice is done by the learned and candid Mosheim, in his excellent Ecclesiastical History, much improved by the translation of the learned Mr. Maclain.

Among all the enemies of the Mendicant orders, none has been transmitted to posterity with more exalted encomiums on the one hand, or blacker calumnies on the other, than John Wickliff, professor of divinity at Oxford, and afterwards rector of Lutterworth; who, according to the testimony of the writers of these times, was a man of an enterprising genius, and extraordinary learning. In the year 1360, animated by the example of Richard, archbishop of Armagh, he first of all defended the statutes and privileges of the university of Oxford against all the orders of the Mendicants, and had the courage to throw out some slight reproofs against the popes, their principal patrons, which no true Briton ever imputed to him as a crime. After this, in the year 1367, he was deprived of the wardenship of Canterbury-hall, in the university of Oxford, by Simon Langham, archbishop of Canterbury, who substituted a monk in his place: upon which he appealed to pope Urban V., who confirmed the sentence of the archbishop against him, on account of the freedom with which he had inveighed against the monastic orders. Highly exasperated at this treatment, he threw off all restraint, and not only attacked all the monks, and their scandalous irregularities, but even the pontifical power itself, and other ecclesiastical abuses, both in his sermons and writings. From hence he proceeded to yet greater lengths, and, detesting the wretched superstition of the times, refuted, with great acuteness and spirit, the absurd notions that were generally received in religious matters, and not only exhorted the laity to study the scriptures, but also translated into English these divine books, in order to render the perusal of them more universal.

Though neither the doctrine of Wickliff was void of error, nor his life without reproach, yet it must be confessed that the changes he attempted to introduce, both in the faith and discipline of the Church, were, in many respects, wise, useful, and salutary.

The monks, whom Wickliff had principally exasperated, commenced a violent prosecution against him at the court of Gregory XI., who, in the year 1377, ordered Simon Sudbury, archbishop of Canterbury, to take cognizance of the affair, in a council held at London. Imminent as this danger evidently was, Wickliff escaped it by the interest of the Duke of Lancaster, and some other peers, who had a high regard for him. And soon after the death of Gregory XI. the fatal schism of the Romish church commenced, during which there was one pope at Rome and another at Avignon; so that, of course, this controversy lay dormant a long time. But no sooner was this embroiled state of affairs tolerably settled, than the process against him was

These last deduce him from the Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman lake his consort lined:
That fiery Zuinglius first the affection bred, 180
And meagre Calvin bless'd the nuptial bed.
In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
When the proud Sanhedrim oppress'd the prince,
Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conspire 185
From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
And Aaron of his ephod to devest:
Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
And could not bear the burden of a class.

revived by William de Courtenay, archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 1385, and was carried on with great vehemence in two councils held at London and Oxford. The event was, that of the twenty-three opinions for which Wickliff had been prosecuted by the monks, ten were condemned as heresies, and thirteen as errors. He himself, however, returned in safety to Lutterworth, where he died peaceably in the year 1387. This latter attack was much more dangerous than the former; but by what means he got safely through it, whether by interest of the court, or by denying or abjuring his opinions, is to this day a secret. He left many followers in England, and other countries, who were styled Wickliffites and Lollards, which last was a term of popular reproach, translated from the Flemish tongue into English. Wherever they could be found, they were terribly persecuted by the inquisitors, and other instruments of papal vengeance; and, in the Council of Constance, in the year 1415, the memory and opinions of Wickliff were condemned by a solemn decree; and about thirteen years after, his bones were dug up, and publicly burnt.

Of all the reformers, Melancthon appears to have been the most elegant scholar, and to have had the best taste. His Latin translation of Euripides was excellent. Father Paul valued Occam above all the schoolmen. Luther objected to preaching on the Apocalypse. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 180. *That fiery Zuinglius*] His conduct and share in the Reformation is thus impartially stated by Mosheim:—

"While the credit and authority of the Roman pontiff was thus upon the decline in Germany, they received a mortal wound in Switzerland from Ulric Zuingle, a canon of Zurich, whose extensive learning and uncommon sagacity were accompanied with the most heroic intrepidity and resolution. It must even be acknowledged, that this eminent man had perceived some rays of the truth before Luther came to an open rupture with the Church of Rome. He was, however, afterwards still farther animated by the example, and instructed by the writings, of the Saxon reformer; and thus his zeal for the good cause acquired new strength and vigour. For he not only explained the sacred writings in his public discourses to the people, but also gave, in the year 1519, a signal proof of his courage, by opposing, with the greatest resolution and success, the ministry of a certain Italian monk, whose name was Samson, and who was carrying on, in Switzerland, the impious traffic of indulgences, with the same impudence that Tetzel had done in Germany. This was the first remarkable event that prepared the way for the reformation among the Helvetic cantons. In process of time, Zuingle pursued, with steadiness and resolution, the design that he had begun with such courage and success. His noble efforts were seconded by some other learned men, educated in Germany, who became his colleagues, and the companions of his labours, and who, jointly with him, succeeded so far in removing the credulity of a deluded people, that the pope's supremacy was rejected and denied in the greatest part of Switzerland. It is indeed to be observed, that Zuingle did not always use the same methods of conversion that were employed by Luther; nor, upon particular occasions, did he discountenance the use of violent measures against such as adhered with obstinacy to the superstitions of their ancestors. He is also said to have attributed to the civil magistrate such an extensive power in ecclesiastical affairs as is quite inconsistent with the essence and genius of religion. But, upon the whole, even envy must acknowledge, that his intentions were upright, and his designs worthy of the highest approbation." Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 183. *When the proud Sanhedrim, &c.*] On this line, in the original edition, the following marginal note occurs:—"*Vid. Pref. to Heyl. Hist. of Presb.*" Todd.

Ver. 187. —— *of his ephod to* devest:] Thus the orig. edit., and rightly. Todd.

The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark, 190
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The Dog (a common species) will contain.
And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
Abhorring the supremacy of man, 195
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.
O happy pair, how well have you increased!
What ills in Church and State have you redress'd!
With teeth untried, and rudiments of claws,
Your first essay was on your native laws: 200
Those having torn with ease, and trampled down,
Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel still be small,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall; 205
Yet your victorious colonies are sent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:
And, like the first, the last affects to be 210
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
A rank sour herbage rises on the green;
So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance. 215
Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
To Heaven above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
God, like the tyrant of the skies, is placed,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debased. 220
So fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse
To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds, 225
But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confined; 230
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So Presbytery and pestilential zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chased the wolfish crew;
But ah! some pity e'en to brutes is due: 235

Ver. 216. *Such are their doctrines,*] He does not mention John Huss and Jerome of Prague, two chief promoters of the Reformation. L'Enfant, in his History of the War of the Hussites, says, that two English students becoming acquainted with John Huss at Prague, having painted, in the porch of their house, a representation of our Saviour entering into Jerusalem upon an ass, with crowds following him on foot, and on the other side the pope riding a horse magnificently caparisoned, and attended with guards, drums, and hautboys, Huss was so delighted with this picture, that he mentioned and commended it in his sermons, and the whole city crowded to see it. This was the beginning of John Huss's attachment to the opinions of Wickliff. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 235. *From Celtic woods is chased the wolfish crew.*] This passage alludes to the revocation of the edict of Nantz, by which two millions of the Reformed Church were proscribed, and two hundred thousand drove into foreign countries; a proceeding that must throw an eternal blemish on the reign of Louis XIV. The remainder of this paragraph does great honour to Dryden, as it manifests, that whatever faults he had, a persecuting spirit was not one of them. Derrick.

walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
ir native malice to destroy.
annies on human kind,
that which persecutes the mind. 240
eigh at what offence we strike;
use we cannot think alike.
of this, we overthrow
nations and of nature too.
e subjects of tyrannic sway, 245
he stronger on the weaker prey.
a softer mould is made,
ellows' ruin, but their aid:
, beneficent and free,
age of the Deity. 250
n of informing fire was given
e inferior family of Heaven:
ivine, as with a careless beat,
e mute creation at a heat:
rived at last to human race, 255
took a deep considering space;
guish man from all the rest,
sacred treasures of his breast;
ix'd with reason did impart,
ad, the other to his heart: 260
e, but mercy to forgive:
w, the last prerogative.
mind his outward form appear'd,
naked, to the wondering herd,
heir eyes; and, for they loved, they 265
th horns of arbitrary might,
eize their furry spoils in fight,
ase of feet to o'ertake them in their
, and pliant every way;
ll the softness of his clay, 270
kings upon their coronation day:
nds, and with extended space
tisfy a large embrace.
ed up with milk, the new-made
o'er his kindred world began: 275
e misapplied, misunderstood,
empire sour'd his balmy blood.
belling, his own stamp he coins;
Cain was latent in his loins:
gan its first and loudest cry, 280
worship of the Deity.
tion rose, and farther space
mighty hunter of his race.
essed Pan his flock increased,
ld them from the famish'd beast: 285
is laws; the Sheep and harmless
f the persecuting kind.
w the pious pastor shows,
rom the British Lion flows,
ovide protection from their foes. 290
regions, Italy and Spain,
did those monsters entertain!
e Bear, the Boar, can there advance
im of just inheritance;
erving laws, severe in show, 295
eir fences from the invading foe.
has placed them, let them safely
benefit of vital air.

— *protection* from *their foes.*] The original otection *for* their foes. TODD.

Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws disabled and their claws disarm'd: 300
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The Lion awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repress'd though pinch'd with famine sore, 305
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar:
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
These are the chief: to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work: nor will the Muse describe 310
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe;
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher 316
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay:
So drossy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay: 320
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buzz to heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name; 325
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
The Panther, sure the noblest, next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey! 330
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak; 335
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estranged in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who sins but in her will. 340
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropp'd half way down, nor lower fell;
So poised, so gently she descends from high, 345
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence;
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun. 350
A Lion, old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a specious name:
So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she, 355
A well-match'd pair, got graceless Heresy.
God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause,
To trample down divine and human laws:

Ver. 339. *Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,*
She half commits, who sins but in her will.]
So the energetic moralist Juvenal:
"Nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitet ullum
Facti crimen habet."—*Sat.* xiii. 209.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 354. *Covering adultery with a specious name:*] "Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam."—Virgil Æneid. iv. JOHN WARTON.

Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
Alike destructive both to Church and State: 360
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence.
Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;
Oh, with what ease we follow such a guide, 365
Where souls are starved, and senses gratified!
Where marriage-pleasures midnight prayer supply,
And matin bells (a melancholy cry)
Are tuned to merrier notes, Increase and multiply.
Religion shows a rosy-colour'd face; 370
Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapest rate. 375
Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allured his eastern proselytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began 380
To interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradise more sweet:
Bethought him of a wife ere half-way gone,
For 'twas uneasy travelling alone; 385
And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he presumed of praise, who came to stock
The ethereal pastures with so fair a flock,
Burnish'd, and battening on their food, to show
Their diligence of careful herds below. 391

Ver. 380. *The jolly Luther,*] This is a very undeserved and depreciating epithet applied to this great reformer. In the judicious reflections which my learned and ingenious friend Dr. Sturges has made, on what Mr. Milner calls a History of Winchester, but which ought to have been entitled, An Apology for Popery, with hints and hopes of its re-establishment in this country, there is a character of Luther drawn with such truth, and so masterly a pencil, that I shall here give the reader the pleasure of considering it, as an antidote to the severe sarcasms scattered up and down in this poem by Dryden against this extraordinary man.

"It required a degree of perseverance and intrepidity not less than that of which Luther was possessed, to make him engage in the arduous contest, to support him throughout its continuance, and finally to give him such success in it, as to carry off from the allegiance of Rome, either under his own immediate standard, or that of the allies connected with him by a common cause, so large a proportion of her subjects. For to him must be in great measure attributed all the branches of the Reformation, which spread over the different parts of Europe, after he had planted it in Germany. A wonderful achievement this, for a private German monk; and an instance, amongst many others, with what inconsiderable and apparently inadequate instruments the most important purposes of Providence are accomplished. Luther was in his manners and writings coarse, presuming, and impetuous; but these were qualities allied to those which alone made him capable of supporting well the extraordinary character in which he appeared. I have always been struck with his translating the whole Bible into German, which is a classical book in that language, and has, I believe, as a translation, maintained high credit down to later times, as a singular proof of learning and ability. Whoever well considers the difficulty of *one man's* executing such a work at a period when the knowledge of the original language was rare, and the assistances of sacred criticism and literature (which have been since so much multiplied) were inconsiderable and scanty, will probably be inclined to agree with me in this opinion." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 391. Their *diligence, &c.*] *The* diligence, &c. Original edition. TODD.

Our Panther, though like these she changed her head,
Yet, as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore. 395
Her upper part of decent discipline
Show'd affectation of an ancient line;
And Fathers, Councils, Church and Church's head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgraced and disavow'd the rest, 400
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatised the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confined.
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despised at home. 405
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.
In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends, 410
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
Their contradicting terms she strives to join;
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow, 415
Because the Godhead's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught that bread and wine
Are but the visible and outward sign,
Received by those who in communion join.
But the inward grace, or the thing signified, 420
His blood and body, who to save us died;
The faithful this thing signified receive;
What is 't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is signified and understood,
Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood. 425
Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
They take the sign, and take the substance too.
The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.
Her wild belief on every wave is toss'd; 430
But sure no church can better morals boast:
True to her king her principles are found;
Oh, that her practice were but half so sound!
Steadfast in various turns of state she stood,
And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood: 435
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That interest or obligement made the tie,
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy.

Ver. 409. *And least deform'd, because* reform'd *the least.*] Original edition. Derrick has—because *deformed* the least. TODD.

Ver. 411. —— *one for substance, one for sign contends.*] Luther asserted the real presence under the different substances of bread and wine; but this only in the act of receiving the sacrament: whereas Zuinglius affirmed, that the bread and wine, or the elements, were only types, the figure and representation of the body and blood of Christ. DERRICK.

Ver. 429. *But nonsense*] The unparalleled absurdity and impiety of some questions proposed to be discussed in the schools, makes one shudder to read them, and improper to translate.—They are to be found in the third volume of Henry Stephens's Apology for Herodotus, p. 127. "Utrum Deus potuerit suppositare mulierem, vel diabolum, vel asinum, vel silicem, vel cucurbitam: et si suppositasset cucurbitam, quemadmodum fuerit concionatura, editura miracula, et quonam modo fuisset fixa cruci." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 430. *Her wild belief on every wave is toss'd;*] St. Paul, Eph. iv. 14. St. James, i. 6.—"He that wavereth is like a *wave* of the sea driven with the wind and *tossed.*" JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 436. *Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,*] "No King, no Bishop!" was a common saying in King Charles the

unding axe so falls the vine,
r branches round the poplar twine; 440
r ruin, and resign'd her life,
aunted as an Indian wife:
ole! but some souls we see
nd stiffen with adversity:
fortune's favours are undone; 445
o a baser form they run,
wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Nature's frailty, or her fate,
counsel, her new-chosen mate;
e fairest of the fallen crew, 450
nore indulgent, but the true.
ner foes, yet fears her force to try,
wants innate authority;
she constrain them to obey,
self cast off the lawful sway? 455
nals all, and those, who toil
theft, will share the common spoil.
uce the title and the right
old superiors first to fight;
by text, e'en that 's as plain 460
rebels to reform again,
ords a different sense will bear,
y be his own interpreter,
h will no foundation find:
weathercock for every wind: 465
e Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;
power supplies the present gale.
d Panther cries aloud for aid
nd Councils, whom she first betray'd;
Fathers or Tradition's train: 470
t guides she taught us to disdain,
Scripture, which she once abused
on, stands herself accused.
r breach of laws can she prefer,
which she owns herself may err? 475
l her winding ways are tried,
se, she slips herself aside,
he private conscience for the guide.
conscience set the offender free,
laim to Church authority. 480
censure, or what crime pretend,
e may be construed to defend?
whom for rebellion she transmits
er, her doctrine first acquits;
isobedience can ensue, 485
bmission to a judge is due;
for himself, by her consent,
absolved she sends to punishment.
magistrate revenge her cause,
transgressing human laws. 490

How answering to its end a Church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade?
Oh solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!
Oh sure defence against the infernal gate, 495
A patent during pleasure of the state!
Thus is the Panther neither loved nor fear'd,
A meer mock queen of a divided herd;
Whom soon by lawful power she might control,
Herself a part submitted to the whole. 500
Then, as the moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrow'd from a better star;
Big with the beams, which from her mother flow, 505
And reigning o'er the rising tides below:
Now, mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Ruled while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power. 510
One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train:
None of her sylvan subjects made their court; 515
Levées and couchées pass'd without resort.
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those whom they first instructed to rebel.
More liberty begets desire for more;
The hunger still increases with the store. 520
Without respect they brush'd along the wood,
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,
Ask'd no permission to the neighbouring flood.
The Panther, full of inward discontent,
Since they would go, before them wisely went; 525
Supplying want of power by drinking first;
As if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.
Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering place,
Nor durst approach; till with an awful roar 530
The sovereign Lion bade her fear no more.
Encouraged thus, she brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a sober draught; the rest amazed
Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gazed; 535
Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd.
They thought at first they dream'd; for 'twas offence
With them to question certitude of sense, 540
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultless object full in view,
Lord, how they all admired her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd, 545
Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or interest, every sect
Of all the savage nation show'd respect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the less they fear'd. 550
The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen him first:
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.
For when the herd, sufficed, did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their forest lair, 555

d sufficiently verified during the interreg-
hole passage is a real compliment to the
law established; and shows that Dryden
apartially even of a cause that he had de-
cause he handsomely compares to

— *an Indian wife:*] Whose constancy is
rb: since when their deceased husbands are
aried or burned, to manifest their affection,
nselves either into the same grave, or on
. DERRICK.

th undaunted as an Indian wife:] This bar-
has perhaps never been so well described as
lines of Propertius, 10th Elegy, 15 v. 3 lib.
is lex funeris una maritis," &c. &c.
JOHN WARTON.

nd bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.] An
Æsopic fable, to which he alludes again with
elegance in his character of the Good Par-
he note. JOHN WARTON.

Orig. edit.

She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embraced,
To chat a while on their adventures past: 561
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.
Yet wondering how of late she grew estranged,
Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance changed, 565
She thought this hour the occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which well she hoped might be with ease redress'd,
Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a gentlewoman than the rest. 570
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the spotted muff began.

THE SECOND PART.

Dame, said the Panther, times are mended well,
Since late among the Philistines you fell.
The toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground 575
With expert huntsmen was encompass'd round;
The inclosure narrow'd; the sagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
'Tis true, the younger Lion 'scaped the snare,
But all your priestly calves lay struggling there; 580
As sacrifices on their altars laid;
While you, their careful mother, wisely fled,
Not trusting destiny to save your head.
For, whate'er promises you have applied
To your unfailing Church, the surer side 585
Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to 'scape so well.
As I remember, said the sober Hind, 590
These toils were for your own dear self design'd,
As well as me; and with the self-same throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too.
(Forgive the slanderous tongues that call'd you so.)
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry 595
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Besides, in Popery they thought you nursed,
(As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,)
Because some forms, and ceremonies some 599
You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long,
The Test, it seems, at last has loosed your tongue.
And to explain what your forefathers meant
By real presence in the sacrament,
After long fencing push'd against a wall, 605
Your salvo comes, that he's not there at all:
There changed your faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?
Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell, 610
And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,
Replied the Panther: grant such presence were,
Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the sacrament believe. 615
Then, said the Hind, as you the matter state,
Not only Jesuits can equivocate;
For real, as you now the word expound,
From solid substance dwindles to a sound.
Methinks an Æsop's fable you repeat; 620
You know who took the shadow for the meat:
Your Church's substance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure still.
I freely grant you spoke to save your life;
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife. 625
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
But, after all, against yourself you swore;

Ver. 562. *Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot*
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.]

The Popish plot; the contrivers of which were Presbyterians, Latitudinarians, and Republicans, who had before shown themselves enemies to the Protestant as well as the Popish Church. This explanation is farther confirmed in the notes on Absalom and Achitophel, and those on the Medal. Derrick.

592. *The Test, it seems, at last has loosed your tongue.*]

The Test act, passed in 1672-3, enjoined the abjuration of the real presence in the sacrament. Derrick.

Ver. 609. *Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?*] "And never continueth in one stay."—Burial Service. John Warton.

Ver. 617. *Not only Jesuits*] It is worth remarking that many years before the French Revolution, the greatest blow the Church of Rome ever received was by the expulsion of the large, and opulent, and able body of the Jesuits; effected on the very same day in conjunction by the crowns of Spain, Portugal, and France, and authorized by the Pope himself. It is marvellous that this society could continue so long, after it had been so irresistibly exposed and satirized by the wit, the eloquence, and the piety of Pascal. This perhaps is the most capital piece of controversy that ever was written. The Jesuits, when they were expelled, had long lost their character for literature. For near fifty years before this event, they had produced no extraordinary work, and had turned all their thoughts and abilities to mean court intrigues, and to various branches of commerce. It is well if they do not turn this very disposition to some unforeseen advantage, and disseminate principles, and form sects, injurious to the peace of society, and the liberty and prosperity of Europe. I beg leave to add, that among this learned body, I have always looked up to one with particular regard and respect; I mean, the great father Petau, of whom it is painful to add that he died in the Jesuits' College at Paris, abandoned and in want, for having said, that before the Council of Nice, the Church had not made any decision about the divinity of the Word. When Petau's physician told him on his death-bed he could not live two hours longer, "Then," said the father, "I beg you to accept of this book," giving him his Rationarium Temporum, "for the messenger of good news should always be rewarded."

The Abbé Boileau used to say of the Jesuits, "These gentlemen lengthen the creed, and shorten the decalogue." And in some MS. letters of Cardinal Fleury he says, "The Jesuits are excellent valets, but sad masters." "If the Jesuits," said Montesquieu, "had lived before Luther and Calvin, they would have been masters of the world."

There was a college of ex-Jesuits still left at Rome, 1776, who were often consulted by Pope Pius the Sixth, and the cardinals, particularly father Zaccharias, who was intimate with the Jacobin Mamuchi. Charles III., king of Spain, never forgave the Jesuits for spreading the report that he was the son of Cardinal Alberoni, and not of Philip the Fifth. These Jesuits at Rome attributed the French revolution to their expulsion: saying, that they were the only order that kept alive and propagated the principles of the Christian religion. Dr J. Warton.

r self: for every hour your form
and changed, like winds before a
n.
nd interest will prevail with some; 630
not the gift of martyrdom.
her grinn'd at this, and thus replied:
nay err was never yet denied.
common principle be true,
dame, is levell'd full at you. 635
ng long disputes, I fain would see
ous wight Infallibility.
heaven, this mighty champion, come?
elow in subterranean Rome?
him somewhere, and derive his 640
clude that nothing has no place,
(though I disown it,) said the Hind,
mansion were not yet assign'd;
al residence no proof can bring
plain existence of the thing. 645
losophers may disagree,
emission or reception be,
hence inferr'd I do not see?
quire an answer positive,
, when I demand, you dare not 650
in universals live,
n that this unfailing guide
l General Councils must reside;
, both combined: what one decrees
s votes, the other ratifies: 655
oubted sense the Church relies.
me doctors in a scantier space,
ach apart, contract the place.
to greater length extend the line,
's after-acceptation join. 660
cumference appears too wide;
diffused is by the Council tied;
s by their representatives
aws, which Prince and Senate gives.
contract, and some enlarge the
: 665
l Council, who denies the place,
m above with God's unfailing grace?
s all the needful points contain;
so obvious, and their words so plain,
putes about the doubtful text 670
to the labouring world perplex'd.
ld in after-times appear,
cils must be call'd, to make the
ing clear:
them the power supreme resides;
promises are to the guides. 675
e taught with sound and safe defence:
ow sandy is your own pretence,
g Councils, Pope and Church aside,
an his own presuming guide.
books, you say, are full and plain, 680
needful point of truth contain:
read, interpreters may be:
h your several Churches disagree,
Yet every saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone. 685
These principles your jarring sects unite,
When differing doctors and disciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;
Or, like wild horses, several ways have whirl'd 690
The tortured text about the Christian world;
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have used it worse;
No matter what dissension leaders make,
Where every private man may save a stake: 695
Ruled by the Scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind bye-path to Paradise;
Where, driving in a circle, slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
A wondrous charity you have in store 700
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door:
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
But Christ and Moses were to save their own:
Himself was to secure his chosen race, 705
Though reason good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.
True, said the Panther, I shall ne'er deny
My brethren may be saved as well as I: 710
Though Huguenots contemn our ordination,
Succession, ministerial vocation;
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,

——*this unfailing guide*] When a Cardinal his usual compliments of congratulation on anniversary, and to wish Pope Benedict the ny years to enjoy his high dignity, his Holiness You are just returned from saying mass, and such a falsehood, as to wish I may not soon y in the papal chair?" knowing how earnestly a pope is always wished for and expected. N.

Ver. 699. *Opposing sects*] A great physician told Sir W. Temple, that in the fanatic times he found most of his patients so disturbed by troubles of conscience, and religious scruples and fears, that he was forced to play the divine with them before he could begin the physician. Old Mr. Richardson informs us that a cavalier physician made his Puritan patient, who consulted him in a stubborn bloody flux, drink up the Common Prayer-book boiled to a pulp, which he had found torn to pieces and scattered about the hall as he came in; swearing he would not prescribe for him till he had done so; when indeed he would otherwise have prescribed him boiled paper. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 702. *So much, that Mahomet*] It is worth remarking, because it is a fact, not very well known and allowed, that Mahomet the Second, when he had taken Constantinople, addressed the patriarch in the mildest and most benevolent terms, and installed him in his office with much ceremony. See page 229, Codini Antiquitat. Constant.; an extraordinary example of toleration. Bayle has taken great pains to prove that we ought not to ascribe the wide and rapid progress of Mahometism to its being a religion flattering the passions and corruptions, and agreeable, as is vulgarly said, to flesh and blood, for that in reality its moral precepts are very strict, rational, useful, and severe, and that it is burdened with many severe and troublesome prohibitions and ceremonies, such as drinking no wine, very frequent bathings, and repetitions of prayers, abstinence, and fastings, circumcision, and long and fatiguing pilgrimages. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 713. *And Luther,*] When Atterbury was a young man at Christ Church, he published, in the year 1687, an excellent pamphlet in defence of Luther, entitled, "An Answer to some Considerations on the Spirit of Martin Luther, and the original of the Reformation." It is written with spirit and strength of argument, and deserves to be more attended to than I think it has been. He has particularly defended Luther for his marriage with Catherine Bora, and for his condemning the absurd vows of celibacy, which occasioned some of the most enormous impurities and lewdness among unmarried priests; referring for proofs to Damianus's letter to Pope Nicholas the Second, in the eleventh century, and particularly to two remarkable passages, one in Erasmus, and the other in Coster; the former of whom says, in his Annotations on Timothy, "Quam innumeri sunt monachi publicè incesti et impudici:" and the latter, "Sacerdos si fornicetur, aut domi concubinam habeat, tametsi gravi sacrilegio se obstringat, gravius tamen peccat, si matrimonium contrahat."—Coster.Ench. cap. 15. To this I add, that Zuinglius, writing to the Swiss Cantons, reminds them of an edict issued by their ancestors,

Misjoins the sacred body with the bread:
Yet, lady, still remember I maintain, 715
The word in needful points is only plain.
Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend,
(Rejoin'd the matron): but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray, 720
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow?
And did not these by gospel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all heretics the same pretence 725
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene Council then decide
That strong debate? was it by Scripture tried?
No, sure; to that the rebel would not yield; 730
Squadrons of texts he marshall'd in the field:
That was but civil war, an equal set,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
With texts point-blank and plain he faced the foe,
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so? 735
The good old bishops took a simpler way;
Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.
The Panther smiled at this; And when, said she, 740
Were those first Councils disallow'd by me?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostolic?
Friend, said the Hind, you quit your former ground,
Where all your faith you did on Scripture found: 745
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.
No, said the Panther, for in that I view,
When your tradition 's forged, and when 'tis true,
I set them by the rule, and, as they square, 750
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.
HIND. The Council steer'd, it seems, a different course:
They tried the Scripture by tradition's force:
But you tradition by the Scripture try; 755
Pursued by sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then deposed, and in this view,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the dame, and, smiling, thus pursued:
I see, tradition then is disallow'd, 761
When not evinced by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
Unless you could infallibly expound: 765
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim, 770
Nay, often, ground our titles on the same:
After long labour lost, and time's expense,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
Thus all disputes for ever must depend;
For no dumb rule can controversies end. 775
Thus, when you said, Tradition must be tried
By sacred writ, whose sense yourselves decide,
You said no more, but that yourselves must be
The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.
Against our Church-tradition you declare, 780
And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair:
At least 'tis proved against your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.
If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure,
Replied the Panther, what tradition 's pure? 785
For you may palm upon us new for old:
All, as they say, that glitters, is not gold.
How but by following her, replied the dame,
To whom derived from sire to son they came;
Where every age does on another move, 790
And trusts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,
The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies.
Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eyeballs glittering in the dark, 795
And said but this: Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made,
'Tis dangerous climbing: to your sons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.
HIND. The Panther's breath was ever famed for sweet; 800
But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the Blatant Beast,
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
As for your answer, 'tis but barely urged:
You must evince tradition to be forged; 805
Produce plain proofs; unblemish'd authors use,
As ancient as those ages they accuse;
'Till when, 'tis not sufficient to defame:
An old possession stands till elder quits the claim.
Then for our interest, which is named alone 810
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Resolving not to yield, you must decry.
As, when the cause goes hard, the guilty man 815
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So, when you stand of other aid bereft,
You to the Twelve Apostles would be left.

which enjoined every priest to keep a concubine, to prevent their attacking their neighbours' wives. See Father Paul, Book 1. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 714. *Misjoins the sacred*] Transubstantiation is a doctrine so marvellously absurd, that it deserves not to be treated in a serious, but only in a ludicrous way. When Anne Askew was put to the torture in the Tower, for being a Protestant, during the tyranny of Henry VIII., she exclaimed, "I have taken pains to believe in God who made the world, and all men in it; but cannot be easily persuaded that *man was quits, and made God again.*" Christianity will never make any progress in the East Indies, wherever any missionary preaches this doctrine. A gentleman who had resided at Benares told me, that a sensible Brahmin said one day to him, "You see I abstain from all animal food; but you, dreadful and blasphemous idea! say you eat your own God." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 730. ——— *to* that *the rebel*, &c.] To *those* the rebel, &c. Orig. edit. TODD.

Ver. 802. *You learn'd this language from the Blatant Beast,*] Spenser, in his excellent poem, called "The Fairy Queen," shadows the moral virtues under the fictitious names of gallant heroes; and some of the worst vices, (in regard they are most opposite to rational nature) under the counterfeit names of certain monstrous brutes; particularly he represents that pernicious vice of calumny or slander, by a deformed creature, which he calls *The Blatant Beast*: whose property it was to defame all states and sorts of mankind, not sparing even princes, nor leaving the clearest honour untainted, that came within the steam of its contagious breath. DERRICK.

d the Wolf did with more craft provide
e toys, traditions, quite aside;
rs too, unless when, reason spent, 820
em but sometimes for ornament.
n Panther, you, though more sincere,
wise as your adulterer:
e spirit is a better blind, 824
e dodging tricks your authors find.
who left the Scripture to the crowd,
is own peculiar judge allow'd;
please them was to make them proud.
full sails, they ran upon the shelf;
suspect a cozenage from himself? 830
reason safer 'tis to stand,
eceived and damn'd at second hand.
who Fathers and traditions take,
some, and some you quite forsake,
Church-authority to fix, 835
me grains of private spirit mix,
mule, made up of differing seed,
s the reason why you never breed;
t propagate your kind abroad,
dissenters are by statutes awed. 840
ey grow upon you every day,
to speak the best, are at a stay,
that are extremes, abhor a middle
r.
s of state, to stop a raging flood,
a mad-brain'd senate's mood: 845
edients never one was good.
they argue, (nor can you deny)
t fix on Church-authority,
e best, the fountain, not the flood;
be better still, if this be good. 850
command, who has herself rebell'd?
ist by Antichrist expell'd?
awful tyranny displace,
ft a bastard of the race?
ese wars to win the book, if we 855
interpret for ourselves, but she?
wholly slaves, or wholly free.
g fires traditions must not fight;
must prove episcopacy's right.
e led horses are from service freed; 860
mount them but in time of need.
enaries, hired for home defence,
not serve against their native prince.
mestic foes of hierarchy
drawn forth, to make fanatics fly; 865
they see their countrymen at hand,
against them under Church-command,
ey forsake their colours, and disband.
e, nor could the Panther well enlarge
defence against so strong a charge; 870
For what did Christ his word provide,
Church must want a living guide?
saving doctrines are not there,
penmen could not make them clear,
ages we should hope in vain 875
which men inspired could not explain.
he word was written, said the Hind,
r preach'd his faith to human kind:
apostles the first age received
uth, and what they taught believed.

——— *home-dissenters are by statutes awed,*] en wrote this, the penal statutes against dis- not repealed. DERRICK.

——— *forsake their* colours, &c.] Orig. edit. s—forsake their *color*. TODD.

Thus by tradition faith was planted first; 881
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nursed.
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
(Who sure could all things for the best dispose)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes. 885
He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
The event would be like that of Moses' law;
Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,
Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be so plain, so pure, 890
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure;
Not those indited by his first command,
A prophet graved the text, an angel held his hand.
Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
And men believed, not what they read, but heard. 895
But since the apostles could not be confined
To these, or those, but severally design'd
Their large commission round the world to blow,
To spread their faith, they spread their labours too.
Yet still their absent flock their pains did share;
They hearken'd still, for love produces care. 900
And, as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot, 905
For all their wants they wisely did provide,
And preaching by epistles was supplied:
So great physicians cannot all attend,
But some they visit, and to some they send.
Yet all those letters were not writ to all; 910
Nor first intended but occasional,
Their absent sermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught. 915
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
"He darkly writ," is true applied to all.
For this obscurity could Heaven provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts arose, the difference to decide? 920
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to the apostles' writ,
By which my sons are taught, to which submit:
I think, those truths, their sacred works contain,
The Church alone can certainly explain; 925
That following ages, leaning on the past,
May rest upon the primitive at last.
Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the Church-interpreter. 930
Because, as I have urged before, 'tis mute,
And is itself the subject of dispute.
But what the apostles their successors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
The undoubted sense which is in Scripture sought. 935
From hence the Church is arm'd, when errors rise,
To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise;
And, safe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.
By these all festering sores her councils heal,
Which time or has disclosed, or shall reveal; 940
For discord cannot end without a last appeal.
Nor can a council national decide,
But with subordination to her guide:
(I wish the cause were on that issue tried.)

Much less the Scripture; for suppose debate 945
Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's testament:)
The will is proved, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead: 950
All vouch the words their interest to maintain,
And each pretends by those his cause is plain.
Shall then the Testament award the right?
No, that 's the Hungary for which they fight;
The field of battle, subject of debate; 955
The thing contended for, the fair estate.
The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
What vowels and what consonants are there.
Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be tried
Before some judge appointed to decide. 960
Suppose, the fair apostate said, I grant,
The faithful flock some living guide should want,
Your arguments an endless chace pursue:
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
This mighty Moses of the chosen crew. 965
The dame, who saw her fainting foe retired,
With force renew'd, to victory aspired;
And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounced his words—"She whom ye seek am I." 970
Nor less amazed this voice the Panther heard,
Than were those Jews to hear a God declared.
Then thus the matron modestly renew'd:
Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,
And see to which of them yourselves think fit 975
The conduct of your conscience to submit:
Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
With absolute exclusion to the rest:
Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
And end, as it began, in anarchy: 980
Yourself the fairest for election stand,
Because you seem crown-general of the land:
But soon against your superstitious lawn
Some Presbyterian sabre would be drawn:
In your establish'd laws of sovereignty 985
The rest some fundamental flaw would see,
And call rebellion gospel-liberty.
To Church-decrees your articles require
Submission modified, if not entire.
Homage denied, to censures you proceed: 990
But when Curtana will not do the deed,
You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.

Ver. 957. *The sense is intricate,*] In denying the use of the Bible to the bulk of the people, the followers of the Church of Rome exactly copy the conduct of the Brahmins in India. As their order had an exclusive right to read the sacred books, (says Robertson) to cultivate and to teach science, they could more effectually prevent all who were not members of it from acquiring any portion of information beyond what they were pleased to impart. When the free circulation of knowledge is not circumscribed by such restrictions, the whole community derives benefit from every new acquisition in science, the influence of which, both upon sentiment and conduct, extends insensibly from the few to the many, from the learned to the ignorant. But wherever the dominion of false religion is completely established, the body of the people gain nothing by the improvements in knowledge. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 989. —— *Submission* modified,] So the original edition. Derrick has *molli(fy'd.* Todd.

Ver. 991. —— *Curtana*] The name of King Edward the Confessor's sword without a point, an emblem of mercy, which is carried before our king and queen at their coronation. Derrick.

Now this your sects the more unkindly take,
(Those prying varlets hit the blots you make) 995
Because some ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
Which every sect will for themselves expound;
Nor think less reverence to their doctors due 1000
For sound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are understood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
Those able heads expound a wiser way,
That their own sheep their shepherd should obey.
But if you mean yourselves are only sound, 1005
That doctrine turns the Reformation round,
And all the rest are false reformers found;
Because in sundry points you stand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one; 1010
And therefore must be all the Church, or none.
Then, 'till you have agreed whose judge is best,
Against this forced submission they protest:
While sound and sound a different sense explains,
Both play at hardhead till they break their brains; 1015
And from their chairs each other's force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I pass the rest, because your Church alone
Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any sect beside, 1020
For this high office can be qualified,
With necessary gifts required in such a guide.
For that, which must direct the whole, must be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
But all your several Churches disagree. 1025
The consubstantiating Church and priest
Refuse communion to the Calvinist:
The French reform'd from preaching you restrain,
Because you judge their ordination vain;
And so they judge of yours, but donors must ordain. 1030
In short, in doctrine, or in discipline,
Not one reform'd can with another join:
But all from each, as from damnation, fly;
No union they pretend, but in Non-Popery.
Nor, should their members in a synod meet, 1035
Could any Church presume to mount the seat,
Above the rest, their discords to decide;
None would obey, but each would be the guide:
And face to face dissensions would increase;
For only distance now preserves the peace. 1040
All in their turns accusers, and accused:
Babel was never half so much confused:
What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;
For amongst equals lies no last appeal,
And all confess themselves are fallible. 1045
Now since you grant some necessary guide,
All who can err are justly laid aside:
Because a trust so sacred to confer
Shows want of such a sure interpreter;
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then, granting that unerring guide we want, 1050
That such there is you stand obliged to grant:
Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
Our needs, and obviate that necessity.
It then remains, that Church can only be 1055
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;

Ver. 1056. —— *unfailing certainty;*] Our author's humanity would not suffer him, in his general defence of Popery, to justify the abominable institution of the inquisi-

Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,
Relapsing from a necessary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you disown; 1060
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretences down
For petty royalties you raise debate;
But this unfailing universal state
You shun; nor dare succeed to such a glorious weight;
And for that cause those promises detest, 1065
With which our Saviour did his Church invest;
But strive to evade, and fear to find them true,
As conscious they were never meant to you:
All which the Mother-Church asserts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim ascends the throne.
So when of old the almighty Father sate 1071
In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent the sacred consistory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mix'd with justice, could propound: 1075
All prompt, with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will.

But when the stern conditions were declared,
A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down, 1080
Submissively declined the ponderous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, the eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity;
Stood forth to accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent, 1085
Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
That e'en the blear-eyed sects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her beloved allows 1090
To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse.
Behold what marks of majesty she brings;
Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings:
Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
To show whom she commands, and who obeys:
With these to bind, or set the sinner free, 1096
With that to assert spiritual royalty.
*One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
Entire, one solid shining diamond;
Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you: 1100
One is the Church, and must be to be true:
One central principle of unity.
As undivided, so from errors free,
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage
Of heretics opposed from age to age: 1106
Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She stoops from heaven, and meets them half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand, 1110
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land:
You could, like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.
But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace
And public scandal, sat upon the face, 1116
Themselves attack'd, the Magi strove no more,
They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest sore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread, 1120
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.

tion. In the cathedral Church of Saragossa, there is a tomb of a famous inquisitor. Six very magnificent columns stand on his tomb, and to each of these columns is a Moor chained, ready to be burned. A fit model for the mausoleum of any hangman that died rich. How much are the fine tragedies of Polieucte and Athaliah blemished by strokes of the most intemperate zeal, and absurd superstition, and abhorrence of heretics. "Does the daughter of David," says Joab to Josabet, "speak to this priest of Baal? Are you not afraid lest the earth should instantly open, and pour out flames to devour you both? Or that these holy walls should suddenly fall, and crush you together?" Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1071. *So when of old*] The following next sixteen lines are perhaps the most splendid and sublime our author ever wrote. But the idea of them is manifestly taken from Milton, Book iii., where God is represented sitting on his throne, surrounded by all the sanctities of heaven, and speaking thus of the fate of Adam just after his fall:—

"Die he, or Justice must, unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heavenly Powers; where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd:
Father, thy word is pass'd, Man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
Happy for man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man;——"

Butler, in his Analogy, a book which every rational Christian should read and meditate upon day and night, has, with the deepest penetration and acuteness, exhausted all the arguments that can be urged for the doctrine of redemption, of mediatorship, and vicarious punishment. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1078. *But when the stern conditions were declared,*
A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submissively declined the ponderous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, &c., &c.]

This is an imitation, but a very feeble one, of Milton's impressive description, Par. Lost, iii. 216.

"Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd," &c. TODD.

* Marks of the Catholic Church from the Nicene Creed. Original edition.

Ver. 1115 ——*boils and* blotches,] The original edition has *botches*. TODD

a successive ages should be lost,
h damnation at their proper cost;
our erring ancestors should die,
n the abyss of deep idolatry: 1205
rbid such thoughts to rise,
d open your unwilling eyes:
left nothing for each age undone,
to that wherein he sent his Son:
k but well of him, and half your work
lone. 1210
is Church, adorn'd with every grace,
arms, a kind forgiving face,
ady to prevent her long-lost son's em-
ce.
did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,
imself could from discovery keep, 1215
he crowd of suppliants they were seen,
eir crew his best-loved Benjamin.
s Joseph in the Church behold,*
our famine, and refuse your gold;
h you exiled, the Joseph whom you
l. 1220
hile with heavenly charity she spoke,
ng blaze the silent shadows broke;
the skies a cheerful azure light:
obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
g graves received the wand'ring guilty
ight. 1225
ere the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
s his late nocturnal victory;
e of his almighty Patron's love,
orks which his angels made above.
elf the lambent easy light † 1230
rown horror, and dispel the night:
nger with speed the tidings bore;
ich three labouring nations did restore;
en's own Nuntius was arrived before.
, the Hind had reach'd her lonely
l, 1235
urs rose, and dews unwholesome fell.
, by frequent observation wise,
o long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
a change of weather in the skies. 1239
rn borders were with crimson spread,
descending look'd all flaming red;
ht good manners bound her to invite
ger dame to be her guest that night.
coarse diet, and a short repast, 1244
were weak inducements to the taste
nicely bred, and so unused to fast:
plain fare her cottage could afford,
welcome at a homely board,
y hers; and, to supply the rest,
meaning, and an open breast: 1250
content of mind, the poor man's
alth,
p to their common patron's health.
lesired her to accept, and stay,
he might be wilder'd in her way,
Because she wanted an unerring guide, 1255
And then the dew-drops on her silken hide
Her tender constitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But most she fear'd that, travelling so late, 1260
Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
And without witness wreak their hidden hate.
The Panther, though she lent a listening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear:
Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal 1265
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks she could afford;
And took her friendly hostess at her word:
Who, entering first her lowly roof, a shed
With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread, 1270
Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest:
So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year, 1275
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
This peaceful seat my poverty secures;
War seldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode
Has oft received, and yet receives a God; 1280
A God, victorious of the Stygian race,
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain. 1285
The silent stranger stood amazed to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty;
And, though ill habits are not soon controll'd,
Awhile suspended her desire of gold;
But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws, 1290
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacified her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The Hind did first her country cates provide;
Then couch'd herself securely by her side.

THE THIRD PART.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit, 1295
Perhaps, may censure this mysterious writ:
Because the muse has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beasts unknown,
As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own.
Let Æsop answer, who has set to view 1300
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
Has sharply blamed a British Lioness;
That queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
Exposed obscenely naked and asleep. 1305

. *That* seven *successive ages*] *Nine* successive
; edit. TODD.

. *God* hath *left, &c.*] *Has* left. Orig. edit.

. *Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,*]
xpression used in the pathetic and simple story
nd his brethren. JOHN WARTON.

nunciation of the Benedictines to the Abbey
ig. edit.

quitur. Orig. edit.

Ver. 1285. *And dare not to debase your soul to gain.*]
"Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge deo."
In the whole passage he has an eye to the reception of
Æneas by Evander. JOHN WARTON.

Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply?
If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
Others our Hind of folly will indite, 1310
To entertain a dangerous guest by night.
Let those remember, that she cannot die
'Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
Nor need she fear the Panther, though untamed,
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
The wary savage would not give offence, 1316
To forfeit the protection of her Prince;
But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry sons in frequent Senate met;
Meanwhile she quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten sallad cool'd her blood. 1321
Their commons, though but coarse, were nothing scant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.
For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove
To express her plain simplicity of love, 1325
Did all the honours of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers past, a sadly-pleasing theme;
Rememb'ring every storm which toss'd the state,
When both were objects of the public hate, 1331
And dropp'd a tear betwixt for her own children's fate.
Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake:
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care, 1335
Her faith unshaken to an exiled heir,
Her strength to endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarged;
Then with acknowledgment herself she charged;
For friendship, of itself an holy tie, 1341
Is made more sacred by adversity.
Now should they part, malicious tongues would say,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd; 1345
While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;
But that once o'er, the short-lived union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
The Panther nodded when her speech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone: 1350
But said her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Christian care.
If to the lawful heir she had been true,
She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.
I might, she added, with like praise describe 1355
Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe:
But incense from my hands is poorly prized;
For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despised.
I served a turn, and then was cast away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display, 1360
And sip the sweets, and bask in your great patron's day.
This heard, the matron was not slow to find
What sort of malady had seized her mind:
Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despite,
And canker'd malice stood in open sight: 1365
Ambition, interest, pride without control,
And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;
Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
With all the lean tormenters of the will.
'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose 1370
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forced civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindness with an alter'd face:
Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping still the nobler parts were sound: 1375
But strove with anodynes to assuage the smart,
And mildly thus her medicine did impart.
Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain;
It shows a rest of kindness to complain;
A friendship loth to quit its former hold; 1380
And conscious merit may be justly bold.
But much more just your jealousy would show,
If other's good were injury to you:
Witness, ye heavens, how I rejoice to see
Rewarded worth and rising loyalty. 1385
Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind:
When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale,
My heaving wishes help to fill the sail; 1391
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cæsar should still have such, and such should still reward.
The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and till'd;
'Tis just you reap the product of the field: 1396
Your's be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity, for alms, may safely spare,
For alms are but the vehicles of prayer. 1405
My daily bread is literally implored;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends. 1410
Are you defrauded, when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreases nothing of your store.
I am but few, and by your fare you see
My crying sins are not of luxury.
Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendship's holy laws; 1415
For barefaced envy is too base a cause.
Show more occasion for your discontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now, 1421
Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the sheep for troubling streams below;
Or call her (when no farther cause you find) 1431
An enemy profess'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think,
The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink.

Ver. 1346. *While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;*
But that once o'er, the short-lived union ends:] "Metus et terror imprime vincula caritatis, quæ ubi removeris timere incipias."—Sallust, I believe. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1373. *Affected kindness with an alter'd face:*] "And harsh Unkindness' alter'd eye."—Gray. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1400. For *alms are but, &c.*] *And* alms, &c. Orig. edit. TODD.

t allusion gall'd the Panther more, 1425
ndeed it rubb'd upon the sore.
'd she not to winch, though shrewdly
n'd:
her passive character maintain'd.
grudged, whate'er my foes report,
nting fortune in the Lion's court. 1430
your day, or you are much belied,
always on the suffering side:
r my doctrine, and I need not say
, but I cannot disobey.
rm principle I ever stood; 1435
sons who fails to make it good,
bellious act renounces to my blood.
d the Hind, how many sons have you
you mother, whom you never knew!
of them who that relation plead, 1440
ungracious youths as wish you dead.
e at rich revenues which you hold,
would nibble at your grandame gold;
nto your years, and laugh to find
y temper shows you much declined. 1445
not dim and doted, you might see
f cheats that claim a pedigree,
of kin to you, than you to me.
ot know, that, for a little coin,
an foist a name into the line: 1450
you blessing but for what you have,
possess'd of what with care you save,
on boys would piss upon your grave.
ons of latitude that court your grace,
ost resembling you in form and face, 1455
e worst of your pretended race.
I blush your honesty to blot,
you prove them lawfully begot:
ne Popish libels I have read,
has been too busy in your bed; 1460
heir hinder parts, the belly-piece,
ch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
lice too a sore suspicion brings;
gh they dare not bark, they snarl at
gs:
e them for intruding in your line; 1465
pricks are still of right divine.
ou your new French proselytes are come
abroad, because they starved at home?
efices twinkled from afar;
d the new Messiah by the star: 1470
isses fight on any side for pay,
he living that conforms, not they.
what management their tribes divide,
k to you, and some to t'other side,
ny churches may for many mouths
vide. 1475
nt pulpits would more converts make;
have latitude enough to take:
nbeneficed your sects maintain;
ations without cures are vain,
ber practice is a silent gain. 1480
s of breadth at home are much like
se;
and yielding metals run with ease:
t, and take the figure of the mould;
n and preserve it best in gold.
elphic sword, the Panther then replied,
edged, and cuts on either side. 1485

——*your new French proselytes*, &c.] The
t came over to England after the revocation of
Nantz. DERRICK.

Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
Three steeples argent in a sable field,
Have sharply tax'd your converts, who, unfed,
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread; 1490
Such who themselves of no religion are,
Allured with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lies with bold assertions they can face;
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim logician puts them in a fright; 1495
'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.
Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
They say the schism of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the Church to wed the dame:
Though largely proved, and by himself profess'd,
That conscience, conscience would not let him rest; 1501
I mean, not till possess'd of her he loved,
And old, uncharming Catherine was removed.
For sundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghostly confessor his pain. 1505
With the same impudence, without a ground,
They say, that look the Reformation round,
No Treatise of Humility is found.
But if none were, the gospel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant, 1510
The Sermon on the Mount was Protestant.
No doubt, replied the Hind, as sure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
On that decision let it stand or fall.
Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed, 1515
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,
If since their change their loaves have been increased.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid. 1520
Tax those of interest who conform for gain,
Or stay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But, raised three steeples higher, would change their note, 1525
And quit the cassock for the canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.
Meantime my sons accused, by fame's report,
Pay small attendance at the Lion's court, 1530
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late;
(For silently they beg, who daily wait.)
Preferment is bestow'd, that comes unsought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they should speed, their fortune is untried;
For not to ask, is not to be denied. 1535
For what they have, their God and King they bless,
And hope they should not murmur, had they less.
But, if reduced subsistence to implore,
In common prudence they would pass your door. 1540
Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend,
Has shown how far your charities extend.
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
"He shamed you living, and upbraids you dead."
With odious atheist names you load your foes; 1545
Your liberal Clergy why did I expose?
It never fails in charities like those.
In climes where true Religion is profess'd,
That imputation were no laughing jest.

But *Imprimatur*, with a chaplain's name, 1550
Is here sufficient licence to defame.
What wonder is 't that black detraction thrives;
The homicide of names is less than lives;
And yet the perjured murderer survives.
This said, she paused a little, and suppress'd 1555
The boiling indignation of her breast.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her satire with ignoble blood:
Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
And back she drew the shining weapon dry. 1560
So when the generous Lion has in sight
His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
He sheathes his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleased with bloodless honours of the day,
Walks over and disdains the inglorious prey. 1566
So James, if great with less we may compare,
Arrests his rolling thunder-bolts in air;
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
To implore the remnants of long-suffering grace.
This breathing-time the matron took; and then 1571
Resumed the thread of her discourse again.
Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
And let Heaven judge betwixt your sons and mine:
If joys hereafter must be purchased here 1575
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.
'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied! 1580
Oh, sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and dost, so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou hast given, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years: 1586
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give:
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
Yet nothing still; then poor, and naked come,
Thy father will receive his unthrift home, 1590
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.
Thus (she pursued) I discipline a son,
Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run;
He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
And starts aside, and flounders at the cross. 1596
Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,
As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too:
That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his Sovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.
It now remains for you to school your child,
And ask why God's anointed he reviled; 1601
A King and Princess dead! did Shimei worse?
The curser's punishment should fright the curse:
Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,
But he, who counsell'd him, has paid the score:
The heavy malice could no higher tend, 1606
But woe to him on whom the weights descend.

Ver. 1559. *Her panting* foe *she saw before her* eye,] The original edition has—

Her panting *foes* she saw before her *lye*.

TODD.

So to permitted ills the dæmon flies;
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies:
Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,
The foe discharges every tire around, 1611
In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight;
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.
In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds;
To that long story little answer needs: 1616
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were space allow'd, with ease it might be proved,
What springs his blessed reformation moved.
The dire effects appear'd in open sight,
Which from the cause he calls a distant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the sun to light. 1621
Now last your sons a double pæan sound,
A Treatise of Humility is found.
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought,
Than thus in Protestant procession brought. 1625
The famed original through Spain is known,
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,
Which yours, by ill-translating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame. 1630
My altars kindled first that living coal;
Restore, or practise better what you stole:
That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
'Tis all the restitution I require.
Glad was the Panther that the charge was closed, 1635
And none of all her fav'rite sons exposed.
For laws of arms permit each injured man
To make himself a saver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whose hands he fell; 1640
But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private person in the foe's estate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress; 1645
Then let the greater supersede the less.
But let the abettors of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer waps another time.
Some characters may sure be found to write
Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight, 1651
A spotted dam, and all her offspring white.
The savage, though she saw her plea controll'd,
Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,
And judge conversion by the convert's life. 1656
'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange,
So few should follow profitable change:
For present joys are more to flesh and blood,
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.
'Twas well alluded by a son of mine, 1661
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliss;
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails: 1666
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come so slow.
Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
It shows a nobler principle than gain.
Your inference would be strong (the Hind replied) 1671
If yours were in effect the suffering side:
Your clergy sons their own in peace possess,
Nor are their prospects in reversion less.

s are struck with awful dread;
comet-laws hang blazing o'er their
: 1675
they enjoy but only lent,
ey have to hope, protracted punish-
.
urself, if interest may prevail,
ives, yours or mine, will turn the
.
and pomp allure, and plenteous
1680
man's predominant passions cease,
onger at my slow increase.
ion most have been misled;
eve, because they so were bred.
ontinues what the nurse began, 1685
e child imposes on the man.
amed before, nor need repeat:
is the most prevailing cheat,
ncer both of age and youth;
that, and think they study truth. 1690
st fortifies an argument,
serves to gain the will's assent;
ready warp'd, receive an easy bent.
escription of establish'd laws,
f honour to maintain a cause, 1695
of change, and fear of future ill,
e blind conductor of the will;
mong the still-mistaking crowd,
teachers obstinate and proud,
han all, the private judge allow'd;
'athers which the dance began, 1701
certain whose the narrower span,
nread, and half-read gentleman.
e Panther, with a scornful smile:
travel with unwearied toil, 1705
round the realm without control,
sons for proselytes to prowl,
d there you snap some silly soul.
fears of future change in state;
you did not prophesy your fate. 1710
think your time of triumph near,
stake the season of the year;
's fortune gives you cause to fear.
y, replied the matron, tell
ischance those pretty birds befel. 1715
ischance, the savage dame replied,
wit in their unerring guide,
haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy
.
timely warning may prevail,
e moral, and I 'll tell the tale. 1720
ow, privileged above the rest
rds, as man's familiar guest,
sun, in summer brisk and bold,
huns the persecuting cold:
ancels and to chimneys known, 1725
hot thought she feeds on smoke alone.

From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine.
This merry chorister had long possess'd
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her nest:
Till frowning skies began to change their
cheer, 1730
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence she drew, 1735
Which, by instinct, or prophecy, she knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven, and warmer climes.
Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was named, the next that should be
fair: 1740
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings, and trust themselves in air.

Disdain of Fathers] The opinions and au- primitive Fathers has been much questioned by many able and learned writers, but by than by Daillé, Le Clerc, Barbeyrac, and above all, by Dr. Whitby, in his Dissertaurarum Interpretatione, printed in London, has with much candour confessed, that the d with precepts of an excessive and unreaity, with stoical and academical dictates, determinate notions, and, what is yet worse, that are absolutely false, and in evident op- precepts of Christ; of which he gives two of holding the error of a double doctrine, g that it was lawful to deceive and lie, if by that means the interest of the Church might be promoted. To which may be added, their forced and fanciful, and allegorical explications of some of the most important facts in the sacred Scriptures.—Buddæus has, in a treatise entitled, Isagoge ad Theologiam, discussed the question of what authority is due to the works of the Fathers. But it is difficult for him to defend Ambrose and Hilary, Augustin, Gregory Nazianzen, and Jerome, from the charge above mentioned, of the utility and propriety of using pious frauds in subjects of religion. I will just add, that the errors and absurdities of Jerome are pointed out and exposed with great force and ability by Le Clerc, in Quæstiones Hieronymianæ, 1700. But no writer has, on the whole, spoken of the merits and demerits of the primitive Fathers with so much temper and truth as the learned Dr. Jortin. St. Cyprian, in his exhortation to martyrdom, after having applied the mysterious number, seven, to the seven days of the creation, to the seven thousand years of the world's duration, to the seven spirits that stand before God, to the seven lamps of the tabernacle, to the seven candlesticks of the Apocalypse, to the seven pillars of wisdom, to the seven children of the barren woman, to the seven women who took one man for their husband, to the seven brothers of the Maccabees, observes, that St. Paul mentions that number as a privileged number; which, says he, is the reason why he did not write but to seven churches. St Gregory of Nyssa, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom himself, and St. Jerome, all wrote in praise of virginity and celibacy, and said that state was as superior to wedlock as angels are to men. St. Jerome, in his Commentary on St. Matthew, xxiii. 35, clearly, and without reserve, justifies the propriety and lawfulness of using pious frauds in defending religion. This saint, it is said, was whipped by an angel, sent to chastise him for being fond of, and for imitating Cicero. But a man of wit said, it was for imitating Cicero so inelegantly and coarsely.

Among other absurd allegorical interpretations of the Fathers, Gregory Nazianzen affirms, that the brazen serpent, which Moses set up in the wilderness, was not a type of Christ's body suffering for us, but of the serpent destroyed and dead by the death of Christ, and giving us assurance of our life and salvation, by being exhibited to us as vanquished and lifeless himself. This interpretation is as puerile and groundless as what St. Ambrose says of Balaam's ass, upbraiding her master in plain articulate words; as giving us to understand in a figure, that in the last days, upon the advent of the great angel of God, the Gentiles also should speak, which were before but as dumb asses. In Luc. l. 1. the story of Balaam's ass has been the occasion of many absurd, and indeed some profane comments and observations. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 1727. *From hence she has been held of heavenly line, Endued with particles of soul divine.*]

"Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, et haustus
Æthereos dixere."—*Georg.* iv. 220.

John Warton.

Ver. 1728. *Endued with particles of soul divine.*] Horace, Serm. lib. 2. ii. 79.

"Atque adfiiget humo divinæ particulam auræ." Todd.

Ver. 1732. *And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;*

"—— inversum contristat aquarius annum."

John Warton.

But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.
Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they rose, and set up every sail;
The wind was fair, but blew a mackerel gale:
The sickly young sat shivering on the shore,
Abhorr'd salt water never seen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The passage, and expect a fairer day.
With these the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot, and church-believing bird:
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-bellied, for a dignity design'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and Code,
And Fathers which he never understood;
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in,
Her household chaplain, and her next of kin:
In superstition silly to excess,
And casting schemes by planetary guess:
In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.
Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was observed to croak.
That omen liked him not; so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price;
(A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.)
To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of rising waters, and a troubled stream,
Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,
With something more, not lawful to express:
By which he slily seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inscribed with sacred rhyme,
Whose antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot:
The mad divineress had plainly writ,
A time should come (but many ages yet)
In which, sinister destinies ordain,
A dame should drown with all her feather'd train,
And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.
At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.
'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort
Made all these idle wonderments their sport:
They said, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what every fool could say,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
The passage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than usual equinoxes blew.
The sun (already from the Scales declined)
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worse of weather and of wind.

Ver. 1769. *Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,*
Left of their lodging, was observed to croak.]
"Ante sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix."—Virg.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1776. *Sure* signs *of anguish,*] *Sign.* Original edition.
TODD.

Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on sails too dry.
But, least of all, philosophy presumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the Martin, housed in holy ground,
Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight round,
'Till grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream:
As little weight his vain presages bear,
Of ill effect to such alone who fear;
Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
Each Nostradamus can foretel with ease:
Not naming persons, and confounding times,
One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.
The advice was true; but fear had seized the most,
And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
The question crudely put to shun delay,
'Twas carried by the major part to stay.
His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
His power, and from a priest became a prince.
He order'd all things with a busy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large provisions laid of winter fare:
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that Heaven some miracle might show,
And for their sakes the sun should backward go;
Against the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in sacred story lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.
In expectation of such times as these,
A chapel housed them, truly call'd of ease:
For Martin much devotion did not ask;
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.
It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
Some Swifts*, the giants of the Swallow kind,
Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind,
(For Swisses, or for Gibeonites design'd)
These lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring plain;
And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)
New blossoms flourish, and new flowers arise;
As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the year:
The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At last they heard the foolish Cuckoo sing,
Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of spring.
No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repossess their patrimonial sky.

* Otherwise called *Martlets.* Original edition.

Ver. 1842. *Large-limb'd, stout-hearted,* &c.] *Large-limb'd,* though not a word of the most poetical sound, appears to have been introduced into our poetry by Drayton, who in his *Owle,* published in 1604, has the "*large-lymb'd* owl." Milton applies this compound to Og, Psalm cxxxvi. ver. 20. Marston had before called Alcides "*big-limm'd,*" Scourge of Villanie, 1598, B. iii. Sat. viii.

"*Big-limm'd* Alcides, doff thy honor's crowne." Tom

'ore them did his wings display;
l omens might attend their way,
l have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.
e Swallow now triumphs alone? 1860
f heaven is all her own:
offspring to their haunts repair,
ng in glades, and skim in air,
isects in the purling springs,
rivers to refresh their wings. 1865
s think a fair provision made,
n can live upon his trade:
careful charge is off their hands,
'or husbands, and new nuptial

widow longs to be supplied; 1870
over is by lawyers tied
ture-chimneys on the bride.
couple, in so short a space,
marriage-offerings rise apace.
houses, running to decay, 1875
up, and cemented with clay;
ready; stores of eggs are laid,
mothers call Lucina's aid.
s the news, and foreign fowls ap-

eet the new returning year, 1880
ounder, and partake the cheer.
'twas time (so fast their numbers

ad, and people colonies.
awn forth, as Martin had desired,
cruel destiny required) 1885
off on an ill-fated day;
ld needs conduct them on their

went, because he fear'd alone to

y flew with inconsiderate haste,
ir afternoon began to waste; 1890
s ominous, that very morn
nter'd into Capricorn;
eir bad astronomer's account,
e Virgin balance should remount.
on eclipsed him in his way, 1895
mall remainders of his day.
nazed, pursued no certain mark;
birds, and justled in the dark:
public in a panic fright;
eased the horror of the night. 1900
ut unattended with repose;
ne, no sleep their eyes to close:
lack she came; no friendly stars

ld they do, beset with dangers

ing dorp, no lodging to be found, 1905
ains, and bare unhospitable ground.
od, who just began to fly,
and unpractised in the sky,
o their helpless mother call;
er wings; some few beneath them 1910

them wider yet, but could not
ll.

To augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air, for empty fields above,
'Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hailstones mix'd with snow and rain. 1915
The joyless morning late arose, and found
A dreadful desolation reign around,
Some buried in the snow, some frozen to the ground.
The rest were struggling still with death, and lay
The Crows' and Ravens' rights, an undefended prey: 1920
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree:
But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finish'd them with bats, or poll'd them down. 1925
Martin himself was caught alive, and tried
For treasonous crimes, because the laws provide
No Martin there in winter shall abide.
High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,
He breathed his last, exposed to open air; 1930
And there his corpse, unbless'd, is hanging still,
To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill.
The patience of the Hind did almost fail;
For well she mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which ribald art their Church to Luther owes; 1935
In malice it began, by malice grows;
He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron-harvest rose.
But most in Martin's character and fate,
She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the persecuting state: 1940
Then said, I take the advice in friendly part;
You clear your conscience, or at least your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:

——— *marriage*-offerings, &c.] The first evident error of the press, has *offsprings*.

he rest would needs *conduct them*] *Need.* D.

Ver. 1931. ——— is *hanging still,*] Original edition: *are* hanging. Todd.

Ver. 1933. *The patience of the Hind,*] But her patience would have been still more exhausted, if her antagonist had told her, that in the dispute that arose betwixt the Senate of Venice and the Church of Rome, about the year 1615, in the time of Pope Paul the Fifth, the partisans of the latter, and particularly Bellarmine, maintained that the Pope is invested with all the authority of heaven and earth; that all princes are his vassals, and that he may annul their laws at pleasure; that kings may appeal to him, as he is temporal monarch of the whole earth; that he can discharge subjects from their oaths of allegiance, and make it their duty to take up arms against their sovereign; that he may depose kings without any fault committed by them, if the good of the Church requires it; that the clergy are exempt from all tributes to kings, and are not accountable to them even in cases of high treason; that the Pope cannot err; that the Pope is God on earth; that his sentence and that of God are the same; and that to call his power in question, is to call in question the power of God. Though Erasmus had not the resolution and vigour of Luther, yet by his incomparable ridicule he greatly promoted the Reformation. What an exquisite piece of wit and satire is the dialogue entitled Julius Exclusus, written certainly by Erasmus, though he rather denied it. See Jortin's Life, Vol. ii. p. 600. See Sallengru de Pasquillis, &c. This Julius was published in 1669, and also 1680, at Oxon. The Panther might also have reminded her antagonist of a fact that she would not like to be told of, that there was printed and published, at Paris, 1589, a Relation of the Martyrdom of Brother Jaques Clement, in which it is affirmed, that an angel had appeared to him, had shown him a drawn sword, and ordered him to kill the tyrant. This paper is inserted in the Satyre Menippée. Dr. J. Warton.

As for my sons, the family is bless'd, 1945
Whose every child is equal to the rest:
No Church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:
Or else an old fanatic author lies,
Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries.
But through your parable I plainly see 1950
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
The sunshine that offends the purblind sight:
Had some their wishes, it would soon be night.
Mistake me not: the charge concerns not you: 1955
Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as non-resistance makes them so;
But that 's a word of neutral sense, you know,
A passive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king. 1960
Rest well assured, the Pardelis replied,
My sons would all support the regal side,
Though Heaven forbid the cause by battle should be tried.
The matron answer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus pursued her argument again. 1965
If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practise what yourselves profess,
What angry power prevents our present peace?
The Lion, studious of our common good,
Desires (and Kings' desires are ill withstood) 1970
To join our nations in a lasting love;
The bars betwixt are easy to remove;
For sanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whose mandate forced your Gallic friends to fly, 1975
Make not a worse example of your own;
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
His blunted sword your suffering brotherhood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood: 1980
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor-edge on life.
Cursed be the wit, which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion joins;
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's loins. 1985
But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first Reformers' coat.
Oh, let their crime in long oblivion sleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjust, or just, is all the question now; 1990
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.
To name the Test would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand. 1995
Yet still remember, that you wield a sword
Forged by your foes against your Sovereign Lord;
Design'd to hew the imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and dis-heir the crown.
To abhor the makers, and their laws approve, 2000
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.
What means it else, which now your children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away?
Suppose some great oppressor had, by slight
Of law, disseised your brother of his right, 2005
Your common sire surrendering in a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?

Ver. 1967. —— *what* yourselves *profess*,] *Yourself*. Original edition. TODD.

More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold, 2010
Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedlow, and their plot been true?
Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found; 2015
The dire magicians threw their mists around,
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.
But now, when Time has made the imposture plain,
(Late though he follow'd Truth, and limping held her train)
What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again? 2020
The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the hag uncased, and all obscene with itch?
The first Reformers were a modest race;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state, 2025
They suffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the Sovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is bare.
Your answer is, they were not dispossess'd;
They need but rub their metal on the test
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone 2030
Were touch'd and tried on your discerning stone;
But that unfaithful Test unfound will pass
The dross of Atheists, and sectarian brass:
As if the experiment were made to hold
For base productions, and reject the gold. 2035
Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:
No danger to the Church or State from these;
The Papist only has his writ of ease.
No gainful office gives him the pretence 2040
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileged to starve.
Still thank yourselves, you cry; your noble men
We banish not, but they forsake the place; 2045
Our doors are open: true, but ere they come,
You toss your 'censing Test, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.
To this the Panther sharply had replied; 2050
But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfied to have the But and Peace,
And for the plaintiff's cause she cared the less,
Because she sued *in formâ pauperis*; 2055
Yet thought it decent something should be said;
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much denied,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride:
Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you bring, 2060
As once Æneas to the Italian king:
By long possession all the land is mine;
You strangers come with your intruding line,
To share my sceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient pedigree, 2065
And claim a peaceful seat by fate's decree.

Ver. 2039. *The Papist only has his writ of ease.*] By the Test Act transubstantiation is to be abjured, a principal tenet of the Papists. DERRICK.

mp your sacrificer stands,
e Trojan and the Latin bands,
he league more firmly may be tied,
fair Lavinia for your bride. 2070
bly you veil the intended wrong,
u bring your exiled gods along;
deavour, in succeeding space,
ehold puppets on our hearths to place.
me barbarous laws have been pre-
d; 2075
inst the Test, but was not heard;
scind, and peerage to restore,
s Sovereign would my vote implore:
much, but owe my conscience more.
ce is then your plea, replied the
e, 2080
l inform'd, will ever be the same.
s much of the cameleon hue,
the dye with every distant view.
the Lion sat with awful sway,
ience taught your duty to obey: 2085
ave had your Statutes and your Test;
nce but of subjects was profess'd.
our temper, and no farther tried,
broken reed, your Church, relied.
sects assay'd their utmost art, 2090
d treasure to espouse their part;
ures were a bribe too mean to move
heart.
by long experience, you had proved,
could forgive, how well he loved;
that excell'd his godlike race, 2095
hort of Heaven's unbounded grace;
mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
e rise, and fruitful as the Nile;
whence our Egypt was supplied,
ht your Sovereign bound to send the
: 2100
d look'd on that immortal spring,
deem'd, he durst not be a king:
ience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
her limits, and extend the span;
lulgence as her gift dispose, 2105
a wise alliance with her foes.
ence own the associating name,
no blushes to conceal her shame?
e has been thought a bashful dame.
cause by battle should be tried, 2110
she must espouse the regal side:
s conscience, never to be tied!
bus from the Tripod shall disclose,
in last resort, your friends or foes?
o learn'd the language of the sky, 2115
g Gordian knot would soon untie;
powers the term of Conscience know,
st is her name with men below.
ce or Interest be 't, or both in one,
er answer'd in a surly tone) 2120

——— *with every* distant *view.*] The original -with every *different* view. Todd.

——— *fruitful as the Nile;*] The religious tions of any country, that are founded on the e of that country, continue notwithstanding all ges of religion. The Nile in Egypt, and the India, are still adored, notwithstanding the of Mahometism. The difficulties of convert- doos and some other Indian castes, and the m almost insuperable, without supernatural Warton.

And made *a wise alliance,* &c.] Orig. edit.

The first commands me to maintain the crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit.
These are my banks your ocean to withstand, 2125
Which proudly rising overlooks the land;
And, once let in, with unresisted sway,
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity: 2130
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
Possess your soul with patience, and attend:
A more auspicious planet may ascend;
Good fortune may present some happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime; 2135
(Unwilling, witness all ye Powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little space you safely may allow;
Your all-dispensing power protects you now. 2140
Hold, said the Hind, 'tis needless to explain;
You would postpone me to another reign;
'Till when you are content to be unjust:
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
A fair exchange proposed of future chance, 2145
For present profit and inheritance.
Few words will serve to finish our dispute;
Who will not now repeal, would persecute.
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wishing that happier planet would ascend. 2150
For shame let Conscience be your plea no more:
To will hereafter, proves she might before;
But she 's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.
Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threatening floods and inundations near: 2155
If so, a just reprise would only be
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea;
And all your jealousies but serve to show
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.
To intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to distrust the justice of your cause; 2161
And argues that the true religion lies
In those weak adversaries you despise.
Tyrannic force is that which least you fear;
The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear: 2165
Avert it, Heaven! nor let that plague be sent
To us from the dispeopled continent.
But piety commands me to refrain;
Those prayers are needless in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends op-
press'd, 2170
Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
An act, to which by honour he is tied,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride. 2175
Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;
This when he says he means, he means no more.
Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,
And yet ———
And yet, 'tis but because you must;
You would be trusted, but you would not
trust. 2180
The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd to enlarge
On power of Kings, and their superior charge,
As Heaven's trustees before the people's choice:
Though sure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those echoes given of her once loyal
voice. 2185

The matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
But could not win; her hour of grace was pass'd.
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her King,
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally:
Which well she hoped would more successful prove,
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther ask'd, what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree?
The dame replied: 'Tis sung in every street,
The common chat of gossips when they meet:
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholesome tale, though told in homely style.
A plain good man, whose name is understood,
(So few deserve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,
And lived, as reason was, upon the best.
Inured to hardships from his early youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth:
At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more adventurous knight,
Who oftener drew his sword, and always for the right.
As fortune would (his fortune came, though late)
He took possession of his just estate:
Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent;
Nor lived too sparing, nor too largely spent;
But overlook'd his hinds; their pay was just,
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust:
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkward at a trick.
For little souls on little shifts rely,
And cowards' arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do anything but lie.
False friends (his deadliest foes) could find no way
But shows of honest bluntness, to betray:
That unsuspected plainness he believed;
He look'd into himself, and was deceived.
Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,
Or Heaven would make a miracle on earth;
For prosperous honesty is seldom seen
To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as fate with nature's law would strive,
To show plain-dealing once an age may thrive:
And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
Exceeded her commission to befriend.
This grateful man, as Heaven increased his store,
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
His house with all convenience was purvey'd;
The rest he found, but raised the fabric where he pray'd;
And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.
Nor did their alms extend to those alone,
Whom common faith more strictly made their own;
A sort of Doves were housed too near their hall,
Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
Though some, 'tis true, are passively inclined,
The greater part degenerate from their kind;
Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, because on salt they feed.
Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;
Yet, bound by promise, he supports their cause,
As corporations privileged by laws.
That house which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built, long since, God knows, for better birds;
But fluttering there, they nestle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like Harpies, they could scent a plenteous board,
Then to be sure they never fail'd their lord:
The rest was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repined;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind:
But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once possess'd they never quit their claim;
For then 'tis sanctified to Heaven's high name;
And hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent,
The gift should be profaned by worldly management.
Their flesh was never to the table served;
Though 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were starved;
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
E'en though they were not Doves, to persecute:
Yet he refused (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which, new from treading, in their bills they brought:
But left his hinds each in his private power,
That those who like the bran might leave the flour.
He for himself, and not for others, chose,
Nor would he be imposed on, nor impose;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,
And sacred incense on his altars laid.
Besides these jolly birds, whose corpse impure
Repaid their commons with their salt-manure;
Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use:
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands received their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld these inmates, and their nurseries:
Though hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,
A cruse of water and an ear of corn;
Yet still they grudged that modicum, and thought
A sheaf in every single grain was brought.

Ver. 2218. *And* cowards' *arts*, &c.] And *coward* arts. Orig. edit. TODD.

Ver. 2271. *As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.*] Vide Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. Oxford, page [illegible]. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 2285. —— *whose* corpse *impure*] Whose crops impure. Orig. edit. TODD.

ld they filch that little food away,
restrain'd those happy gluttons prey.
h they grieved to see so nigh their hall,
that warn'd St. Peter of his fall; 2300
hould raise his mitred crest on high,
his wings, and call his family
l rites; and vex the etherial powers
lnight matins at uncivil hours:
e, his quiet neighbours should molest,
e sweetness of their morning rest. 2305
bird, supinely when he might
and sleep, to rise before the light!
is dull forefathers used that cry,
not let a bad example die? 2310
d was fallen into an easier way;
knew better than to fast and pray.
se in sacred worship would appear
in, as they might end the year.
s in former times had wrought the
ls 2315
g Chanticleers in cloister'd walls.
for this, and for their lands, they fled;
r Partlet, with her hooded head,
ted hence, because she would not pray
ed.
to win the restive world to God, 2320
y by the disciplining rod,
l fasts, and foreign forms of prayer:
frights us with a mien severe.
ence to reform her into ease,
her in undress to make her please: 2325
faith will bear aloft the mind,
e the luggage of good works behind.
octrines in the Pigeon-house were taught:
l not ask how wond'rously they wrought;
the common cry was all for these, 2330
fe and precepts both encouraged ease.
ng those alluring baits might fail,
r deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
, though frontless, and of harden'd face,
d at the sight of awful grace,) 2335
us figure of their foes they drew,
, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true;
grotesque design exposed to public view.
ld have thought it some Egyptian piece,
den-gods, and barking deities, 2340
ck than Ptolemy has stuck the skies.
rverse a draught, so far unlike,
libel where it meant to strike.
the daubing pleased, and great and small,
the monster, crowded Pigeon-hall. 2345
anticleer was drawn upon his knees
shrines, and stocks of sainted trees;
im, a misshapen, ugly race;
e of God was seen on every face.
nd emblem could that malice mend, 2350
the worse the look, the fitter for a fiend.
aster of the farm, displeased to find
of rancour in so mild a kind,
l into the cause, and came to know,
sive Church had struck the foremost
ow; 2355
undless fears, and jealousies possess'd,
troublesome intruding guest
rive the birds of Venus from their nest.

9. —— some *Egyptian piece,*] *An* Egyptian
g. edit. Todd.

7. Adoring *shrines,*] So the original edition.
s, *adorning.* Todd.

A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd;
But Interest will not trust, though God should
plight his word. 2360
A law, the source of many future harms,
Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms;
With loss of life, if any should be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody statute chiefly was design'd 2365
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise: 2370
By which unrighteously it was decreed,
That none to trust, or profit, should succeed.
Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked
weed:
Or that, to which old Socrates was cursed,
Or henbane juice to swell them till they burst.
The patron (as in reason) thought it hard 2375
To see this inquisition in his yard,
By which the Sovereign was of subjects' use
debarr'd.
All gentle means he tried, which might withdraw
The effects of so unnatural a law: 2380
But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours' good;
And which was worse, (if any worse could be,)
Repented of their boasted loyalty:
Now made the champions of a cruel cause, 2385
And drunk with fumes of popular applause;
For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.
New doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
Suggested dangers, interposed delays: 2390
And emissary Pigeons had in store,
Such as the Meccan prophet used of yore,
To whisper counsels in their patron's ear;
And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.
The master smiled to see them work in vain, 2395
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts:
But they abused that grace to make allies,
And fondly closed with former enemies; 2400
For fools are doubly fools, endeav'ring to be wise.
After a grave consult what course were best,
One, more mature in folly than the rest,
Stood up, and told them, with his head aside,
That desperate cures must be to desperate ills
applied: 2405
And therefore, since their main impending fear
Was from the increasing race of Chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profess'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyrie nigh, 2410
Well pounced to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might trust, their common wrongs to
wreak;
The Musquet, and the Coystrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the rest,
The noble Buzzard ever pleased me best; 2415

Ver. 2361. *A law, the source,* &c.] Penal laws against Popish recusants. Derrick.

Ver. 2401. *For fools are* doubly *fools,* &c.] The original edition has, *double* fools. Todd.

Ver. 2414. ——— *Above the rest,*
The noble Buzzard ever pleased me best;]
The character of the Buzzard was drawn for the eele-

Of small renown, 'tis true; for, not to lie,
We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.
I know he hates the Pigeon-house and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:
But all his hate on trivial points depends; 2420
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.
For Pigeons' flesh he seems not much to care;
Cramm'd Chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the sovereign sway: 2425
Petition him to accept the government,
And let a splendid embassy be sent.
This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.
Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard, 2430
His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepared,
With B's upon their breast, appointed for his guard.

brated Bishop Burnet, out of compliment to King James II., to whom he had been, on many accounts, obnoxious. He is introduced as a prince, because his spirit and activity raised him to be regarded by many of the opponents to the court-measures, as the head of their party; and certainly none of the clergy was so meddling and inquisitive as he was; so that it is not unjust of our poet to say, that

He dares the world; and, eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.

The bishop was good-humoured, conversable, and charitable; absent, credulous, and talkative;

More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd.

It is certain he gave room for this impeachment of his honesty, by drawing up two papers in defence of divorce and polygamy; a task very unworthy of a clergyman: and by his behaviour, with regard to the Earl of Lauderdale's affairs in the House of Commons, where he was examined as to what he heard that nobleman say, about arming the Irish Papists, and bringing a Scotch army into England, to support some arbitrary measures intended to be set on foot by the king, and to overawe the Parliament. He at first refused to answer upon the latter point, and was dismissed: he then returned,

——— uncall'd, his patron t control,
Divulged the secret whispers of his soul;
Stood forth the accusing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.

Having waited for some time in the lobby, in hope of being called in again, he desired to be re-admitted, and now revealed everything that had passed between them in private conversation; for which conduct he makes but a poor excuse in his History of his Own Times. The House of Commons laid great stress upon his declaration, and thus furnished with fresh matter, renewed their address against the earl.

The papers above mentioned were written to support a design set on foot by Shaftesbury and his emissaries, to divorce the king and procure him another wife, whose issue might exclude the Duke of York from the succession: they are to be found in Mackay's Memoirs. Burnet first came from Scotland, where he was born, to London, to complete the Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton. The Earl of Lauderdale, at that time, received him with great hospitality, and a friendship that merited a different return from what he received. Nor was his behaviour to the Duke of York less indefensible, his Highness having given him some distinguishing marks of his favour, which he requited with becoming one of his severest enemies; not so much from any views of serving these kingdoms, but because that object that seemed most immediate to his interest, most engaged his attention; and he thought opposition the swiftest way to preferment. It is certain King James hated him, not without reason, and would have made him feel his resentment, if he had not retired to the Prince of Orange, with whom he returned to England in 1688. The bishop has revenged himself, by calling Dryden, in the History of his Own Times, *a monster of impurity*, and by mentioning him in his Reflections on Varillas, with a *contempt to* which he was infinitely superior. DERRICK.

Ver. 2418. I know he hates, &c.] I know he haunts, &c.] *Orig edit.* TODD.

He came, and crown'd with great solemnity,
God save king Buzzard was the general cry.
A portly prince, and goodly to the sight, 2435
He seem'd a son of Anak for his height:
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer:
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight;
A prophet form'd to make a female proselyte. 2440
A theologue more by need than genial bent;
By breeding sharp, by nature confident.
Interest in all his actions was discern'd;
More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd:
Or forced by fear, or by his profit led, 2446
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:
But brought the virtues of his heaven along:
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
The most unlucky parasite alive. 2450

Ver. 2435. *A portly prince,*] This character of Buzzard was intended to ridicule Bishop Burnet, who had attacked Dryden for a translation of Varillas. Montague and Prior make their Bayes speak thus of this passage:—"The excellence of a fable is in the length of it. Æsop indeed, like a slave as he was, made little, short, simple stories, with a dry moral at the end of them, and could not form any noble design. But here, I give you fable upon fable; and after you are satisfied with beasts in the first course, serve you up with a delicate dish of fowl for the second: now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular person; for I'gad I'll tell you what a trick he served me: I was once translating a very good *French author*, but being something long about it, as you know a man is not always in the humour, what does this Jack do, but puts out an answer to my friend before I had half finished the translation; so there was three whole months lost upon his account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the world know that he is a *tall, broad-backed, lusty fellow, of a brown complexion, fair behaviour, a fluent tongue*, and taking amongst the women; and to top it all, that he 's much a *scholar*, more a *wit*, and owns but two *sacraments*. Don't you think this fellow will hang himself? But, besides, I have so nick't his character in a name, as will make you split. I call him ——, I'gad I won't tell you, unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a *scholar*, and more a *wit*.

Bayes. Right, and his name is Buzzard. Ha! ha! ha!"
Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. *A portly prince,*] This violent and cutting satire on Bishop Burnet, which approaches the very verge of downright and disgusting ribaldry, must be accounted for (I will not say apologised) by the bishop's having called Dryden a monster of impiety, for the obscenities, blasphemies, and falsehoods, with which he said our author's works abounded. Burnet's own character appears every day to be more and more approved and brightened by calm examination. His History of his Own Times, allowing, perhaps, that it is written in too careless and familiar a style, yet abounds in most curious facts that otherwise would have been unknown, and this very familiarity is pleasing. His History of the Reformation is surely a most valuable and important work, and one of the most decisive blows Popery ever received. His Exposition of the Articles is sensible, acute, and candid; with a laudable endeavour to free them from some seeming absurdities and contradictions. And his short account of Lord Rochester a most useful, pious, and instructive little narrative. Dr. WARTON.

Ver. 2441. ——— *than* genial *bent;*] Than *natural* bent. Orig. edit. TODD.

Ver. 2442. ——— *by* nature *confident.*] By *nature* confident. Orig. edit. TODD.

Ver. 2446. *Or both* conjoin'd, his native *clime he fled.*

The original edition has—

Or both *his own unhappy* clime, &c. TODD.

Ver. 2448. ——— *a* fluent *tongue.*] *Flattering* Orig. edit. TODD.

s to prepare his paths he sent,
mself pursued his compliment;
se of fortune chased away,
longer than their author stay: 2454
e dust against the ungrateful race,
he stench of ordures in the place.
atter'd and blasphemed the same;
ge he spares no Sovereign's name:
l the tyrant change their style
measure that they frown or smile.
eceived by hospitable foes, 2461
s he returns, is to expose:
es, though undeserved and great,
in felon-minds beget;
his wit, the churl receives the treat. 2465
foes is venomously nice;
t turns a virtue to a vice:
nd bountiful, forewarns us twice."
nents he wisely does disown,
nows Confession stands for one; 2470
o sacred silence are convey'd,
fear, or love, to be betray'd:
ll'd, his patron to control,
secret whispers of his soul;
the accusing Satan of his crimes, 2475
o the Moloch of the times.
ssail, and careless of defence,
in his impudence,
world; and eager of a name,
bout, and justles into fame. 2480
d satire-proof, he scours the streets,
Indian-muck at all he meets.
ud report, that not to miss
wn (his last and utmost bliss)
uld be known for what he is. 2485
and is the Captain of the Test,
his virtues are not here express'd;
of fame conceals the rest.
l Pigeons never could create
re proper to revenge their hate: 2490
proper to revenge, than save;
n in his wrath the Almighty gave:
race the landlord had allow'd,
e Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
fix their friends, and to seduce the
l. 2495
eir fellow-subjects to inthral,
's promise into question call,
think he meant to make them lords

their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
ves were to be dispossess'd; 2500
r groans, nor gogling eyes did want;
Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
prayer is stock'd with large increase;
or windows can contain the press:
every feather fill the abode; 2505
s out of envy own a God:
from the stews, adulterers come,
nd Vandals to demolish Rome.
ence, which to all their crimes was

ud, and cries to persecute: 2510
the laws to be released,
he less, because it was their Lord's
st:
t it great their Sovereign to control,
their pride, nobility of soul. 2514
he Pigeons, and their prince elect,
f power, their purpose to effect:
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food:
And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
Though naming not the patron, to infer, 2520
With all respect, he was a gross idolater.
But when the imperial owner did espy,
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
Not suffering wrath to discompose his mind,
He strove a temper for the extremes to find.
So to be just, as he might still be kind; 2525
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounced a doom
Of sacred strength for every age to come.
By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,
No rights infringed, but licence to oppress: 2530
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
To crowns ascribed, that Kings can do no wrong.
But since his own domestic birds have tried
The dire effects of their destructive pride,
He deems that proof a measure to the rest, 2535
Concluding well within his kingly breast,
His fowls of nature too unjustly were oppress'd.
He therefore makes all birds of every sect
Free of his farm, with promise to respect
Their several kinds alike, and equally protect. 2540
His gracious edict the same franchise yields
To all the wild increase of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds:
To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Choughs and Daws, and such republic birds: 2545
Secured with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his district, and his bounds decreed:
Combined in common interest with his own,
But not to pass the Pigeons' Rubicon.
Here ends the reign of this pretended Dove; 2550
All prophecies accomplish'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove.
Reduced from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionysius to a private rod,
The Passive Church, that with pretended grace 2555
Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.
What after happen'd is not hard to guess:
The small beginnings had a large increase,
And arts and wealth succeed (the secret spoils of peace.) 2560
'Tis said, the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the smiths of their own foolish fate:
Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour;
But, sunk in credit, they decreased in power:
Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away, 2565
Dissolving in the silence of decay.
The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;

Ver. 2519. *And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,*
Though naming not the patron, &c.]

On the fifth of November, 1684, Burnet preached a sermon in the Rolls chapel against Popery, in which he dropped some oblique reflections on the king. On this account it was ordered he should preach in that place no more, and he soon after found it necessary to withdraw to Holland. The king demanded him of the States as a traitor, but they refused to acquiesce. It is said £3000 was ordered to be paid by the treasury to any person that could contrive to deliver him into the king's hands. DERRICK.

Ver. 2537. *His fowls of nature, &c.*] His *fowl, &c.* Original edition. TODD.

Ver. 2550. —— *of* this *pretended Dove;*] Orig. edit. TODD.

Ver. 2559. *The small beginnings had a large increase,*]
"—— exiguis profecta initiis eò creverit."—Livy
JOHN WARTON.

But long defer the honours of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James this running century may view,
And give his son an auspice to the new. 50
Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
For see the Dragon* winged on his way,
To watch the travail,† and devour the prey.
Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when Alcides raised his infant cry, 55
The snakes besieged his young divinity:
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
For opposition makes a hero great.
To needful succour all the good will run,
And Jove assert the godhead of his son. 60
Oh still repining at your present state,
Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
Look up, and read in characters of light
A blessing sent you in your own despite.
The manna falls, yet that celestial bread 65
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you feed.
May not your fortune be like their's, exiled,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild:
Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
To lead you to the verge of promised rest. 70
Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing Heaven his footsteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways, 75
The rise of empires, and their fall surveys;
More (might I say) than with an usual eye,
He sees his bleeding Church in ruin lie,
And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar cry.
Already has he lifted high the sign,‡ 80
Which crown'd the conquering arms of Constantine:
The moon § grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her train of stars have lost their light.
Behold another Sylvester,‖ to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success; 85
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
As fills and crowds his universal seat.
Now view at home a second Constantine; ¶
(The former too was of the British line)
Has not his healing balm your breaches closed, 90
Whose exile many sought, and few opposed?

Ver. 49. —— this *running century*] Original edition. Todd.

Ver. 50. —— his *son*] Orig. edit. Derrick has, *this* son. Todd.

* Alluding only to the Commonwealth party, here and in other places of the poem. Original edition.

† Rev. xii. 4. Original edition.

‡ The cross. Original edition.

§ The crescent which the Turks bear for their arms. Original edition.

‖ The Pope in the time of Constantine the Great, alluding to the present Pope. Original edition.

Ver. 84. *Behold another Sylvester*, &c.] The Pope, in James the Second's time, is here compared to him who governed the Romish Church in the time of Constantine, to whom the king is likened a little lower down. Derrick.

¶ King James the Second. Original edition.

Ver. 89. *The former too was of the British line*] St. Helen, mother of Constantine the Great, was an Englishwoman; and Archbishop Usher affirms, that the emperor himself was born in this kingdom. Derrick.

Or, did not Heaven by its eternal doom
Permit those evils, that this good might come?
So manifest, that e'en the moon-eyed sects
See whom and what this Providence protects. 95
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,*
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reserves for such a reign. 99
To dream that chance his preservation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preserved for nought;
Or the surviving eight were not design'd
To people earth, and to restore their kind.
When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestic face 105
Give awful joy: 'tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book:
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how the unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies 110
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles; 115
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own.
Born in broad day-light, that the ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun. 120
†Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth,
Loth to confess the godhead clothed in earth:
But sicken'd, after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir apparent of the skies: 125
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.
‡Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,
When, the dark mantling mist dissolved away,
He to the Tyrians show'd his sudden face, 130
Shining with all his goddess mother's grace:
For she herself had made his countenance bright,
Breathed honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.
If our victorious Edward,§ as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day, 135
Why may not years revolving with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One, who may carry to a distant shore
The terror that his famed forefather bore.
But why should James or his young hero stay 140
For slight presages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our prince was born:

Ver. 92. Or, *did not*, &c.] Original edition. Derrick has *O*, did not, &c. Todd.

* The Lemmon ore. Original edition.

Ver. 97. —— *that one shipwreck on the fatal ore*,] The sandbank, on which the Duke of York had like to have been lost in 1682, on his voyage to Scotland, is known by the name of Lemman Ore. Derrick.

† Alluding to the temptations in the wilderness. Original edition.

‡ Virg. Æneid. 1. Original edition.

§ Edward the Black Prince, born on Trinity Sunday. Original edition.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA;

A POEM ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.*

Dii Patrii Indigetes, et Romule, Vestaque Mater,
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim, et Romana Palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso *Puerum* succurrere sæclo
Ne prohibete: satis jampridem sanguine nostro
Laomedontææ luimus *Perjuria* Trojæ.—VIRG. Georg. 1.

s are heard betimes! and Heaven takes
re
, before we can conclude the prayer:
ng angels met it half the way,
us back to praise, who came to pray.
n the day, when the high-mounted sun 5
nest in his northern progress run,
ed forward, and ev'n stretch'd the sphere
the limits of the lengthen'd year,
a brighter sun in Britain born;

the 10th of June, 1688, the queen was suddenly
h labour-pains, and delivered of a son, who was
y the name of James, and declared Prince of
All the Catholics and friends of James were trans-
h the most extravagant joy at the birth of this
ile great part of the nation consoled themselves
ction that it was altogether supposititious. They
ollected a variety of circumstances, upon which
ture was founded; and though they were incon-
ntradictory, and inconclusive, the inference was
de to the views and passions of the people, that it
mpression which, in all probability, will never be
ced. Dr. Burnet, who seems to have been at un-
ains to establish this belief, and to have consulted
hig nurses in England upon the subject; first
o demonstrate, that the queen was not with child;
that she was with child, but miscarried; thirdly,
d was brought into the queen's apartment in a
an; fourthly, that there was no child at all in
fifthly, that the queen actually bore a child, but
at same day; sixthly, that the supposititious
not the fits; seventhly, that it had the fits, of
lied at Richmond: therefore the Chevalier de
must be the fruit of four different impostures."
's History of England. DERRICK.

Our vows are heard] It might be expected, that
zealous convert to Popery would join in the ge-
mph and exultation, felt by all his brethren, on
of a prince who might be the means of perpetu-
atholic religion on the throne of these kingdoms,
as this important event was imputed to a vow
he Duchess of Modena to the Holy Virgin at
at her daughter might by her means have a son.
m nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto."

s the motto of a long poem in hexameter verse,
d Latin, now before me, written by Mr. J. Plow-
is time. Burnet certainly has disgraced his
y collecting all the idle and incredible tales,
sistent accounts of the birth of this prince, in
ove it was a supposititious child, and has given a
more worthy of a nurse or midwife, than of a
historian. King William, with that generosity
animity that distinguished his character, gave
r countenance to this improbable fiction. Dr. J.

——— *in his northern progress*] Thus the origi-
in 1688. Derrick has, *its*. TODD.

That was the business of his longest morn; 10
The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her bloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer, 15
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes the auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.
* Last solemn sabbath saw the Church attend;
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend; 20
But when his wondrous † octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a blessing to so good a king,
None but the Eternal Comforter could bring.
Or did the mighty Trinity conspire, 25
As once, in council to create our sire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast;
And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promised seed. 30
Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
An emblem of their mystic union show'd:
The Mighty Trine the triple empire shared,
As every person would have one to guard.
Hail son of prayers! by holy violence 35
Drawn down from Heaven; but long be banish'd thence,
And late to thy paternal skies retire:
To mend our crimes whole ages would require;
To change the inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike sire begins. 40
Kind Heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join, 45
To keep possession, and secure the line;

Ver. 13. *Her* bloomy *beauties*] Original edition. Derrick, by an absurd error, has *gloomy*. TODD.

* Whit-Sunday. Original edition.

Ver. 20. *The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;*] So Parnell:

"The fiery pomp ascending left the view."

JOHN WARTON

† Trinity Sunday. Original edition.

Ver. 37. *And late to thy paternal skies retire:*]

"Serus in cœlum redeas."—Hor.

JOHN WARTON.

By prayers the mighty blessing was implored,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers restored.
So ere the Shunamite * a son conceived,
The prophet promised, and the wife believed. 250
A son was sent, the son so much desired;
But soon upon the mother's knees expired.
The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and sent his pastoral staff before,
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child, and mourn'd, 255
'Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul return'd.
Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.
As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain, 260
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And, soon restored by native vigour, bear 265
The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past:
For Heaven will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;
That, still depending on his daily grace, 271
His every mercy for an alms may pass;
With sparing hands will diet us to good,
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young 275
With little morsels, and delays them long.
True, this last blessing was a royal feast;
But, where 's the wedding-garment on the guest?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme. 280
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard, 285
And vainly thought the present ark † their guard;
But when the haughty Philistines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was absent, though his ark was there.
Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away, 290
And make our joys the blessings of a day!
For we have sinn'd him hence, and that he lives,
God to his promise, not our practice gives.

* In 2 Kings, iv. Original edition.

Ver. 273. —— *will diet us to good:*] Many striking examples of the strange inequalities, and of the mixture of good and bad, that appear in our author's works, may be given from this poem. I hope I may be pardoned for pointing out some singular passages, in which may be found his elegancies and vulgarisms, his flights and descents, his reasonings and fallacies, his just panegyric and sordid adulation, and his piety and profaneness. See from verse 20 to 40, verse 53, verse 65, verse 69, verse 80, (in allusion to the story of Constantine's cross, now given up as fabulous by all candid historians. See Fabricius, Bib. Gr. v. 6.) verse 100, verse 126, six elegant lines; verse 111, gross flattery; and also verse 136, verse 190, verse 196, verse 230, four fine lines, but disgraced by verse 233; verse 210, gross flattery; verse 296, eight beautiful lines; as also verse 256, to verse 269; verse 290, flattery; and verse 292, profane; verse 300 to verse 310, very elegant, verse 323, vulgar allusion; verse 329, almost burlesque; verse 331, and what follows of Aristides, verse 336, very nauseous adulation. Dr. J. Warton.

† 1 Sam. iv. 10. Original edition.

Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
But James, and Mary, and the Church prevail. 295
Nor Amalek * can rout the chosen bands,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.
By living well, let us secure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born spirit can constrain, 300
But charity, and great examples gain.
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day,
'Tis god-like God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious queen, translated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged sphere, 305
Beyond the sunny walks, and circling year:
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost; 310
So lost, as star-light is dissolved away,
And melts into the brightness of the day;
Or gold about the regal diadem,
Lost to improve the lustre of the gem.
What can we add to your triumphant day? 315
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,
That, tho' the longest day, would soon, too soon be done.
Let angels' voices with their harps conspire, 320
But keep the auspicious infant from the quire:
Late let him sing above, and let us know
No sweeter music than his cries below.
Nor can I wish to you, great monarch, more
Than such an annual income to your store; 325
The day which gave this Unit, did not shine
For a less omen, than to fill the Trine.
After a Prince, an Admiral beget;
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
Our isle has younger titles still in store. 330
And when the exhausted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign shore.
The name of Great your martial mind will suit;
But justice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's † due, 335
And, in him, Plutarch prophesied of you.
A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shared by all.
Some kings the name of conquerors have assumed,
Some to be great, some to be gods presumed; 340
But boundless power, and arbitrary lust,
Made tyrants still abhor the name of just;
They shunn'd the praise this god-like virtue gives,
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
The power, from which all kings derive their state, 345
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,
Is equal both to punish and reward;
For few would love their God, unless they fear'd.

* Exod. xvii. 8. Original edition.

Ver. 313. —— *the* regal *diadem,*] Original edition. Derrick has, *royal*. Todd.

Ver. 319. *That, tho' the longest day, would soon, too soon be done.*] This is the punctuation of the original edition. Todd.

† Aristides. See his life in Plutarch. Original edition.

Resistless force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect, deity; 350
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And deathless being ev'n the damn'd enjoy;
And yet Heaven's attributes, both last and first,
One without life, and one with life accurst:
But justice is Heaven's self, so strictly he, 355
That, could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and state
Are one to fortune subject, one to fate:
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;
Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand beguile; 360
Yourself our balance hold, the world's, our isle.

MAC FLECKNOE.*

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And bless'd with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state: 10
And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, "'Tis resolved; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, 15
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense. 20
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.

* This is one of the best, as well as severest, satires ever produced in our language. Mr. Thomas Shadwell is the hero of the piece, and introduced, as if pitched upon, by Flecknoe, to succeed him in the throne of dulness; for Flecknoe was never poet-laureat, as has been ignorantly asserted in Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

Richard Flecknoe, Esq., from whom this poem derives its name, was an Irish priest, who had, according to his own declaration, laid aside the mechanic part of the priesthood. He was well known at court; yet, out of four plays which he wrote, could get only one of them acted, and that was damned. "He has," says Langbaine, "published sundry works, as he styles them, to continue his name to posterity, though possibly an enemy has done that for him, which his own endeavours could never have perfected: for, whatever may become of his own pieces, his name will continue whilst Mr. Dryden's satire, called Mac Flecknoe, shall remain in vogue."

From this poem Pope took the hint of his Dunciad. Derrick.

There is a copy of this satire in manuscript, among the manuscripts in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth Palace; which presents some readings, different from the printed copies, that may probably amuse the reader, and perhaps, in two or three instances, induce him to prefer the written text. The MS. is numbered 711. 8. Todd.

Ver. 1. *All human things*] Will it be thought an extravagant and exaggerated encomium to say, that in point of pleasantry, various sorts of wit, humour, satire, both oblique and direct, contempt and indignation, clear diction, and melodious versification, this poem is perhaps the best of its kind in any language. Boileau, who spent his life, exhausted his talents, and soured his temper, in proscribing bad poets, has nothing equal to it. It is precisely in the style and manner mentioned by Horace—

"—— modò tristi, sæpe jocosò,
Defendente vicem modò Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas consultò."

It is obvious to observe that this poem is the parent of the Dunciad, which, with all the labour bestowed upon it, is not equal to its original: though Dr. Johnson praises it, as being more extended in its plan, and more diversified in its incidents. It certainly is more extended in its plan, by attacking such a multitude of mean scribblers, but the attack, by being so divided, is of less force than if confined to one alone. And what plan does Dr. Johnson mean? does he mean that in four books, in which the subject of electing Tibbald as king of the Dunces was totally altered, and enlarged into an account of the Empire of Dulness spreading over the whole world, instead of vesting it in one monarch; which monarch was also unhappily and unskilfully changed to Cibber instead of Tibbald. I shall not repeat what is said on this subject in the fifth volume of the last edition of Pope. As to the incidents being more diversified, Dr. Johnson alludes to the introduction of the games, which are described in the most offensive language, and in images gross and vulgar. It is difficult to understand fully the meaning of Pope in the fourth book of the Dunciad. Many species of false and trifling studies and pursuits are well exposed. But did he really mean to say, contrary to all experience, that the Empire of Dulness was becoming universal over all Europe, and that art after art was daily expiring, when every art is every day improving and enlarged? The numbers in Pope's Dunciad, by being very much laboured, are become the most hard and inharmonious of any of his works. To make the poem tolerably intelligible, which every day renders more and more necessary, it has become unavoidable to print it, in a very late edition, with those many and long notes given to him by his friends, Swift, Arbuthnot, Cleland, Savage, Warburton, and others, without which the names, families, abodes, and employments of the contemptible scribblers must have remained totally unknown. But after all that is here said of the excellence of Mac Flecknoe, candour and justice oblige us to add, that Shadwell did not in justice deserve the character here given of him, because, in many of his plays are characters supported with true humour and spirit, and plots skilfully enough conducted. So that neither Dryden nor Pope were fortunate and just in their respective heroes, as neither Shadwell nor Cibber deserved to be placed in such ridiculous and contemptible situations. Dr. Warton.

Ver. 11. —— *which of all his sons* was *fit*] —— which of all his sons *were* fitt. MS. Todd.

Ver. 12. —— immortal war] —— immortal *wars*. MS. Todd.

Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-timed oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets toss'd.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the basses roar:
Echoes from Pissing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more."
Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclined)
An ancient fabric raised to inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.

Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburbian muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker prophesied long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense:
To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe,
But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Roused by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepared,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.

Ver. 33. *And, coarsely* clad *in* Norwich *drugget, came*] And coarsely *cloath'd* in *rusty* drugget came. MS. Todd.

Ver. 39. *With* well-timed *oars*] With well-*trim'd* oars. MS. Todd.

Ver. 42. *The like* was ne'er in Epsom blankets *toss'd.*] The like *in Epsom blanket ne'er was* tost. MS. Todd.

Ver. 44. *The lute* still trembling] The lute *she trembles*, &c. MS. Todd.

Ver. 53. *St. André's feet ne'er kept*, &c.] A French dancing-master, at this time greatly admired. Derrick.

Ver. 55. *Though they in number as in* sense *excel;*] Though they in number as in *verse* excel. MS. Todd.

Ver. 64. *Close* to *the walls*, &c.] Close *by* the walls, &c. MS. Todd.

Ver. 67. —— *Barbican* it *hight:*] Barbican *is* hight. MS. Todd.

Ver. 81. —— *Simkin just reception finds*] Simkin is a character of a cobbler in an interlude. Panton, who is mentioned soon after, was a famous punster. Derrick.

Ver. 88. *That in this* pile *should reign*, &c.] That in this *place* should reign, &c. MS. Todd.

Ver. 96. *Roused by report of* fame, &c.] Roused by report of *pomp*, &c. MS. Todd.

Ver. 102. *Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby*] Except Lope de Vega, Heywood was the most voluminous of all play writers, having had, as he himself quaintly expresses it, either an entire hand, or at the least a main finger in two hundred and twenty plays. He lived in the reigns of queen Elizabeth and James I. He also translated dialogues of Lucian and Erasmus, and in the year 1635 published, in folio, a poem called "The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels." James Shirley deserved to be placed in better company. He had a fine imagination; he was the author of thirty-nine plays, in many of which are fine passages, as there are in his poems. Ogleby was the well-known author of a dull translation of Homer and Virgil, which, however, as was his History of China, were adorned with valuable cuts by Hollar. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 107. *High on a* throne, &c.] High on a *state*, &c. MS. Todd.

Ver. 113. Swore *by his sire*, &c.] *Sworn* by his sire, &c. MS. Certainly the preferable reading. Todd.

Ver. 117. —— nor *truce with sense.*] *Or* truce with sense. MS. Todd.

The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball, 120
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practised young, 124
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook, 130
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head, —
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed 135
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood.
"Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main; 140
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his pen!"—
He paused, and all the people cried, Amen.
Then thus continued he: "My son, advance 145
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit. 150
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence, 155
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own. 160
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou would'st cull, 165
Trust nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill. 170
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let Father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature, or in art? 176
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain? 180
Where sold he bargains, "whip-stitch, kiss my arse,"
Promised a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfused, as oil and waters flow, 185
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclined: 190
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine 's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ, 195
But sure thou 'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite. 200
In thy felonious art though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command,
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land. 206
There thou may'st Wings display and Altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou would'st thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
He said; but his last words were scarcely heard: 211
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepared,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind. 215
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

Ver. 138. *At length* burst *out*, &c.] At length *broke* out, &c. MS. Todd.

Ver. 143. *Beyond Love's Kingdom*, &c.] This is the name of that one play of Flecknoe's which was acted, but miscarried in the representation. Derrick.

Ver. 144. —— *the people* cried, *Amen*.] The people *said*, Amen. MS. Todd.

Ver. 149. *Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;*] Shadwell's play of the Virtuoso, in which Sir Formal Trifle, a florid coxcombical orator, is a principal character, was first acted in 1676; and he tells the Duke of Newcastle, in the dedication, "that here he has endeavoured at humour, wit, and satire." Derrick.

Ver. 150. —— *accuse thy* toil *of wit*.] Accuse thy *soil* of wit. MS. Todd.

Ver. 159. —— *to* future *ages*, &c.] To *after* ages, &c.] MS. Todd.

Ver. 160. —— *but* issue *of thy own*.] But *issues* of thy own. MS. Todd.

Ver. 164. *To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose*.] Alluding to Shadwell's comedy, called Epsom Wells. Derrick.

Ver. 176. *What* share *have we in nature, or in art?*] *For* what have we in nature, or in art? MS. Todd.

Ver. 178. And *rail at* arts, &c.] *Or* raile at *art*, &c. MS. Todd.

Ver. 179. —— *prince Nicander's vein*,] A character of a lover in the opera of Psyche. Derrick.

Ver. 190. *By which* one *way*, &c.] By which *each* way, &c. MS. Todd.

Ver. 193. *Nor let thy mountain-belly*, &c.] Alluding to Shadwell's form, who was pretty lusty. Derrick.

Ver. 204. —— mild *Anagram*.] *Kind* Anagram. MS. Todd.

Ver. 207. —— *and* Altars *raise*,] And *trophies* raise. MS. Todd.

Ver. 212. *For Bruce and Longvil*, &c.] Two very heavy characters in Shadwell's Virtuoso, whom he calls gentlemen of wit and good sense. Derrick.

EPISTLES.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND,

SIR ROBERT HOWARD,*

ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

As there is music uninform'd by art
In those wild notes, which, with a merry heart,
The birds in unfrequented shades express,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us le
So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
Which shames composure, and its art excels.
Singing no more can your soft numbers grac
Than paint add charms unto a beauteous fac
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmness does suppose them dee
Such is your muse: no metaphor swell'd hig
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the sky
Those mounting fancies, when they fall again
Show sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.
'Tis strange each line so great a weight sh
bear,
And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as stoics feign
Then least to feel, when most they suffer pai
And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden springs within the engine be;
Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues
Each act and motion of your graceful muse.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies spread,
Lets through its meshes every meaner thou
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that 's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.
No atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.
Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your strong genius then which does no
Those weights, would make a weaker
reel.
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegasus can do.
Great Hercules himself could ne'er do mo
Than not to feel those heavens and g
bore.
Your easier odes, which for delight were p
Yet our instruction make their second en
We're both enrich'd and pleased, like the
woo
At once a beauty, and a fortune too.

* Sir Robert Howard, a younger son of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, and brother to Mr. Dryden's lady, studied for some time in Magdalene-college. He suffered many oppressions on account of his loyalty, and was one of the few of King Charles the Second's friends, whom that monarch did not forget. Perhaps he had his present ends in it; for Sir Robert, who was a man of parts, helped him to obtain money in parliament, wherein he sate as burgess, first for Stockbridge, and afterwards for Castle-Rising in Norfolk. He was, soon after the restoration, made a knight of the Bath, and one of the auditors of the Exchequer, valued at £3000 per annum. Notwithstanding that he was supposed to be a great favourer of the Catholics, he soon took the oaths to King William, by whom he was made a privy-councillor in the beginning of the year 1689; and no man was a more open or inveterate enemy to the Nonjurors.

Several of his pieces, both in prose and verse, were published at different times; among which are the Duel of the Stags, a celebrated poem; the comedy of the Blind Lady; the Committee, or, the Faithful Irishman; the Great Favourite, or, the Duke of Lerma; the Indian Queen, a tragedy, written in conjunction with our author; the Surprisal, a tragi-comedy; and the Vestal Virgin, or the Roman Ladies, a tragedy; the last has two different conclusions, one tragical, and the other, to use the author's own words, comical. The last five plays were collected together, and published by Tonson, in a small 12mo volume, in 1722. The Blind Lady was printed with some of his poems.

Langbaine speaks in very high terms of Sir Robert's merit, in which he is copied by Giles Jacob. See their Lives of the Poets.

This gentleman was, however, extremely positive, remarkably overbearing, and pretending to universal knowledge; which failings, joined to his having then been of an opposite party, drew upon him the censure of Shadwell, who has satirised him very severely in a play, called The Sullen Lovers, under the name of *Sir Positive At-all*, and his lady, whom he first kept and afterwards married, under that of *Lady Vain*. DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *As there is music*] One would have thought from this elegant exordium, that Sir Robert Howard was a son of fancy, and warbled his native wood-notes wild with peculiar freedom and felicity. His poems, which are hard and prosaic, are not of this kind. The edition to which these were prefixed were printed by Herringman, 1660, and contains a Panegyric to the King, Songs and Sonnets, the Blind Lady, a comedy; the fourth book of Virgil, the Achilleis of Statius, a panegyric on General Monk. The songs are without harmony of numbers; the fourth book of Virgil lame and not faithful; the notes added to the Achilleis are some of them learned; the panegyric on Monk very inferior to that of Dryden. He wrote besides, the Committee, a comedy; the Great Favourite, a tragedy; the Indian Queen, a tragedy; the Surprisal, a tragi-comedy; the Vestal Virgin, a tragedy. He was member of Parliament for Stockbridge, in Hampshire, and was brother-in-law to Mr. Dryden, who addressed his Annus Mirabilis to him, but quarrelled with him afterwards on t dramatic rhyme, which Dryden defended in his on Dramatic Poetry. In this epistle, the lines 40, 44, 60, 100, are all of them full of fulsome adulation. The most celebrated of Howard's p the Duel of the Stags. Shadwell severely sati under the character of Sir Positive At-all in h Lovers. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 26. *The curious net* &c.] A compliment t of Sir Robert's, entitled Rete Mirabile. DERRICK

owledge poesy was queen, 45
e might, had wanton wits not been;
ill guardians, lived themselves at
.
content with that, debauch'd their
re.
rave captain, your successful pen
exiled to her crown again: 50
s hope, that having seen the days
ng flourish'd but fanatic bays,
ngth in this opinion rest,
ince's government is best."
ll; your art the way has found 55
improvement of the richest ground,
ich those immortal laurels bore,
he sacred Maro's temples wore.
are so express'd by you,
eloquent to have been true. 60
spoke, Æneas had obey'd
rather than what Jove had said.
tes can give a ghost repose,
so justly has discharged those,
may now its wand'ring cease, 65
title to the fields of peace.
s be obliged, no less
ess great Achilles doth confess;
d by Statius in too bold a look,
me those virgin robes he took. 70
nd how much we owe to you,
your numbers, with your author's
:
ll see his work was lamely rough,
stiff, as if design'd in buff:
laid so thick on every place, 75
w'd the paint, but hid the face.
rspective we beauties see,
e glass, not in the picture, be;
sight obligingly mistakes
, which his your bounty only makes. 80
dishes are, by cooks disguised,
heir dressing, than their substance
d.
s notes so search into that age,
s fable but the sacred page,
in that dark night we needs must
. 85
ast misled in pleasant way.
most admire, your verse no less
than the poet doth confess.
k eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
saw great Charles his morning break:
amen ken the land from far, 91
s like mists to the dull passenger.
your muse first pays her duteous
.
ncients did begin from Jove.
you end, whose name preserved
e, 95
orded Rufus' memory,
it greater honour to obey
interest, than the world to sway.
vorthy things of worthy men,
r talent of your pen: 100
e your mantle up, and I
n your right to prophesy.
y merit first of fame secure,
py in its geniture:
born when Charles ascends the
105
e his fortune and its own."

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND,

DR. CHARLETON,*

ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS; BUT MORE PARTICULARLY HIS TREATISE OF STONEHENGE, BY HIM RESTORED TO THE TRUE FOUNDER.

THE longest tyranny that ever sway'd,
Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd

* The book that occasioned this epistle made its appearance in quarto in 1663. It is dedicated to King Charles II. and entitled, "Chorea Gigantum; or, The most famous Antiquity of Great Britain, Stone-Henge, standing on Salisbury-plain, restored to the Danes, by Dr. Walter Charleton, M.D., and Physician in Ordinary to his Majesty." It was written in answer to a treatise of Inigo Jones's, which attributed this stupendous pile to the Romans, supposing it to be a temple, by them dedicated to the god Cœlum, or Cœlus; and here that great architect let his imagination outrun his judgment, nay, his sense; for he described it not as it is, but as it ought to be, in order to make it consistent with what he delivered. Dr. Charleton, who will have this to be a Danish monument, was countenanced in his opinion by Olaus Wormius, who wrote him several letters upon the subject; yet, that he was mistaken, appears by the mention made of Stonehenge in Nennius's Hist. Britonum, a writer who lived two hundred years before the Danes came into England. Though his book was approved of by many men of great erudition, and is not only very learned, but abounds with curious observations, it was but indifferently received, and raised many clamours against the author.

Envy, however, could not prevent Dr. Charleton's merits from being seen, nor divide him from the intimacy of Mr. Hobbes, the philosopher; Sir George Ent, a celebrated physician; the noble family of the Boyles; and Dr. William Harvey, whose claim to the discovery of the circulation of the blood, he forcibly defended against the claim thereto set on foot by Father Paul. Thus he

From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save.

As that eminent physician was now dead, the doctor's behaviour upon this point was as generous an instance of gratitude and respect to his friend's memory, as it was a proof of his capacity and extensive learning. He was president of the college of physicians, from 1689 to 1691, when his affairs being not in the most flourishing state, he retired to the isle of Jersey, and died in 1707, aged eighty-eight years. DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *The longest tyranny*] The rude magnitude of Stonehenge has rendered it the admiration of all ages; and as the enormous stones which compose it appear too big for land-carriage, and as Salisbury-plain, for many miles round, scarce affords any stones at all, it has been the opinion of some antiquaries, that these stones are artificial, and were made on the spot; but most authors are now agreed, that these stones are all natural, and that they were brought from a collection of stones called the Grey Wethers, growing out of the ground, about fifteen miles from Stonehenge.

The use and origin of this work have been the subjects of various conjectures and debates; and much it is to be lamented, that a tablet of tin, with an inscription, which was found here in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and might probably have set these points in a clear light, should not be preserved; for as the characters were not understood by such as were consulted upon the occasion, the plate was destroyed, or at least thrown by and lost. The common tradition is, that Stonehenge was built by Ambrosius Aurelianus. Some will have it to be a funeral monument raised to the memory of some brave commander; and others maintain that it was erected to the honour of Hengist, the Saxon general; but this structure is probably more ancient.

Sammes, in the Antiquities of Britain, conjectures it to have been a work of the Phœnicians; and the famous Inigo Jones, in a treatise called "Stonehenge restored," attempts to prove, that it was a temple of the Tuscan order, built by the Romans, and dedicated to the god Cœlum, or Terminus, in which he is confirmed by its having been open at top. Dr. Charleton, physician in ordinary to King Charles the Second, wrote a treatise called "Stonehenge restored to the Danes," attempting to prove that this was a Danish monument, erected either for a burial-place

Their free-born reason to the Stagirite,
And made his torch their universal light.
So truth, while only one supplied the state, 5
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,
Hard words seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.
Columbus was the first that shook his throne,
And found a temperate in a torrid zone: 10
The feverish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with shady trees;
And guiltless men, who danced away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we still paid that homage to a name, 15
Which only God and nature justly claim;
The western seas had been our utmost bound,
Where poets still might dream the sun was drown'd:
And all the stars that shine in southern skies,
Had been admired by none but savage eyes. 20
Among the asserters of free reason's claim,
Our nation's not the least in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its present knowledge, but its future too.
Gilbert shall live, till loadstones cease to draw, 25
Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe;
And noble Boyle, not less in nature seen,
Than his great brother read in states and men.

as a trophy for some victory, or for the election and coronation of their kings. And soon after the publication of Dr. Charleton's treatise, Mr. Webb, son-in-law of Inigo Jones, published a vindication of the opinions of his father-in-law upon this subject. But antiquaries have since agreed, that it was an ancient temple of the Druids, built, as Dr. Stukely thinks, before the Belgæ came to Britain, and not long after Cambyses invaded Egypt, where he committed such horrid outrages among the priests and inhabitants in general, that they dispersed themselves to all quarters of the world, and some, no doubt, came into Britain. At this time, the Doctor conjectures the Egyptians introduced their arts, learning, and religion, among the Druids, and probably had a hand in this very work, being the only one of the Druids where the stones are chiselled: all their other works consisting of rude stones, not touched by any tool. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 25. *Gilbert shall live,*] Dr. William Gilbert was physician both to Queen Elizabeth and King James. In the year 1600, he published a very curious dissertation on the magnet. Antiquarians are much divided in opinion concerning the æra of the first discovery of the loadstone. The Chinese boast of having discovered it many centuries ago, but did not apply it to any useful purposes. It is remarkable that Dante mentions it in the Inferno. But the Abbé Tiraboschi, in his excellent History of Italian Literature, vol. viii. p. 180, observes, that the most ancient work, after the poem of Guyot de Provins, in which any mention is made of the loadstone in Europe, is in the Eastern History of the Cardinal Jaques de Vitry, who died in 1224. It may be found in the 89th chapter of the Collection of Bongars. "Adamas in Indiâ reperitur—ferrum occultâ quâdam naturâ ad se trahit. Acus ferrea postquam adamantem contigerit, ad stellam septentrionalem semper convertitur, unde valde necessarius est navigantibus in mari." We may observe, that this author attributes to the diamond the virtues of the loadstone. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 27. *And noble Boyle,*] Every lover of science, religion and virtue, will perpetually venerate the name of the Hon. Robert Boyle, seventh son of Richard, Earl of Cork and Burlington, born in 1677, not only as being the founder of the Royal Society, for which he is here celebrated, but also for being the founder of a lecture, which has produced a series of discourses in defence of natural and revealed religion, which, for learning and argument, cannot be paralleled in any age or country. His brother, mentioned in the next line, Earl of Orrery, was a soldier and statesman, and wrote eight tragedies in rhyme, now totally forgotten. Dr. J. Warton.

The circling streams, once thought but pools, of blood
(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food) 30
From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save;
While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend, the least renown'd;
Whose fame, not circumscribed with English ground,
Flies like the nimble journeys of the light; 35
And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been, by art or chance,
Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and still discover more. 40
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books, as well as men.
Nor is this work the least: you well may give
To men new vigour, who make stones to live.
Through you, the Danes, their short dominion lost, 45
A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.
Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
Where by their wond'ring subjects they were seen,
Joy'd with their stature, and their princely mien.
Our sovereign here above the rest might stand, 51
And here be chose again to rule the land.
These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,
When he from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled;
Watch'd by the genius of this royal place, 55
And mighty visions of the Danish race.

Ver. 30. *Whether life's fuel,*] The merit of the very important discovery of the circulation of the blood, has been denied to our illustrious countryman, Dr. Harvey. It has been by some ascribed to the famous Father Paul. Dr. Wotton gives it to Servetus, who was so inhumanly burnt by Calvin. Sir George Ent, a celebrated physician, is the person mentioned, verse 32. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 53. *These ruins shelter'd once, &c.*] In the dedication, made by Dr. Charleton, of his book, concerning Stonehenge, to king Charles II., there is the following memorable passage, which gave occasion to the six concluding lines of this poem. "I have had the honour to hear from that oracle of truth and wisdom, your majesty's own mouth, you were pleased to visit that monument, and, for many hours together, entertain yourself with the delightful view thereof, when, after the defeat of your loyal army at Worcester, Almighty God, in infinite mercy to your three kingdoms, miraculously delivered you out of the bloody jaws of those ministers of sin and cruelty." Derrick.

Ver. 55. *Watch'd by*] In surveying this stupendous work of the most remote antiquity, the mind is seized with that religious awe and superstition, most adapted to awaken and excite poetical enthusiasm:

"——— quædam divina voluptas
Percipit, atque horror!"—Lucret.

From his mentioning the genius of the place, and the mighty visions, one would have expected that our poet would have caught fire, and enlarged on so promising a subject; but he has disappointed us, and given only a hint. Mr. Serjeant, in an elegant Ode on this subject, has shewn how susceptible it was of true poetry; as has the author of the following Sonnet, which I cannot forbear to insert in this place.

SONNET.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore,
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile:
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore.

ıge then was for a temple shown :
restored, 'tis now become a throne.

TO

HE LADY CASTLEMAIN,*

UPON HER ENCOURAGING HIS FIRST PLAY.

nen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
er wealth in lands unknown before ;
hat their art had labour'd long in vain,
ir misfortunes happily obtain :
much-envied muse, by storms long toss'd, 5
wn upon your hospitable coast,
ıds more favour by her ill success,
he could hope for by her happiness.
ato's virtue did the gods oppose ;
they the victor, he the vanquish'd chose :
u have done what Cato could not do, 11
ose the vanquish'd, and restore him too.
hers still triumph, and gain their cause
ir deserts, or by the world's applause ;
rit crowns, and justice laurels give, 15
me happy by your pity live.
oets empty fame and praise despise,
is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.
t above, and see vain men below
ıd for what you only can bestow : 20
ose great actions others do by chance,
ke your beauty, your inheritance :
at a soul, such sweetness join'd in one,
only spring from noble Grandison.
ike the stars, not by reflection bright, 25
rn to your own heaven, and your own light;
hem are good, but from a nobler cause,
your own knowledge, not from nature's laws.

Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
r'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd round,
ose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
here those kings in solemn state were crown'd;
dious to trace thy wond'rous origine,
muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

Dr. J. Warton.

Dryden's first play, called the Wild Gallant, was
d with but indifferent success. The lady, whose
ge he acknowledges in this epistle, was Barbara,
r of William Villiers Lord Grandison, who was
n the king's service at the battle of Edge-hill, in
d buried in Christ Church, in Oxford. This lady
of Charles the Second's favourite mistresses for
ars, and she bore him several children :—1. Charles
Duke of Southampton ; 2. Henry Fitzroy, Earl of
and Duke of Grafton ; 3. George Fitzroy, Earl of
nberland ; 4. Charlotta, married to Sir Edward
Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, afterwards Earl of
d, and brother to Eleonora, Countess of Abingdon,
m Dryden has written a beautiful elegy ; 5. A
r, whom the king denied to be his.
lady was, before she was known to his majesty,
to Roger Palmer, Esq., who was created Earl of
ain, by whom she had a daughter, whom the king
and who married with Thomas Lord Dacres, Earl
x.
Countess of Castlemain was afterwards created
of Cleveland. Derrick.

Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose ;
While they the victor, he the vanquish'd chose :]
Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catone."

John Warton.

Your power you never use, but for defence,
To guard your own, or others' innocence : 30
Your foes are such, as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes show,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow :
With such assurance as they meant to say, 35
We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.
What further fear of danger can there be ?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
Posterity will judge by my success,
I had the Grecian poet's happiness, 40
Who, waiving plots, found out a better way ;
Some God descended, and preserved the play.
When first the triumphs of your sex were sung
By those old poets, beauty was but young,
And few admired the native red and white, 45
Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight ;
So beauty took on trust, and did engage
For sums of praises till she came to age.
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You justly, madam, have discharged to me, 50
When your applause and favour did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying muse.

TO MR. LEE,

ON HIS "ALEXANDER."

The blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not appear ;
For 'twill be thought, and with some colour too,
I pay the bribe I first received from you ;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand, 5
And play the game into each other's hand ;
And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not secure : 10
For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my silence had not 'scaped their spite ;
Then, envy had not suffer'd me to write ;
For, since I could not ignorance pretend, 15

Ver. 1. *The blast of common*] Every reader of taste must agree with Addison, from whose opinions it is always hazardous to dissent, that none of our poets had a genius more strongly turned for tragedy than Lee. Notwithstanding his many rants and extravagancies, for which Dryden skilfully and elegantly apologizes in ten admirable lines of this epistle, from verse 45, yet are there many beautiful touches of nature and passion in his Alexander, his Lucius J. Brutus, and Theodosius. So true was what he himself once replied to a puny objector : "It is not an easy thing to write like a madman, but it is very easy to write like a fool." When Lord Rochester objected,

"That Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
And Annibal a whining amorous slave :"

it ought to be remembered, that this is a fault into which the most applauded tragedians have frequently fallen, and none more so than Corneille and Racine, though the latter was so correct a scholar. Lee lost his life in a lamentable manner : returning home at midnight, in one of his fits of intoxication, he stumbled and fell down in the street, and perished in a deep snow, 1692. Dr. J. Warton.

Such merit I must envy or commend.
So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place at court is scarce so hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For e'en reversions are all begg'd before: 20
Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd;
And then too fools and knaves are better paid.
Yet, as some actions bear so great a name,
That courts themselves are just, for fear of shame;
So has the mighty merit of your play 25
Extorted praise, and forced itself away.
'Tis here as 'tis at sea; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes.
Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest,
It shoots too fast, and high, to be express'd; 30
As his heroic worth struck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such praise is your's, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art; 35
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, brings the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow. 40
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themselves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Despise those drones, who praise, while they accuse 45
The too much vigour of your youthful muse.
That humble style which they your virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile poets of the crowd. 50
But how should any sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

TO

THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
'Tis sure the noble plant, translated first,
Advanced its head in Grecian gardens nursed.
The Grecians added verse: their tuneful tongue 5
Made nature first, and nature's God their song.
Nor stopp'd translation here: for conqu'ring Rome,
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home;
Enrich'd by those Athenian muses more,
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before. 10
'Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
Debased the majesty of verse to rhymes;
Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.
But Italy, reviving from the trance 15
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page
Restored a silver, not a golden age. 20
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see,
What rhyme improved in all its height can be:
At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity.
The French pursued their steps; and Britain, last,
In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd. 25
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom:
The Muse's empire is restored again,
In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen.
Yet modestly he does his work survey, 30
And calls a finish'd Poem an Essay;
For all the needful rules are scatter'd here;
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;
So well is art disguised, for nature to appear.
Nor need those rules to give translation light: 35
His own example is a flame so bright,
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain. 40
How much in him may rising Ireland boast,
How much in gaining him has Britain lost!
Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd;
The more instructed we, the more we still are shamed.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow, 45
Derived from British channels long ago,

Ver. 12. *Debased the majesty of verse to rhymes;*] The advocates for rhyme seem not to advert to what Servius says, that rhyme was used in the time of the Saturnalia by the Roman populace in their rude songs, and by the soldiers in their acclamations, and at their feasts in honour of their victorious generals. We may apply to rhyme what Seneca says of the subtleties of logic, "Comminuitur et debilitatur generosa indoles in istas angustias conjecta." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 14. —— *and* tinkled *in the close.*] Dryden adopts the contemptuous description of rhyme from preceding authors, and those of no mean note. Thus in Ben Jonson's Masque of *The Fortunate Isles*, Skogan, the jester, is represented as a writer "in rime, fine *tinckling* rime!" And Andrew Marvell, in his spirited verses to Milton on his Paradise Lost, thus exclaims:

"Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With *tinkling* rhime, of thy own sense secure."

TODD.

Ver. 19. —— *Dante's polish'd page*] There is a very ancient Italian poem, entitled, *Aspramonte*, containing an account of the war of king Guarnieri and Agolante against Rome and Charlemagne; which, from the circumstance of the style being a mixture of the Tuscan with other Italian dialects, appears to be prior to Dante. There was an edition of it at Venice, 1615. It is become extremely rare, and is a great curiosity. It is mentioned by Quadrio in his History of Italian Poetry. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 21. *Then Petrarch follow'd,*] It was on the sixth of April, 1327, that Petrarch fell in love with Laura, in the twenty-third year of his age. Paul Jovius reports, that it was a common saying in Italy, that Petrarch did not succeed in writing prose, nor Boccacio in writing verse. Few books are so entertaining as the Abbé Sade's circumstantial Life of Petrarch, which contains also a curious picture of the manners and opinions of that age. It is pleasant to observe, that Petrarch's Laura was allegorized to mean the Christian Religion by one commentator; the Soul by another; and the Virgin Mary by a third. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. *Then Petrarch follow'd,*] No reasoning from the Italian language to the English about rhyme and blank verse. One language (says Johnson) cannot communicate its rules to another. JOHN WARTON.

re his conqu'ring ancestors were nursed;
land but translated England first:
reprisal we regain our right,
st the two contending nations fight; 50
r quarrel for his native earth,
nat divided Greece for Homer's birth.
perfection will our tongue arrive,
ll invention and translation thrive,
uthors nobly born will bear their part, 55
disdain the inglorious praise of art!
merals thus, descending from command,
eir own toil provoke the soldier's hand.
ll sweet Ovid's ghost be pleased to hear
e augmented by an English peer; 60
embellishes his Helen's loves,
his softness, and his sense improves?
hese translate, and teach translators too,
tling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
at Apollo's grateful altar stand: 65
mon writes: to that auspicious hand,
ed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.
mon, whom both court and camps commend,
his prince, and faithful to his friend;
mon, first in fields of honour known, 70
the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
th Minervas justly makes his own.
the few beloved by Jove, and they
infused Titan form'd of better clay,
l terms with ancient wit engage, 75
ghty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page:
glish palace opens wide in state;
thout stooping they may pass the gate.

TO

HE DUCHESS OF YORK,*

ER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND IN THE YEAR 1682.

factious rage to cruel exile drove
een of beauty, and the court of love,
ses droop'd, with their forsaken arts,
sad Cupids broke their useless darts:
itful plains to wilds and deserts turn'd, 5
len's face, when banish'd man it mourn'd.
as no more, when loyalty was gone,
at supporter of his awful throne.
uld no longer after beauty stay,
nder'd northward to the verge of day, 10
e sun and he had lost their way.
v the illustrious nymph, return'd again,
every grace triumphant in her train.

7. *Muse, feed the bull*]
corna petat, et pedibus qui spargat arenam."
JOHN WARTON.

8. *Whom infused Titan*]
meliore lutu finxit præcordia Titan."—JUV.
JOHN WARTON.

the twenty-first of November 1673, the duke of
s married to the princess Mary d'Este, then about
ears of age, and extremely handsome. The cere-
as performed at Dover by the Bishop of Oxford.
gainst the rules of policy for him at that time to
Roman Catholic; and the Parliament addressed
it. DERRICK.

The wond'ring Nereids, though they raised no storm,
Foreslow'd her passage, to behold her form: 15
Some cried, A Venus; some, A Thetis pass'd;
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;
And Envy did but look on her, and died.
Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen fate, 20
Her sight is purchased at an easy rate.
Three gloomy years against this day were set;
But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine past, the plenty still to come. 25
For her the weeping heavens become serene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the spring.
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays, 30
And Love restored his ancient realm surveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waste dominions peoples once again,
And from her presence dates his second reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit, 35
Dispensing what she never will admit:
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more shall vex the church, and tear the state: 40
No more shall Faction civil discords move,
Or only discords of too tender love:
Discord, like that of music's various parts;
Discord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Discord, that only this dispute shall bring, 45
Who best shall love the duke, and serve the king.

A LETTER TO

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

To you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes should be alike, 5
From tropic e'en to pole artique;
Since you have such a constitution
As no where suffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of state; 10
And both to wives and husbands show
The vigour of a plenipo.

Ver. 1. *To you who live*] Sir George Etherege gained great reputation by his three comedies, The Comical Revenge, 1664, She Would if She Could, 1668, The Man of Mode, 1676. The last has been deemed one of our most elegant comedies, and contains a most just and lively picture of the manners of persons in high life in the age of Charles II. Having dedicated this comedy to the duchess of York, she procured his being sent ambassador to Ratisbon, where he resided when Dryden addressed this epistle to him, and where, in a fit of intoxication, to which he was too much habituated, he tumbled down stairs and broke his neck. He had a daughter by Mrs. Barry, to whom he left six thousand pounds. Dr. J. WARTON.

Like mighty missioner you come
"Ad Partes Infidelium."
A work of wondrous merit sure, 15
So far to go, so much t'endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where sound of Cupid never came.
Less had you done, had you been sent,
As far as Drake or Pinto went, 20
For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or e'en for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity;
Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
Chapp'd, and for want of liquor dry. 25
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the earth's so dull,
That is not of your labours full?
Triptolemus (so sung the Nine) 30
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But 'spite of all these fable-makers,
He never sow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left by fate's decree,
To be perform'd and sung by thee. 35
Thou break'st through forms with as much ease
As the French king through articles.
In grand affairs thy days are spent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With such as monarchs represent. 40
They, whom such vast fatigues attend,
Want some soft minutes to unbend,
To show the world that now and then
Great ministers are mortal men.
Then Rhenish rummers walk the round; 45
In bumpers every king is crown'd;
Besides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is sunk,
That pays to make his envoy drunk. 50
These Dutch delights, I mention'd last,
Suit not, I know, your English taste:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence, 55
For here you were your Excellence,
For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
His Excellence for all but sleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat, 60
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here's a harder imposition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That setting worldly pomp aside,
Which poet has at font denied, 65
You would be pleased in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wise negotiation. 70
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will say,
The duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His grace of Bucks has made a farce, 75
And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.
Then finish what you have began;
But scribble faster if you can:
For yet no George, to our discerning, 80
[illegible] without a ten years' warning.

TO MR. SOUTHERNE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED, "THE WIVES' EXCUSE."*

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write while these malignant planets reign
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit:
And whilst it lasts, let buffoon'ry succeed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need
Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent;
But the gain smells not of the excrement.
The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a single show
But let a monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year
May be thou hast not pleased the box and pi
Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy w
So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language cl
E'en lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
But rest secure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd
But with a kind civility dismiss'd;
With such good manners, as the Wife did us
Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
There was a glance at parting; such a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou would'st be seen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead:
The standard of thy style let Etherege be;
For wit, the immortal spring of Wycherley:
Learn, after both, to draw some just design,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

TO HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ.,†

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVE

THE Grecian wits, who Satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man;

* The success of this play was but indifferent; be high was our author's opinion of its merit, that, on very account, he bequeathed to this poet the writing of last act of his Cleomenes; which, Southerne says, "wh comes into the world, will appear so considerable a t that all the town will pardon me for defending this p that preferred me to it." DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *Sure there's a fate*] No two writers were ev more dissimilar geniuses than Southerne and Dryden latter having no turn for, nor idea of the pathetic, of w the former was so perfect a master, and of which his nooko and Isabella will remain lasting and striking ex ples. But Dryden used to confess that he had no relish Euripides, and affected to despise Otway. Of all our p Southerne was distinguished by three remarkable circ stances,—for the purity of his morals and irreproach conduct, for the length of his life, and for gaining mor his dramatic labours than certainly any of his predeces or perhaps of his successors. Dr. J. WARTON.

† This gentleman brought a comedy on the stage in 1 called The Wary Widow, or Sir Noisy Parrot, which damned, and he complains hardly of the ill usage; for

Ver. 1. *The Grecian wits,*] The first edition of imitation, dedicated to Lord Lumley, in quarto, 1690,

villains, who the state oppress'd,
t not rail, perhaps; they lash'd, at least,
d them out of office with a jest. 5
uld peep abroad, but ready stand
to clap a bauble in his hand.
lators never yet could draw
in the reach of common law;
re, dress, grimace and affectation, 10
es to sense, are harmless to the nation.
edress is dint of verse to try,
e is our court of Chancery.
took Horace to reform an age,
nough to need an author's rage. 15
, who lived in more degenerate times,
d to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
ny friend, have temper'd him so well,
him smile in spite of all his zeal:
culiar to yourself alone, 20
e virtues of two styles in one.
re your author's principle received.
e labouring world would be relieved:
wish is not to be deceived.
vould into charity be changed, 25
costs too dear to be revenged:
r quiet and content of mind,
'tis compass'd leaves a sting behind.
had the better end o'the staff,
ld I help the ill-natured world to laugh?
ke to them, who get the day; 31
the spite and mischief of the fray.
e cured myself of that disease;
be provoked, but when I please:
half that cure to you restore; 35
he salve, I laid it to the sore.
d relief against a rainy day,
tavern, or a tedious play,
our book, and laugh our spleen away.
tribe, too studious of debate, 40
se false hopes and titles to create,
e rare example you begun,
uld fail, and lawyers be undone.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

MR. CONGREVE,

COMEDY CALLED, "THE DOUBLE DEALER."

n, the promised hour is come at last,
nt age of wit obscures the past:

critics treated it with cat-calls. It is printed, d to the courtly Earl of Dorset: Sir Charles e the prologue, and it was ushered into the several copies of verses. The audience were t the end of the third act, the author having much drinking of punch in the play, that the ot drunk, and were unable to finish it.—*See ives of the Poets.* DERRICK.

ible performance, in short, eight syllable verses, tation of Hudibrastic humour and diction, di- ite to the stateliness and majesty of the original. isgrace to Dryden to prefix to it these com- verses in conjunction with Afra Behn and tle.

"Curru servus portatur eodem."

Dr. J. WARTON.

Well then,] To be able to write a good comedy nplies and pre-supposes an acquaintance with

Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood: 5
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
Like Janus he the stubborn soil manured,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cured;
Tamed us to manners, when the stage was rude;
And boisterous English wit with art indued. 10
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius cursed;
The second temple was not like the first:
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length; 15
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space:
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise; 20
He moved the mind, but had not power to raise.
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the study, t'other for the stage. 25
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity, 29
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley.
All this in blooming youth you have achieved:
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries grieved.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw 35
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became. 40
Oh that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been deposed, if you had reign'd:
The father had descended for the son;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose, 45
A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now, not I, but poetry is cursed;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.

real life and living manners, a long commerce with the world, with much experience and observation. To produce, therefore, such a comedy as the Old Bachelor, at only one and twenty years, was an extraordinary phenomenon. Dryden, on its perusal, expressed great astonishment at seeing such a first play. Dr. Johnson thinks the idea of the comic characters might have been caught from a diligent perusal of former writers. The chief fault ascribed to it, as to all his other pieces, is a superabundance and affectation of wit on all subjects and occasions, and the universal confession, that his fools are not fools indeed. In the next year, 1694, he brought out his "Double Dealer," which did not meet with the expected applause; and the year after his fertile pen produced Love for Love, in my humble opinion the most pleasing of all his comedies. His last play, the Way of the World, was so ill received, that in deep disgust he determined to write no more for the theatre. The paucity of Congreve's plays cannot but remind one of the multitude produced by the most celebrated ancients. Menander wrote one hundred comedies; Philemon ninety-seven; and Sophocles, according to Suidas, one hundred and twenty-three tragedies.—There is something very affecting in our old poet entreating his young friend, at verse 72, to be kind to his remains. He earnestly complied with his request, and with equal affection and eloquence placed his character in a very amiable light. Dr. J. WARTON.

L

But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert. 50
Yet this I prophesy; thou shalt be seen,
(Though with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made; 55
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought;
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native store; 61
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakspeare gave as much; she could not give him more.
Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed. 65
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom every muse and grace adorn, 70
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and oh, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you: 75
And take for tribute what these lines express:
You merit more; nor could my love do less.

TO

MR. GRANVILLE,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY, CALLED, "HEROIC LOVE."

AUSPICIOUS poet, wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I must commend!
But since 'tis nature's law, in love and wit,
That youth should reign, and withering age submit,
With less regret those laurels I resign, 5
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last. 10
Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise:
Old monarchs, though successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age 15
Can best, if any can, support the stage;
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduced to second infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
They plot not on the stage, but on the town, 20
And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill.
Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miscal reviving.
Our sense is nonsense, through their pipes convey'd; 25
Scarce can a poet know the play he made;
'Tis so disguised in death; nor thinks 'tis he
That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd
For his own sire, the chief invited guest. 30
I say not this of thy successful scenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted, what they could not spoil.
Their setting-sun still shoots a glimmering ray, 35
Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay:
And better gleanings their worn soil can boast,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coast.
This difference yet the judging world will see;
Thou copyest Homer, and they copy thee. 40

Ver. 1. *Auspicious poet,*] Though amiable in his life and manners, Mr. George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, was a very indifferent poet; a faint copier of Waller. The tragedy so much here extolled was acted in 1698, and is in all respects the most un-*Homerical* of all compositions. Dr. J. WARTON.

TO MY FRIEND,

MR. MOTTEUX,

ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED, "BEAUTY IN DISTRESS."

'TIS hard, my friend, to write in such an age,
As damns, not only poets, but the stage.
That sacred art, by Heaven itself infused,
Which Moses, David, Solomon have used,
Is now to be no more: the Muses' foes 5
Would sink their Maker's praises into prose.
Were they content to prune the lavish vine
Of straggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend!
All would submit; for all but fools will mend. 10
But when to common sense they give the lie,
And turn distorted words to blasphemy,
They give the scandal; and the wise discern,
Their glosses teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have loosely, or profanely writ, 15
Let them to fires, their due desert, commit:
Nor, when accused by me, let them complain:
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worse than witchcraft, they pursued:
The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people rued. 20

* Peter Motteux, to whom this piece is addressed, was born in Normandy, but settled as a merchant in London very young, and lived in repute. He died in a house of ill-fame near the Strand, and was supposed to have been murdered, in 1718. He produced eleven dramatic pieces, and his Beauty in Distress is thought much the best of them: it was played in Lincoln's-inn-fields by Betterton's company in 1698. DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *'Tis hard, my friend,*] No French refugee seems to have made himself so perfect a master of the English language as Peter Motteux. He has given a very good translation of Don Quixote, which my friend, Mr. Boyle, preferred to more modern ones. By trading in a large East India warehouse, and by a place in the post-office, he gained a considerable income. It was supposed he was murdered in a house of ill-fame. He wrote fifteen plays: this of Beauty in Distress was acted in 1698. Dryden seems to have felt a particular regard for him. Dr. WARTON.

Ver. 19. *Rebellion, worse than witchcraft,*] From 1 Sam. xv. 23. "For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft," &c. TODD.

tage was silenced; for the saints would see
lds perform'd their plotted tragedy.
et us first reform, and then so live,
we may teach our teachers to forgive:
lesk be placed below their lofty chairs; 25
be the practice, as the precept theirs.
noral part, at least, we may divide,
ility reward, and punish pride;
tion, interest, avarice, accuse:
are the province of a tragic muse. 30
hast thou chosen; and the public voice
squall'd thy performance with thy choice.
, action, place, are so preserved by thee,
e'en Cornëille might with envy see
alliance of his Tripled Unity. 35
incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
oo much plenty is thy fault alone.
ast but two can that good crime commit,
in design, and Wycherley in wit.
thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare; 40
ented to be thinly regular:
there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
more increase rewards thy happy toil.
r tongue, enfeebled, is refined too much;
like pure gold, it bends at every touch: 45
sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd with allay.
whence art thou inspired, and thou alone,
ourish in an idiom not thy own!
oves our wonder, that a foreign guest 50
ld over-match the most, and match the best.
ader-praising thy deserts, I wrong;
find the first deficience of our tongue:
is, once my stock, are wanting, to commend
eat a poet, and so good a friend. 55

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN,

JOHN DRYDEN,

HESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQ.*

bless'd is he, who leads a country life,
ex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
y'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
who deserve his love, he makes his own; 5
to be loved himself, needs only to be known.
ast, good and wise, contending neighbours come,
n your award to wait their final doom;
foes before, return in friendship home.
hout their cost, you terminate the cause; 10
save the expence of long litigious laws:
Where suits are traversed; and so little won,
That he who conquers, is but last undone:
Such are not your decrees; but so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind: 15
Like your own soul, serene; a pattern of your mind.
Promoting concord, and composing strife,
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight: 20
Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,
Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradise were cursed.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two.
He to God's image, she to his was made; 25
So, farther from the fount, the stream at random stray'd.
How could he stand, when, put to double pain,
He must a weaker than himself sustain!
Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down. 30
Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;
But yet if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware;
And better shun the bait, than struggle in the snare.
Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the married state,
Trusting as little as you can to fate. 35
No porter guards the passage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart
To sanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has wrought, 40
And to the second son a blessing brought;
The first-begotten had his father's share:
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your stores, and fruitful fields increase;
And ever be you bless'd, who live to bless. 45
As Ceres sow'd, where'er her chariot flew;
As Heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew;
So free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own Israel host.
With crowds attended of your ancient race, 50
You seek the champain sports, or sylvan chace:
With well-breath'd beagles you surround the wood,
Ev'n then, industrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks; 55
Chased even amid the folds; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd,
Not yet by years extinguish'd, though restrain'd:
You season still with sports your serious hours: 60
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun, 65
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.
Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he,
Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,
Than such as once on slippery thrones were placed; 69
And chasing, sigh to think themselves are chased.
So lived our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiplied with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade,

This poem was written in 1699. The person to whom addressed was cousin-german to the poet, and a ger brother of the baronet. DERRICK.

L. 1. *How bless'd is he,*] This is one of the most truly dian epistles in our language, comprehending a variety ics and useful reflections, and sliding from subject to et with ease and propriety. Writing this note in the 1799, I am much struck with the lines that follow the , as containing the soundest political truths. Dr. J. ROX.

Pity the generous kind their cares bestow 75
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know:)
To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounced by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpose delay;
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey. 80
What help from art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save:
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's muse. 85
Would'st thou be soon despatch'd, and perish whole,
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy soul.
By chace our long-lived fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood:
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men, 90
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught;
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work, for man to mend. 95
The tree of knowledge, once in Eden placed,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste:
Oh, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of life!
Now both are lost: yet, wandering in the dark, 100
Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, labouring for relief of human kind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find;
The apothecary-train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take, 105
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth, generous as his muse, prescribes and gives;
The shopman sells; and by destruction lives:
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From med'cine issuing, suck their mother's blood! 110
Let these obey; and let the learn'd prescribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their superiors, kill;
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill;
He 'scapes the best, who, nature to repair, 115
Draws physic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.
You hoard not health, for your own private use;
But on the public spend the rich produce.
When, often urged, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your loved retreat,
And sends to senates, charged with common care, 121
Which none more shuns: and none can better bear:
Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit?

Were these both wanting, as they both abound, 125
Where could so firm integrity be found?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give what public needs require. 130
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade:
Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Required a sabbath-year to mend the meagre soil.
Good senators (and such as you) so give, 135
That kings may be supplied, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But on our native strength, in time of need, relies.
Munster was bought, we boast not the success; 140
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embraced:
The peace both parties want, is like to last:
Which if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, should never have been made. 145
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.
Observe the war, in every annual course; 150
What has been done, was done with British force:
Namur subdued, is England's palm alone;
The rest besieged; but we constrain'd the town:
We saw the event that follow'd our success;
France, though pretending arms, pursued the peace; 155
Obliged, by one sole treaty, to restore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Persian king was put to flight, 160
The weary Macedons refused to fight:
Themselves their own mortality confess'd;
And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.
Ev'n victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won, 165
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why should we tempt the doubtful die again?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of success;
Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace. 170
A patriot both the king and country serves:
Prerogative, and privilege, preserves:
Of each our laws the certain limit show;
One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand; 175
The barriers of the state on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode;
Like those that water'd once the paradise of God.
Some overpoise of sway, by turns, they share, 180
In peace the people, and the prince in war:

Ver. 82. *Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save:*
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, &c.]

Dr. Gibbons was a physician at this time justly in high esteem. By Maurus is meant Sir Richard Blackmore, physician to King William, and author of many epic poems. Milbourn was a nonjuring minister. DERRICK.

Ver. 152. *Namur subdued, is England's palm &c.*] In the year 1695, William III. carried Namur, after a siege of month. The garrison retired to the citadel, which capitulated upon honourable terms in another month. The of of our men in this siege was much admired, as was conduct of the king. DERRICK.

of moderate power in calms were made;
he Gauls came, one sole dictator sway'd.
ots, in peace, assert the people's right;
oble stubbornness resisting might: 185
less mandates from the court receive,
d by force, but in a body give.
as your generous grandsire: free to grant
aments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
tenacious of the common cause, 190
to lend the king against his laws.
a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
s retain'd his birthright liberty,
amed oppression, till it set him free.
e descendant of a patriot line, 195
hile thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them
hine,
afe this picture of thy soul to see;
far good, as it resembles thee:
uties to the original I owe;
when I miss, my own defects I show: 200
nk the kindred muses thy disgrace:
is not born in every race.
a house few ages can afford;
perform, another to record.
orthy actions are by thee embraced; 205
my praise, to make thy praises last.
when death dissolves our human frame,
l returns to heaven from whence it came;
eeps the body, verse preserves the fame.

TO

IR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

beheld the fairest of her kind,
ll the sweet idea charms my mind:
e was dumb; for Nature gazed so long,
with her work, that she forgot her
ongue;

Once I beheld] Sir Godfrey Kneller was born at n 1648. Discovering early a predominant genius ng, his father sent him to Amsterdam, where he nder Bol, and had some instructions from Rem- But Kneller was no servile imitator or disciple. Italy, whither he went in 1672, he followed no par- aster, not even at Venice, where he long resided. e came to England, and was soon patronised by I. and James. Ten sovereigns at different times a: Charles II., James II., and his queen, William y, George I., Louis XIV., and Charles VI. He portrait painting as the most lucrative, though n this very epistle inveighs so much against it. s works he valued most the converted Chinese in Castle. But Mr. Walpole thinks his portrait of uperior to it. This epistle is full of just taste and e of painting, particularly what he says of Light, erspective, and Grace. It is certainly superior to dress to his friend Jervas, though Pope himself ctitioner in the art. Not only Dryden, but Prior, ele, Tickell, and Addison, all wrote high enco- n Sir Godfrey; but not one so elegant as that of who with matchless art and dexterity applied the s of those heathen gods whom Phidias had carved, glish princes that Kneller had painted; making arn, Mars, Minerva, Thetis, and Jupiter, stand for II., James II., William III., queen Mary, Anne, ge I. Sir Godfrey was a man of much original wit our, but tinctured with a mixture of profaneness dry'. Dr. J. Warton.

But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller: such thy skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy will:
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her
thought. 10
At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds, deceived to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.
Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall; 16
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife;
And from their animated canvas came, 20
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;
And either would thy noble work inspire,
Or think it warm enough, without his fire. 25
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise;
This is the least attendant on thy praise:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall, 30
Gave outlines to the rude original:
Ere canvas yet was strain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first received a face.
By slow degrees the godlike art advanced; 35
As man grew polish'd, picture was inhanced:
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
But all came forward in one common view: 40
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.
Rome raised not art, but barely kept alive, 45
And with old Greece unequally did strive:
Till Goths, and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface.
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began to enervate poetry. 50
Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Unraised, unrounded, were the rude delight 55
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the sister Arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep:
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes. 60
Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard line:
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true design,
Postures unforced, and lively colours join. 66

Ver. 50.] It is remarkable that he mentions rhyme as one instance of barbarism. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 57. *Long time*] The art of painting expired in the year 580. It revived under Cimabue in 1240, but it was And. Mantegna, who was born in 1431, and whose cartoons are at Hampton Court, who was the first that revived a true taste for the antique. Dr. J. Warton.

Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dress'd:
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives. 70
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight;
With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face; 75
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight:
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntless breast
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best. 80
Like his, thy critics in the attempt are lost:
When most they rail, know then, they envy most.
In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren industry deplore, 85
Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth;
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth: 90
But oh, the painter Muse, though last in place,
Has seized the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd. 95
Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I;
But pass we that unpleasing image by.
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command; 100
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.
Likeness appears in every lineament;
But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
Though nature there her true resemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears. 105
So warm thy work, so glows the generous frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
When on wild nature we engraft our skill;
But not creating beauties at our will. 110
But poets are confined in narrower space,
To speak the language of their native place:
The painter widely stretches his command;
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.

Ver. 94. ———*with Leo's gold*] Raphael flattered with his pencil. In his Attila, his Coronation of Charlemagne, the siege of Ostia, and King Pepin, he has represented St. Leo, Leo III., Stephen II., and Leo IV., with an exact likeness of Leo X. Dr. J. Warton.

From hence, my friend, all climates are your own, 115
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you please to live;
And not seven cities, but the world would strive.
Sure some propitious planet then did smile, 120
When first you were conducted to this isle:
Our genius brought you here, to enlarge our fame;
For your good stars are every where the same.
Thy matchless hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee. 125
Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee the examples of their wondrous art.
Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
With generous emulation fired thy blood:
For what in nature's dawn the child admired, 130
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquired.
If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design 135
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a song, or senseless opera
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to history. 140
But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live;
Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give;
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule:
Thus thou, sometimes, art forced to draw a fool:
But so his follies in thy posture sink, 145
The senseless idiot seems at last to think.
Good Heaven! that sots and knaves should be so vain,
To wish their vile resemblance may remain!
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest! 150
Else should we see your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole composed of parts, and those the best,
With every various character express'd:
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view; 155
Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.
More cannot be by mortal art express'd;
But venerable age shall add the rest. 160
For Time shall with his ready pencil stand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint;
Add every grace, which time alone can grant;
To future ages shall your fame convey, 165
And give more beauties than he takes away.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

TO

: MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

ELL, too little, and too lately known,
I began to think, and call my own:
re our souls were near allied, and thine
the same poetic mould with mine.
mmon note on either lyre did strike, 5
aves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
same goal did both our studies drive;
t set out, the soonest did arrive.
Sisus fell upon the slippery place,
his young friend perform'd, and won the race. 10
ly ripe! to thy abundant store
ould advancing age have added more?
t (what nature never gives the young)
aught the numbers of thy native tongue.
ire needs not those, and wit will shine 15
h the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
e error, and but seldom made,
poets are by too much force betray'd.
nerous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
ow'd a quickness; and maturing time 20
llows what we write, to the dull sweets of rhyme.
more, hail, and farewell; farewell, thou young,
too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
ows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
te and gloomy night encompass thee around. 25

IE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED
YOUNG LADY,

RS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

CELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

AN ODE.

I.

roungest virgin-daughter of the skies,
n the last promotion of the bless'd;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest: 5
Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss, 10
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine. 15
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;

. *Farewell, too little,*] This short elegy is finished most exquisite art and skill. Not an epithet or expression can be changed for a better. It is also the most harmonious in its numbers of all that this great master of harmony has produced. Oldham's Satire on the Jesuits is written with vigour and energy. It is remarkable that Dryden calls Oldham his *brother* in satire, hinting that this was the characteristical turn of both their geniuses.

To the same goal did both our studies drive.—Ver 7. Dr. J. WARTON.

. *Thou youngest virgin,*] At length we are arrived de on the Death of Mrs. Anne Killigrew, which Dr. Johnson, by an unaccountable perversity of judgment, and want of taste for true poetry, has pronounced to be undoubtedly the noblest Ode that our language ever has produced. The first stanza, he says, flows with a torrent of enthusiasm. To a cool and candid reader, it appears absolutely unintelligible. Examples of bad writing, of tumid expressions, violent metaphors, far sought conceits, hyperbolical adulation, unnatural amplifications, interspersed, as usual, with fine lines, might be collected from this applauded Ode, so very inferior in all respects to the divine Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. But such a paradoxical judgment cannot be wondered at in a critic, that despised the Lycidas of Milton, and the Bard of Gray. I have been censured, I am informed, for contradicting some of Johnson's critical opinions. As I knew him well, I ever respected his talents, and more so his integrity; but a love of paradox and contradiction, at the bottom of which was vanity, gave an unpleasant tincture to his manners, and made his conversation boisterous and offensive. I often used to tell the mild and sensible Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he and his friends had contributed to spoil Johnson, by constantly and cowardly assenting to all he advanced on any subject. Mr. Burke only kept him in order, as did Mr. Beauclerc also, sometimes by his playful wit. It was a great pleasure for Beauclerc to lay traps for him to induce him to oppose and contradict one day what he had maintained on a former. Lest the censure presumed to be passed on this Ode should be thought too uncandid and severe, the reader is desired attentively to consider stanzas the third, sixth, seventh, ninth, and tenth. In a word, Dryden, by his inequality, much resembles another great genius, Casimir, of Poland; who, in the very midst of some poetical strokes in his Ode on the Deluge, mars all by his usual mixtures of Ovidian puerilities. After saying

"——— vacuas spatiosa cete
Ludunt per aulas, ac thalamos pigræ
Pressere Phocæ;———"

comes this idle conceit,

"——— et refixæ
Ad pelagus *rediere* Gemmæ."—Lib. iv. Od.

Mason has too much commended an Ode of Casimir on the Æolian Harp. Dr. J. WARTON.

But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first-fruits of Poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there: 20
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good; 25
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd at first, with myriads more, 30
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore: 35
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth. 40
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tuned it high, 45
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees 50
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemnized there thy birth, and kept thy holyday above. 55

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above 60
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
Oh wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
To increase the streaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say to excuse our second fall? 65
Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefiled;
Her wit was more than man, her innoce
child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For Nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only bo
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's lif
read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and every light, her muse will bea
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
E'en love (for love sometimes her muse expr
Was but a lambent flame which play'd abou
breast:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth expr
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, she should have
content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was framed,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify the offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry, she clai
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament,
And all the large domains which the Dumb Si
sway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Received in triumph wheresoe'er she went.
Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the im
in her mind.
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, show'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome, or Gree
Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defaced, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst fram
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole cre
bore.

Ver. 33. *And was that Sappho last*, &c.] Our author here compliments Mrs. Killigrew, with admitting the doctrine of metempsychosis, and supposing the soul that informs her body to be the same with that of Sappho's, who lived six hundred years before the birth of Christ, and was equally renowned for poetry and love. She was called the tenth Muse. Phaon, whom she loved, treating her with indifference, she jumped into the sea, and was drowned. DERRICK.

VII.

:ene then changed, with bold erected look
rtial king the sight with reverence strook:
: content to express his outward part,
nd call'd out the image of his heart: 130
rlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
h-designing thoughts were figured there,
n, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
phœnix queen was pourtray'd too so bright,
alone could beauty take so right: 135
ess, her shape, her matchless grace,
ll observed, as well as heavenly face.
ich a peerless majesty she stands,
that day she took the crown from sacred hands:
a train of heroines was seen, 140
ity foremost, as in rank, the queen.
othing to her genius was denied,
like a ball of fire the further thrown,
with a greater blaze she shone,
r bright soul broke out on every side. 145
ext she had design'd, Heaven only knows:
h immoderate growth her conquest rose,
te alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

all those charms, that blooming grace,
ll-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
ever more be seen by mortal eyes; 151
h the much-lamented virgin lies.
wit, nor piety could fate prevent;
was the cruel destiny content
nish all the murder at a blow, 155
weep at once her life, and beauty too;
te a harden'd felon, took a pride
work more mischievously slow,
d plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
le sacrilege on things divine, 160
the relic, and deface the shrine!
t thus Orinda died:
, by the same disease, did both translate;
al were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

time her warlike brother on the seas 165
waving streamers to the winds displays,
ws for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
, generous youth, that wish forbear,
e winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come, 170
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou kenn'st from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star, 175
If any sparkles than the rest more bright;
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground:
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat, 180
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who sleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky; 185
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground; 190
And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learn'd below. 195

UPON THE DEATH

OF

THE EARL OF DUNDEE.

Oh last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live; 5
Nor would'st thou her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell, who dying didst support the state,
And could'st not fall but with thy country's fate.

62. *But thus Orinda died:*] The matchless Orinda, therine Philips, was author of a book of poems d in folio, and wrote several other things. She of the small-pox in 1664, being only thirty-two age. She was a woman of an indifferent appearut of great virtue, taste, and erudition, which enr to the first people of the age. The Duke of the Earls of Orrery and Roscommon, Lady Corke, Dryden, Mr. Cowley, &c. &c. were all her friends.

Ver. 1. *Oh last and best*] The conduct and death of this truly valiant chieftain is described with much eloquence and animation in his account of the important battle at Killicrankie, by Sir John Dalrymple, in the first volume of his Memoirs. Dundee, being wounded by a musket-ball, rode off the field, desiring his mischance to be concealed, and fainting, dropped from his horse; as soon as he was recovered, he desired to be raised, looked to the field, and asked, "How things went?" Being told, "All well;" then said he, "I am well," and expired. Dr. J. Warton.

ELEONORA;

A PANEGYRICAL POEM,

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

My Lord,

The commands, with which you honoured me some months ago, are now performed: they had been sooner; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verses never flow, but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late than ill: if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escaped from a shipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard swimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath; for the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my disease never took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the small stock, which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist: which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my lord, for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all occasions of praise, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound by prescription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my lord, I may justly plead, that, if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or seen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind, from the description which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him; which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is

apt enough to flatter himself (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric; which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem, The Pattern: and though, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly loved by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honoured, after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands: and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: so give me leave to hope, that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure your lordship, that she is remembered, in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose, which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted myself of it, must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few, in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules: and though one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subjects; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say, my talent is satire: if it be so, 'tis a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest: they have sown the dragon's teeth themselves, and 'tis but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though 'tis not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you, and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker of the House: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden sufficiently recompensed by the honour. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her ious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but ain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA.*

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers first, and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last; 5
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim, 10
Till public as the loss the news became.
The nation felt it in the extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But most the poor, whom daily she supplied,
Beginning to be such but when she died. 15
For, while she lived, they slept in peace by night,
Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So sure the dole, so ready at their call, 20
They stood prepared to see the manna fall.
Such multitudes she fed, she clothed, she nursed,
That she herself might fear her wanting first.
Of her five talents, other five she made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid: 25
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
Unbribed it gave; or, if a bribe appear, 30
No less than heaven; to heap huge treasures there.
Want pass'd for merit at her open door:
Heaven saw, he safely might increase his poor,
And trust their sustenance with her so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle. 35
None could be needy, whom she saw, or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as sure,
As the first Christians of the apostles' cure.
The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds, 40
And laid her up for their extremest needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refused, all hoped to find,
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home. 45
As to some holy house the afflicted came,
The hunger-starved, the naked and the lame;
Want and diseases fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her servants were too slow;
She was the first, where need required, to go; 50
Herself the foundress and attendant too.
Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train:
Her Lord himself might come, for aught we know;
Since in a servant's form he lived below: 55
Beneath her roof he might be pleased to stay;
Or some benighted angel, in his way,
Might ease his wings, and, seeing heaven appear
In its best work of mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of charity and love 60
Were in as constant method, as above,
All carried on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her prayers. 65
Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
And wisely managed, that the stock might last;
That all might be supplied, and she not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, she still increased her store;
Laid up, and spared, that she might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he, 71
Provided for the seventh necessity:
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heaven, though all-sufficient, shows a thrift 75
In his economy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one single light;
And his reflection too supplies the night.
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the sky, 80
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nursed;
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.
Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her soul; abhorring avarice, 85
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
Had she given more, it had profusion been,
And turn'd the excess of goodness into sin.
These virtues raised her fabric to the sky;
For that, which is next heaven, is charity. 90
But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward shoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root:
So low did her secure foundation lie, 95
She was not humble, but Humility.
Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
Or wise, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare.
For to be conscious of what all admire, 100
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.

* It appears, from the dedication to the Earl of Abingdon, that this poem was written at his Lordship's own desire. The lady whom the poem affects to praise, was one of the coheiresses of Sir Henry Lee of Chicheley in Oxfordshire, and sister to the celebrated Mrs. Anne Wharton, a lady eminent for her poetical genius, whom Mr. Waller has celebrated in an elegant copy of verses. DERRICK.

The Earl is said to have given Dryden 500 guineas for is poem. TODD.

Ver. 59. ——————*think it there,*
Where all the deeds &c.]

So the original edition points the passage. Derrick places a colon after *there*. TODD.

ll she found, or rather thought she found,
n worth wanting, others' to abound;
d above their due to every one,
and scanty to herself alone. 105
her devotion was, as might give rules
ulation to disputing schools,
ach us equally the scales to hold
t the two extremes of hot and cold;
ious heat may mod'rately prevail, 110
e be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.
s might shorten, not disturb, her prayer;
had the best, if not the greater share.
ve life long orisons forbids;
ill she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds. 115
every day was sabbath; only free
ours of prayer, for hours of charity.
the Jews from servile toil released;
works of mercy were a part of rest;
s blest angels exercise above, 120
with sacred hymns and acts of love:
bbaths as that one she now enjoys,
at perpetual one, which she employs,
ch vicissitudes in heaven there are)
se alternate, and alternate prayer. 125
is she practised here; that when she sprung
the choirs, at the first sight she sung:
nd was sung herself in angels' lays;
aising her, they did her Maker praise.
ces of heaven so well she knew, 130
she came, that nothing there was new:
e was so familiarly received,
returning, not as one arrived.
, down again precipitate thy flight:
ow can mortal eyes sustain immortal light? 135
the sun in water we can bear,
t the sun, but his reflection there,
s view her, here, in what she was,
ke her image in this watery glass:
k not every lineament to see; 140
will be cast in shades, and some will be
nely drawn, you'll scarcely know 'tis she.
ere such various virtues we recite,
e the milky-way, all over bright,
wn so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd light. 145
virtue, not her virtues, let us call;
e heroic comprehends them all:
a constellation is but one,
'tis a train of stars, that, rolling on,
their turn, and in the zodiac run: 150
motion; now 'tis Faith ascends,
ope, now Charity, that upward tends,
wnwards with diffusive good descends.
perfumes composed with art and cost,
d to say what scent is uppermost; 155
is part musk or civet can we call,
er, but a rich result of all;
was all a sweet, whose every part,
proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.

42. *So lamely drawn*, you'll *scarcely know*, &c.] The original edition reads,
So lamely drawn, *you* scarcely know, &c.
TODD.

No single virtue we could most commend, 160
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
The occasion but exerted that, or this. 165
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accursed; 170
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserved from ill
Her sex and ours, but lived their pattern still. 175
Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
She much obey'd him, but she loved him more:
Not awed to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good; 180
So subjects love just kings, or so they shou'd.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd them both, and in one grief they mourn'd.
His passion still improved; he loved so fast, 185
As if he fear'd each day would be her last.
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state:
When he to heaven entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before. 190
Yet as the soul is all in every part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she:
Each under other by degrees they grew; 195
A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleased a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next to light they came. 200
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit.
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore; 205
New objects only multiplied it more.
And as the chosen found the pearly grain
As much as every vessel could contain;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear; 210
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles: 215
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
At his first aptness, the maternal love
Those rudiments of reason did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command; 220
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:

Ver. 180. ———*author of our good;*
So subjects love just kings, or so they shou'd.]

The original edition here rightly prints, for the sake both of the eye and ear I suppose, *shou'd*. Derrick has *should*. TODD.

True to the artificer, the labour'd mind
With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind:
Soft for impression, from the first prepared,
'Till virtue with long exercise grew hard: 225
With every act confirm'd, and made at last
So durable as not to be effaced,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodness resolved into necessity.
Thus fix'd she virtue's image, that's her own, 230
'Till the whole mother in the children shone;
For that was their perfection: she was such,
They never could express her mind too much.
So unexhausted her perfections were,
That, for more children, she had more to spare; 235
For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Deprived of bodies, and of mortal breath;
And (could they take the impressions of her mind)
Enough still left to sanctify her kind.
Then wonder not to see this soul extend 240
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend:
As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide;
So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, sought a vent, 245
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge her treasures, and securely rest:
To unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state, 250
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, souls can penetrate:
Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true,
And wisely choosing, for she chose but few.
Some she must have; but in no one could find 255
A tally fitted for so large a mind.
The souls of friends like kings in progress are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A sweet retirement to a coarser place; 260
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatness was shut out, and business well forgot.
This is the imperfect draught; but short as far
As the true height and bigness of a star
Exceeds the measures of the astronomer. 265
She shines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and Heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly guess'd;
Distance and altitude conceal the rest.
Though all these rare endowments of the mind 270
Were in a narrow space of life confined,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not so large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory, through the public place,
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass, 275
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And so the swift procession hurried on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown:
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confined 280
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along;
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come. 285
Yet unemploy'd no minute slipp'd away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each complete;
But every act stood ready to repeat. 290
Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her blest name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleased to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:
But more will wonder at so short an age, 295
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy near the original, 'twas she. 300
As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was she soon exhaled, and vanish'd hence;
A short sweet odour, of a vast expence.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she died; 305
For but a now did heaven and earth divide:
She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure. 310
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her: 315
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.
No pains she suffer'd, nor expired with noise;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long-familiar guest. 320
He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepared;
As early notice she from heaven had heard,
And some descending courier from above 325
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
Clothed all in white, the livery of the day: 330
Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act;
Unless omissions were to pass for fact:
That hardly death a consequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.
And, that she died, we only have to show 335
The mortal part of her she left below:
The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she went,
Look'd like translation through the firmament,
Or, like the fiery car on the third errand sent.
O happy soul! if thou canst view from high, 340
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,

Ver. 325. ——*descending* courier.] The original edition by a laughable error of the press—descending *courtier*. Todd.

Ver. 341. *Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,*] Dryden.

ıp to God, or down to us,
t that any way be pervious,
ruins of thy house, and see
'd, and thy orphan family: 345
y tender pledges left behind;
ı canst a vacant minute find
ınly joys, that interval afford
children, and thy mourning lord.
ey grieve, mistaken in their love, 350
beam of comfort from above;
as much as mortal eyes can bear,
view of thy full glories there;
vith moderate sorrow may sustain
their losses in thy gain. 355
de the grief; for such thou wert,
l not all relations bear a part,
ugh to break a single heart.
uffice: nor thou, great saint, refuse
e tribute of no vulgar muse: 360
y cares, or wants, or age depress'd,
d deluge with a dauntless breast;
to sing thy praises in a clime
triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
to draw the picture of thy mind, 365
the most of human kind:
ile yet 'tis praise; before my rage,
st, break loose on this bad age;
t thou thyself hadst no defence
but barely by departing hence. 370
and where thou art: to wish thy
e,
e best, presumption more than grace.
(such thy works of mercy are)
is poem, been my holy care.
y body keeps, thy soul the sky, 375
s verse preserve thy memory;
halt make it live, because it sings of
.

ON

DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

joyless and a gloomy morn,
e grass, and hung with pearls the
n;
on, who design'd to pass the day
ds and horns, and chase the flying
.
rom his bed; but soon he found 5
pitch'd with sullen clouds around,
wind, and dew upon the ground.
he stood, and sighing did survey
nd cursed the ill omens of the day,
nalcas come with heavy pace; 10
is eyes, and cheerless was his face:

n memory his master's description of spirits, vi. 350.

art they live, all head, all eye, all ear, ntellect, all sense——" TODD.

or thou shalt make] Our author owned he did erson on whom he wrote this long panegyric. his excuse for the coldness and insipidity of . J. WARTON.

He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
And sent his voice before him from afar.
Return, he cried, return, unhappy swain,
The spongy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain:
The promise of the day not only cross'd, 16
But e'en the spring, the spring itself is lost.
Amyntas—oh!—he could not speak the rest,
Nor needed, for presaging Damon guess'd.
Equal with Heaven young Damon loved the boy,
The boast of Nature, both his parents' joy. 21
His graceful form revolving in his mind;
So great a genius, and a soul so kind,
Gave sad assurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew: 25
For when their gifts too lavishly are placed,
Soon they repent, and will not make them last.
For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's soul.
Then thus he cried: The morn bespoke the news: 30
The morning did her cheerful light diffuse:
But see how suddenly she changed her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's disgrace;
Just such, Amyntas, was thy promised race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where Nature smiled, 35
And more than man was given us in a child!
His infancy was ripe: a soul sublime
In years so tender that prevented time:
Heaven gave him all at once; then snatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could survey: 40
Just like the flower that buds and withers in a day.

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, though with grief oppress'd
Reclined his dying head upon her breast.
The mournful family stood all around;
One groan was heard, one universal sound: 45
All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow drown'd.
So dire a sadness sat on every look,
E'en Death repented he had given the stroke.
He grieved his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promised length of life to those who yet remain'd. 50
The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
It seems, had bribed him to prolong their space.
The father bore it with undaunted soul,
Like one who durst his destiny control:
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part, 55
Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart.
Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wish, and such my prophecy,
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains; 60
Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More lasting, and endued with equal grace!
Equal she may, but farther none can go:
For he was all that was exact below. 65

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?

And she would lose, if, at the latter day, 5
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace;
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul; 10
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd;
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd.
Or like the sun eclipsed, with shaded light:
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.
Each thought was visible that roll'd within: 15
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen.
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies:
For marriage, though it sullies not, it dyes. 20
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if she could not, or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of heaven below,
That, when arrived, she scarce had more to know: 25
But only to refresh the former hint;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confined to prayer.
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day, 30
'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
A female softness, with a manly mind:
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind: 35
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

EPITAPH ON

MRS. MARGARET PASTON,

OF BURNINGHAM IN NORFOLK.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay. 5
Heaven's image was in her so well express'd,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

ON THE MONUMENT

OF THE

MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And 'midst rebellion durst be just and good:
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince; 5
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which to preserve them, Heaven confined in thee. 10
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve:
And fewer such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given 15
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.

Ver. 1. *He who in impious*] He was a nobleman of great spirit and intrepidity, who withstood, in his magnificent castle of Basing in Hampshire, an obstinate siege of two years against the rebels, who levelled it to the ground, because in every window was written *Aymer Loyaute*. He died in 1674, and was buried in the church of Englefield in Berkshire, where his monument with this epitaph still remains. It is remarkable that Milton wrote a beautiful epitaph on the Marchioness his lady. It was the singular lot, both of husband and wife, to have received the honour of being celebrated by two such poets. Dr. J. Warton.

SONGS, ODES, AND A MASQUE.

THE FAIR STRANGER: *

A SONG.

I.

HAPPY and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest;
My amorous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair.

II.

Till you descending on our plains, 5
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

III.

Your smiles have more of conquering charms,
Than all your native country arms: 10
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the spell,
Who can see them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your stay, 15
Yet kill us if you go away.

ON

THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and sense,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchless impudence
Help'd to support the knave. 5

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers sing at feasts. 10

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What would these madmen have?
First, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common sense,
And without power enslave. 15

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame;
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be ruled by law,
Which kings pretend to reign? 20

The duke shall wield his conquering sword,
The chancellor make a speech,
The king shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
And then, come kiss my breech. 25

So have I seen a king on chess
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn. 30

A SONG

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head, 5
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey. 10

* This song is a compliment to the Duchess of Portsmouth on her first coming to England. DERRICK.

Ver. 6. *But Sunderland,*] This nobleman had certainly great and various abilities, with a complete versatility of genius, and a most insinuating address; but he was totally void of all principles, moral or religious, and a much more abandoned character than Shaftesbury, whom it is so common to calumniate. He certainly urged James II. to pursue arbitrary and illegal measures, that he intended should be his ruin, and betrayed him to the Prince of Orange. The Abbé de Longuerue relates, that Dr. Massey, of Christ Church, assured him, he once received an order from King James to expel twenty-four students of that college in Oxford, if they did not embrace popery. Massey, astonished at the order, was advised by a friend to go to London, and show it to the king, who assured him he had never given such an order, and commended Massey for not having obeyed it; yet still this infatuated monarch continued to trust Sunderland. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1. *From harmony,*] The picture of Jubal in the second stanza is finely imagined; but this Ode is lost in the lustre of the subsequent one upon this subject. Dr. J. WARTON.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man. 15

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound. 20
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor 25
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum 30
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers, 35
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion, 40
For the fair, disdainful, dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love, 45
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre: 50
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays 55
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

Ver. 37. *Sharp* violins] It is a judicious remark of Mr. Mason, that Dryden with propriety gives this epithet to the instrument; because, in the poet's time, they could not have arrived at that delicacy of tone, even in the hands of the best masters, which they now have in those of an inferior kind. See *Essays on English Church Musick*, by the Rev. W. Mason, M.A., Precentor of York, 12mo. 1795, p. 218. TODD.

SONG.

FAREWELL, FAIR ARMIDA.*

FAREWELL, fair Armida, my joy and my grief,
In vain I have loved you, and hope no relief;
Undone by your virtue, too strict and severe,
Your eyes gave me love, and you gave me
spair:
Now call'd by my honour, I seek with content
The fate which in pity you would not prevent
To languish in love, were to find by delay
A death that 's more welcome the speediest w

On seas and in battles, in bullets and fire,
The danger is less than in hopeless desire;
My death's wound you give, though far off I l
My fall from your sight—not to cost you a te
But if the kind flood on a wave should convey
And under your window my body should lay,
The wound on my breast when you happen
see,
You'll say with a sigh—it was given by me.

THE LADY'S SONG.

I.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in spring did appea
To choose a May-lady to govern the year;

* This song, written on the death of Captain Digby, been given by Mr. Malone in his Life of Dryden, account, he says, of its "not having been preserved Dryden's works, and being found entire *only in a sa Miscellany*, viz., Covent Garden Drollery." I must, h ever, observe, that the Song is printed entire in *New Co Songs and Poems*, by R. V. Gent. 8vo. 1672, p. 78. In collection the second line runs thus:—

"In vain I have loved you, and *find* no relief."

The sixth,

"*A* fate which in pity," &c.

The twelfth,

"My *fate* from your sight," &c.

An answer from *Armida*, as she is called, follows Song in this collection; but it is not worth citing. ridiculous parody on this Song in the REHEARSAL is too known to require copying here. But the following crous stanza, which I have seen in MS. and which coeval parody on Dryden's Song to Armida, deserves cited:—

"Or if the king please that I may, at his charge,
Just under your window be brought in a barge;
Nay, 'twill be enough, as I died a brave fighter,
If but to your window I come in a lighter;
Or, rather than faile to shew my love fuller,
I would be content to arrive in a sculler;
But if me these favours my fate hath deny'd,
I hope to come floating up with a spring tyde."

Armida is said to have been the beautiful Frances S wife of Charles, Duke of Richmond. Captain Digby killed at sea in the engagement between the English Dutch fleet, off Southwold Bay, in 1672. TODD.

mphs were in white, and the shepherds
green;
nd was given, and Phillis was queen:
s refused it, and sighing did say, 5
ear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore,
s are banish'd, and Love is no more:
od of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
n his bow, and extinguish'd his fires: 10
s that himself, and his mother, will
urn,
nd fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

our addresses, and court us no more,
ll perform what the deity swore:
dare think of deserving our charms, 15
h your sheephooks, and take to your
s:
els and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
, and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.

A SONG.

I.

et, and young, receive a prize
for your victorious eyes:
rds, whom at your feet you see,
nd distinguish me!
thousand beauties more 5
h you, and only you adore.

II.

for conquest was design'd,
y motion charms my mind;
hen you your silence break,
ir hymns, to hear you speak; 10
at once they hear and view,
o mount, and long to stay with you.

III.

can your form improve,
lost, unless you love;
t sweet passion you disdain, 15
and beauty are in vain:
n prevent my fate,
lying all reprieve's too late.

A SONG.

ate and honours to others impart,
ive me your heart:
asure, that treasure alone,
for my own.
le a love, so fervent a fire, 5
ul does inspire;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave;
Give me in possessing 10
So matchless a blessing;
That empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you discover 15
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die,
So give up my game.

A SONG.

I.

Go tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine,
To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief, 5
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That music should in sounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not say.

II.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live. 10
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the wretch, that speechless lies, 15
Attends but death to close his eyes.

A SONG.

TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY, GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING.

I.

Ask not the cause, why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and fate provides 5
To make it Spring, where she resides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die: 10
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

III.

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade, 15
And change the laws of every land!

Where thou hadst placed such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recal.
I only am by Love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC:

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd:
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity they shout around:
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musici
sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, l
comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice l
slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

Ver. 20. Dr. Burney has given a learned, full, and entertaining account of Timotheus, the musician, in his first volume of his History of Music, p. 405. Mr. Jackson, whose taste and feeling on the subject of music must be allowed to be just and exquisite, censures Dryden for [illegible]nding the powers of music over the passions, and [illegible]as that pleasure only can be excited. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 56. *Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,*
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.]

"I know not how, but martial men are given to lov
I think it is, but as they are given to wine; for per
commonly ask to be paid with pleasure."—Bacon. Jo
Warton.

Ver. 66. Suidas, tom. ii. p. 713, mentions the Orthi
style in music, in which Timotheus is said to have play
to Alexander; and one Antigenides inflamed this pri
still more by striking into what were called Harmati
measures. See Plutarch de Fortunâ Alexand. II. Ora
and Suidas in the word ἁρματειος, a strain usually play
in the theatres when Hector was dragged at the char
wheels, ὑφ' ἁρματος. Q. Curtius, lib. v. 67, gives a minu
description of the burning the palace at Persepolis, wh
Alexander was attended by Thais. But it does not app
in the accurate Arrian, lib. iii. cap. 18, that Thais had a
share in this transaction. Arrian, but more so Aristobul
endeavoured to exculpate Alexander from the charge
frequent ebriety; but from a fragment of Menander, p
served in the curious repository of anecdotes, Athena
lib. x. p. 434, εν κολακι, he plainly mentions the drunkenn
of Alexander as proverbial. Dr. J. Warton.

ile he heaven and earth defied,
his hand, and check'd his pride.
ose a mournful muse
ty to infuse:
Darius great and good, 75
severe a fate,
allen, fallen, fallen,
om his high estate,
elt'ring in his blood;
, at his utmost need, 80
his former bounty fed;
are earth exposed he lies,
t a friend to close his eyes.
icast looks the joyless victor sate,
ving in his alter'd soul 85
various turns of chance below;
now and then, a sigh he stole;
l tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

ving in his alter'd soul
various turns of chance below; 90
now and then, a sigh he stole;
l tears began to flow.

V.

hty master smiled, to see
e was in the next degree;
t a kindred-sound to move, 95
melts the mind to love.
sweet, in Lydian measures,
he soothed his soul to pleasures.
sung, is toil and trouble;
but an empty bubble; 100
ending, still beginning,
still, and still destroying:
world be worth thy winning,
h think it worth enjoying:
y Thais sits beside thee, 105
the good the gods provide thee.
rend the skies with loud applause;
as crown'd, but Music won the cause.
rince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair 110
Who caused his care,
igh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
l and look'd, and sigh'd again:
with love and wine at once oppress'd,
ish'd victor sunk upon her breast. 115

The mention of this pathetic air reminds me of e celebrated Lully, who having been one day never setting any thing to music, but the es of Quinault, was immediately animated with h, and as it were, seized with a kind of enthu- an instantly to his harpsichord, and striking a sung in recitative these four lines in the Iphi- cine, which are full of the strongest imagery, efore much more difficult to express in music, of more sentiment:

rêtre environné d'une foule cruelle,
ra sur ma fille une main criminelle,
rera son sein, et d'un œil curieux,
son cœur palpitant consultera les dieux."

e company has often declared, that they all mselves present at this dreadful spectacle, and es, with which Lully accompanied these words, air of their heads with horror. Dr. J. WARTON.

with love and wine at once oppress'd,] Alexan- r inclined to hard drinking, as indeed were the multiplied his debauches of this kind after he Persia, in which country the character of a as reckoned honourable, as may be seen in ympos. lib. i. Dr. J. WARTON.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again: 120
At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder, 125
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around. 130
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes! 135
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain: 140
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods. 145
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy. 150

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago, 155
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came, 161
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, 165
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down. 170

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, 175
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down. 180

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free, 5
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire; 10
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand, 15
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts; 20
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down. 25
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive, 30
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name: 35
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

Ver. 180. If Dryden had never written any thing but this Ode, his name would have been immortal, as would that of Gray, if he had never written any thing but his Bard. It is difficult to find new terms to express our admiration of the variety, richness, and melody of its numbers; the force, beauty, and distinctness of its images; the succession of so many different passions and feelings; and the matchless perspicuity of its diction. The scene opens, in the first stanza, in an awful and august manner. The amours of Jupiter are described in a majestic manner in the second, with allusions to Alexander's being flattered with the idea of his being the son of Jupiter and a god. But the sweet musician alters his tone in the third stanza to the praises of Bacchus, and the effects of wine; which inspiring the king with a kind of momentary frenzy and pride, Timotheus suddenly changes his hand, and in an air exquisitely pathetic, particularly the repetition of the words *fallen, fallen*, &c., sets before our eyes the fall and death of Darius, without a friend to attend him in his last moments. But the artist, knowing how nearly allied pity was to love, reminds the hero of the presence of his beautiful Thais, and describes minutely the effects of his passion for her. He does not, however, suffer him long to loiter in the lap of pleasure, but instantly rouses him with deeper and louder notes, till he, staring around, Eumenidum demens videt agmina, with their eyes full of indignation, and their hair crowded with hissing serpents, followed by a band of Grecian ghosts, who demand vengeance from their leader, tossing on high the torches they held in their hands, and pointing to the Persian temples and palaces, urging him to destroy them with fire. Such is the unexampled combination of poetical beauties, of almost every sort, in which this [illegible] admired Ode abounds. No particle of it can be [illegible] away, but the epigrammatic turn of the four con[illegible] lines. Dr. J. WARTON

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS.

CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling sun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in sight, 5
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter CHRONOS, *with a scythe in his hand, and a globe on his back, which he sets down at his entrance.*

CHRONOS.

Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear, 10
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS *laughing.*

MOMUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back, 15
The world was a fool, e'er since it begun,
And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry. 20

CHORUS OF ALL THREE.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

JANUS.

Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the show,
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have been. 25

CHRONOS.

Then goddess of the silver bow begin.

[*Horns, or hunting-music within.*]

Ver. 39. *Eternal Paraclete,*] This is a most elegant and beautiful little morsel, and one of his most correct compositions. Its poetry and piety aid each other. Dr. J WARTON

Enter DIANA.

DIANA.

s and with hounds, I waken the day;
to the woodland-walks away:
p my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
to my forehead a wexing moon. 30
the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
se the wild goats o'er summits of rocks,
ting and hooting we pierce through the
,
turns hunter, and doubles the cry. 35

CHORUS OF ALL.

ting and hooting we pierce through the
,
turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS.

our age was in its prime:

CHRONOS.

from rage:

DIANA.

– And free from crime:

MOMUS.

y merry, dancing, drinking, 40
ing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

CHORUS OF ALL.

our age was in its prime,
from rage and free from crime,
y merry, dancing, drinking,
ing, quaffing, and unthinking time. 45

[*Dance of* DIANA'S *attendants.*]

Enter MARS.

MARS.

e the vocal brass, inspire;
world is past its infant age:
rms and honour,
rms and honour,
e martial mind on fire, 50
indle manly rage.
has look'd the sky to red;
Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
, peace, and pleasure fly;
he sprightly green, 55
odland-walks no more is seen;
tly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

CHORUS OF ALL.

, peace, &c.

MARS.

the trumpet, beat the drum;
gh all the world around, 60
a reveillé, sound, sound,
arrior god is come.

CHORUS OF ALL.

the trumpet, &c.

MOMUS.

word within the scabbard keep,
nd let mankind agree; 65
the world were fast asleep,
han kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our cost and care;
But neither side a winner, 70
For things are as they were.

CHORUS OF ALL.

The fools are only, &c.

Enter VENUS.

VENUS.

Calms appear, when storms are past;
Love will have his hour at last:
Nature is my kindly care; 75
Mars destroys, and I repair;
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Take her, take her, &c.

CHRONOS.

The world was then so light, 80
I scarcely felt the weight;
Joy ruled the day, and Love the night.
But, since the queen of pleasure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag 85
The ponderous orb around.

MOMUS.

All, all of a piece throughout:
Thy chace had a beast in view;
[*Pointing to Diana*
Thy wars brought nothing about; [*To Mars.*
Thy lovers were all untrue. 90
[*To Venus.*

JANUS.

'Tis well an old age is out.

CHRONOS.

And time to begin a new.

CHORUS OF ALL.

All, all of a piece throughout;
Thy chace had a beast in view:
Thy wars brought nothing about; 95
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

SONG

OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS,

WHO, BEING CROSSED BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER; AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

[*Music within.*]

The Lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a Keeper.

PHILLIS.

LOOK, look, I see—I see my love appear!
'Tis he——'Tis he alone;
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear.

AMYNTAS.

Hark! the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I see a ship afar,
Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore:
But what 's that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the sails?
Ah! No, no, no.
St. Hermo, never, never shone so bright;
'Tis Phillis, only Phillis, can shoot so fair a light;
'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis, that saves the ship alone,
For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is overblown.

PHILLIS.

Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNTAS.

If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through the charm.

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*]

PHILLIS.

Shall I marry the man I love?
And shall I conclude my pains?
Now bless'd be the Powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNTAS.

Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
To make sure of the cure,
Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er his part.

PHILLIS.

But suppose he should stay——

AMYNTAS.

At worst if he delay,
'Tis a work must be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better, the sooner begun.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

At worst if he delay, &c.

[*They run out together hand in hand.*]

SONG,*

IN "THE INDIAN EMPEROR."

Ah fading joy! how quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste.
As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out new:
And follow fate, which would too fast pursue.
See, how on every bough the birds express,
In their sweet notes, their happiness.
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
But on their mother Nature lay their care:
Why then should man, the lord of all below,
Such troubles choose to know,
As none of all his subjects undergo?

Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,
And with a murmuring sound
Dash, dash, upon the ground,
To gentle slumbers call.

* I cannot forbear adding in this place, some beautiful little lyrical pieces of our author, which, by being scattered up and down in his voluminous dramatic works, are, from their situation, not so much known and noticed as they should be, but which contain some of the most musical and mellifluous lines he has ever written. Dr. J. Warton.

SONG,

IN "THE INDIAN EMPEROR."

I look'd and saw within the book of fate,
When many days did lour,
When lo! one happy hour
Leap'd up, and smiled to save the sinking state.
A day shall come when in thy power
Thy cruel foes shall be;
Then shall thy land be free:
And then in peace shall reign;
But take, oh take that opportunity,
Which once refused will never come again.

SONG,

IN "THE MAIDEN QUEEN."

I feed a flame within, which so torments me.
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents m
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die, than once remove it.
Yet he, for whom I grieve, shall never know i
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show
Not a sigh, nor a tear, my pain discloses,
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.
Thus, to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart 's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fuel:
And while I suffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.
On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
Where I conceal my love no frown can fright m
To be more happy, I dare not aspire;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

SONG,

IN THE FIRST PART OF "THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA."

I.

Wherever I am, and whatever I do,
My Phillis is still in my mind;
When angry, I mean not to Phillis to go,
My feet, of themselves, the way find

to myself I am just at her door,
I would rail, I can bring out no more,
hillis, too fair and unkind!

II.

illis I see, my heart bounds in my
ast,
love I would stifle is shown;
, or awake, I am never at rest,
om my eyes Phillis is gone.
a sad dream does delude my sad
d;
when I wake, and no Phillis I find,
igh to myself all alone!

III.

ing be my rival in her I adore,
ld offer his treasure in vain:
alone to be happy and poor,
e me my Phillis again!
be mine, and but ever be kind,
a desert with her be confined,
y no monarch his reign.

IV.

scover too much of my love,
too well knows her own power!
me each day a new martyrdom prove,
kes me grow jealous each hour:
r each minute torment my poor mind,
er love Phillis, both false and unkind,
er be freed from her power.

SONG,

IN TWO PARTS,

OND PART OF "THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA."

I.

unhappy a lover am I,
While I sigh for my Phillis in vain;
my hopes of delight
another man's right,
Who is happy, while I am in pain!

II.

her honour allows no relief,
ut to pity the pains which you bear,
the best of your fate,
hopeless estate,
o give o'er, and betimes to despair.

III.

tried the false med'cine in vain;
or I wish what I hope not to win:
m without, my desire
no food to its fire;
ut it burns and consumes me within.

IV.

t least, 'tis a pleasure to know
hat you are not unhappy alone:
the nymph you adore
s wretched, and more;
nd counts all your sufferings her own.

V.

He. O ye gods, let me suffer for both;
At the feet of my Phillis I'll lie:
I'll resign up my breath,
And take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die.

VI.

She. What her honour denied you in life,
In her death she will give to your love;
Such a flame as is true
After fate will renew,
For the souls to meet closer above.

SONG OF THE SEA-FIGHT,

IN "AMBOYNA."

WHO ever saw a noble sight,
That never view'd a brave sea-fight!
Hang up your bloody colours in the air,
Up with your fights, and your nettings prepare;
Your merry mates cheer, with a lusty bold spright,
Now each man his brindice, and then to the fight.
St. George, St. George, we cry;
The shouting Turks reply.
Oh now it begins, and the gun-room grows hot,
Ply it with culverin and with small shot;
Hark, does it not thunder? no, 'tis the guns roar,
The neighbouring billows are turn'd into gore;
Now each man must resolve to die,
For here the coward cannot fly.
Drums and trumpets toll the knell,
And culverins the passing bell.
Now, now they grapple, and now board amain;
Blow up the hatches, they're off all again:
Give them a broadside, the dice run at all,
Down comes the mast and yard, and tacklings fall;
She grows giddy now, like blind Fortune's wheel,
She sinks there, she sinks, she turns up her keel.
Who ever beheld so noble a sight,
As this so brave, so bloody sea-fight!

INCANTATION IN ŒDIPUS.

Tir. CHOOSE the darkest part o' the grove,
Such as ghosts at noon-day love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie;
Altars raised of turf or stone,
Will th' infernal pow'rs have none;
Answer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Is the sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit:
Draw the barren heifer back;
Barren let her be, and black.

Cut the curled hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows:
And turn your faces from the sun; 15
Answer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,
To Mother Earth and Proserpine:
Mingle milk into the stream; 20
Feast the ghosts, that love the steam:
Snatch a brand, from funeral pile:
Toss it in, to make them boil:
And turn your faces from the sun;
Answer me, if this be done? 25
All Pr. 'Tis done.

SONG,

IN "ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

CEASE, Augusta! cease thy mourning,
Happy days appear,
God-like Albion is returning,
Loyal hearts to cheer!
Every grace his youth adorning, 5
Glorious as the star of morning,
Or the planet of the year.

SONG,

IN "ALBION AND ALBANIUS."

ALBION, by the nymph attended,
Was to Neptune recommended,
Peace and plenty spread the sails;
Venus, in her shell before him,
From the sands in safety bore him, 5
And supplied Etesian gales.
Archon, on the shore commanding,
Lowly met him at his landing,
Crowds of people swarm'd around;
Welcome, rang like peals of thunder, 10
Welcome, rent the skies asunder,
Welcome, heaven and earth resound.

SONG,

IN "ALBION AND ALBANIUS."

INFERNAL offspring of the Night,
Debarr'd of heaven your native right,
And from the glorious fields of light,
Condemn'd in shades to drag the chain,
And fill with groans the gloomy plain; 5
Since pleasures here are none below,
Be ill our good, our joy be woe:
Our work t' embroil the worlds above,
Disturb their union, disunite their love,
And blast the beauteous frame of our victorious 10

SONG,

IN "ALBION AND ALBANIUS."

SEE the god of seas attends thee,
Nymphs divine, a beauteous train;
All the calmer gales befriend thee
In thy passage o'er the main:
Every maid her locks is binding, 5
Every Triton's horn is winding,
Welcome to the watery plain.

SONG,

IN "ALBION AND ALBANIUS."

I.

ALBION, loved of gods and men,
Prince of Peace too mildly reigning,
Cease thy sorrow and complaining,
Thou shalt be restored again:
Albion, loved of gods and men. 5

II.

Still thou art the care of heaven,
In thy youth to exile driven:
Heaven thy ruin then prevented,
Till the guilty land repented:
In thy age, when none could aid thee, 10
Foes conspired, and friends betray'd thee.
To the brink of danger driven,
Still thou art the care of Heaven.

SONG,

IN "KING ARTHUR."

Where a battle is supposed to be given behind the scenes, with drums, trumpets, and military shouts and excursions; after which the Britons, expressing their joy for the victory, sing this song of triumph.

COME, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum.

Now they charge on amain, 5
Now they rally again:
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind, that will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound: 10
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run:
We return to our lasses like fortunate traders, 15
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

SONG,

IN "KING ARTHUR.

sings. OH sight, the mother of desires,
What charming objects dost thou yield!
'Tis sweet, when tedious night expires,
To see the rosy morning gild
The mountain-tops, and paint the field! 5
But when Clarinda comes in sight,
She makes the summer's day more bright;
And when she goes away, 'tis night.

When fair Clarinda comes in sight, &c.

sings. 'Tis sweet the blushing morn to view; 10
And plains adorn'd with pearly dew:
But such cheap delights to see,
Heaven and nature
Give each creature;
They have eyes, as well as we: 15
This is the joy, all joys above,
To see, to see,
That only she,
That only she we love!

This is the joy, all joys above, &c. 20

SONG,

IN "KING ARTHUR."

daughters of this aged stream are we;
both our sea-green locks have comb'd for thee;
me bathe with us an hour or two,
me naked in, for we are so:
hat danger from a naked foe? 5
me bathe with us, come bathe and share
hat pleasures in the floods appear;
'll beat the waters till they bound,
d circle round, around, around,
d circle round, around. 10

SONGS TO BRITANNIA,

IN "KING ARTHUR."

SONG I.

lustering brethren of the skies,
hose breath has ruffled all the watery plain,
e, and let Britannia rise,
triumph o'er the main.
Serene and calm, and void of fear, 5
The Queen of Islands must appear:
Serene and calm, as when the Spring
The new-created world began,
And birds on boughs did softly sing
Their peaceful homage paid to man; 10
While Eurus did his blasts forbear,
In favour of the tender year.
Retreat, rude winds, retreat
To hollow rocks, your stormy seat;
There swell your lungs, and vainly, vainly threat. 15

SONG II.

FOR folded flocks, on fruitful plains,
The shepherd's and the farmer's gains,
Fair Britain all the world outvies;
And Pan, as in Arcadia, reigns,
Where pleasure mix'd with profit lies. 5

Though Jason's fleece was famed of old,
The British wool is growing gold;
No mines can more of wealth supply;
It keeps the peasant from the cold,
And takes for kings the Tyrian dye. 10

SONG III.

FAIREST isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of loves:
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.

Cupid from his favourite nation, 5
Care and envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs, that blow the fire of love; 10
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty, 15
Those shall be renown'd for love.

SONG OF JEALOUSY,

IN "LOVE TRIUMPHANT."

WHAT state of life can be so blest
As love, that warms a lover's breast?
Two souls in one, the same desire
To grant the bliss, and to require!
But if in heaven a hell we find, 5
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousy!
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy, 10
Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and perfect love:
In absence, or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain. 15

But, ah! no cure but death we find,
To set us free
From Jealousy:
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy, 20
Thou tyrant of the mind!

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far·
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.
All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO "THE RIVAL LADIES."

'Tis much desired, you judges of the town
Would pass a vote to put all prologues down;
For who can show me, since they first were writ,
They e'er converted one hard-hearted wit?
Yet the world's mended well; in former days 5
Good prologues were as scarce as now good plays.
For the reforming poets of our age,
In this first charge, spend their poetic rage:
Expect no more when once the prologue 's done;
The wit is ended ere the play's begun. 10
You now have habits, dances, scenes, and rhymes;
High language often; ay, and sense, sometimes.
As for a clear contrivance, doubt it not;
They blow out candles to give light to th' plot.
And for surprise, two bloody-minded men 15
Fight till they die, then rise and dance again.
Such deep intrigues you 're welcome to this day:
But blame yourselves, not him who writ the play;
Though his plot 's dull, as can be well desired,
Wit stiff as any you have e'er admired: 20
He 's bound to please, not to write well; and knows,
There is a mode in plays as well as clothes;
Therefore, kind judges——

A SECOND PROLOGUE ENTERS.

2. Hold; would you admit
For judges all you see within the pit?
1. Whom would he then except, or on what score? 25
2. All who (like him) have writ ill plays before;
For they, like thieves condemn'd, are hangmen made,
To execute the members of their trade.
All that are writing now he would disown,
But then he must except—even all the town; 30
All choleric, losing gamesters, who, in spite,
Will damn to-day, because they lost last night;
All servants, whom their mistress' scorn upbraids;
All maudlin lovers, and all slighted maids;
All, who are out of humour, or severe; 35
All, that want wit, or hope to find it here.

PROLOGUE

TO "THE INDIAN QUEEN."

As the music plays a soft air, the curtain rises slowly, and dis
an Indian boy and girl sleeping under two plantain-trees
when the curtain is almost up, the music turns into a tu
pressing an alarm, at which the boy awakes, and speaks.

BOY.

Wake, wake, Quevira! our soft rest must ce
And fly together with our country's peace!
No more must we sleep under plantain shade
Which neither heat could pierce, nor cold inv
Where bounteous nature never feels decay,
And opening buds drive falling fruits away.

QUEVIRA.

Why should men quarrel here, where all poss
As much as they can hope for by success?—
None can have most, where nature is so kind,
As to exceed man's use, though not his mind.

BOY.

By ancient prophecies we have been told,
Our world shall be subdued by one more old;
And, see, that world already 's hither come.

QUEVIRA.

If these be they, we welcome then our doom
Their looks are such, that mercy flows f
thence,
More gentle than our native innocence.

BOY.

Why should we then fear these, our enemie
That rather seem to us like deities?

QUEVIRA.

By their protection, let us beg to live;
They came not here to conquer, but forgive.
If so, your goodness may your power expres
And we shall judge both best by our succes

EPILOGUE

THE INDIAN QUEEN." SPOKEN BY MONTEZUMA.

e what shifts we are enforced to try,
p out wit with some variety;
may be found that never yet were seen,
rd to find such wit as ne'er has been:
ve seen all that this old world can do, 5
erefore, try the fortune of the new,
pe it is below your aim to hit
aught nature with your practised wit:
ked Indians, then, when wits appear,
as soon choose to have the Spaniards here.
e, you have marks enough,—the plot, the show, 11
et's scenes, nay, more, the painter's too;
his fail, considering the cost,
rue voyage to the Indies lost:
you smile on all, then these designs, 15
e imperfect treasure of our minds,
ss for current wheresoe'er they go,
to your bounteous hands their stamps they owe.

EPILOGUE ✓

" THE INDIAN EMPEROR." BY A. MERCURY.

nd singular in this full meeting,
and gallants, Phœbus sends ye greeting.
his sons, by whate'er title known,
er of court, or coffee-house, or town;
is most mighty sons, whose confidence 5
d in lofty sound, and humble sense,
his little infants of the time,
rite new songs, and trust in tune and rhyme:
own, that Phœbus (being daily grieved
good plays condemn'd, and bad received)
s, your judgment upon every cause, 11
orth, be limited by wholesome laws.
thinks fit no sonnetteer advance
sure, farther than the song or dance.
it burlesque may one step higher climb, 15
his sphere may judge all doggrel rhyme;
ves, and moves, and loves, and honours too;
appears high sense, and scarce is low.
he coffee-wits, he says not much;
roper business is to damn the Dutch: 20
great dons of wit———
gives them full privilege alone,
n all others, and cry up their own.
r the ladies, 'tis Apollo's will,
ould have power to save, but not to kill; 25
and he long since have thought it fit,
by beauty, beauty reign by wit.

PROLOGUE

TO "SIR MARTIN MARR-ALL."

Fools, which each man meets in his dish each day,
Are yet the great regalios of a play;
In which to poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest, which cost them so dear:
Fops in the town more easily will pass; 5
One story makes a statutable ass:
But such in plays must be much thicker sown,
Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Observing poets all their walks invade,
As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade: 10
And when they have enough for comedy,
They stow their several bodies in a pie:
The poet's but the cook to fashion it,
For gallants, you yourselves have found the wit.
To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong; 15
None welcome those who bring their cheer along.

PROLOGUE ✓

TO "THE TEMPEST."*

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot;
So from old Shakspeare's honour'd dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new-reviving play:
Shakspeare, who (taught by none) did first impart 5
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art.
He, monarch-like, gave those, his subjects, law;
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
While Jonson crept, and gather'd all below. 10
This did his love, and this his mirth, digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since outwrit all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's pen.
The storm, which vanish'd on the neighbouring shore, 15
Was taught by Shakspeare's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty, which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle.
But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he. 20
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things:
But Shakspeare's power is sacred as a king's.
Those legends from old priesthood were received,
And he then writ, as people then believed. 26
But if for Shakspeare we your grace implore,
We for our theatre shall want it more:

* Bonarelli, in his Filli di Sciro, has introduced a shepherdess in love with two persons, like the alterations in the Tempest. Dr. J. Warton.

Who, by our dearth of youths, are forced to employ
One of our women to present a boy; 30
And that 's a transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the magic in the play.
Let none expéct, in the last act, to find
Her sex transform'd from man to womankind.
Whate'er she was before the play began, 35
All you shall see of her is perfect man.
Or, if your fancy will be farther led
To find her woman—it must be a-bed.

PROLOGUE

TO "TYRANNIC LOVE."

SELF-LOVE, which, never rightly understood,
Makes poets still conclude their plays are good,
And malice, in all critics, reigns so high,
That for small errors, they whole plays decry;
So that to see this fondness, and that spite, 5
You'd think that none but madmen judge or write.
Therefore our poet, as he thinks not fit
To impose upon you what he writes for wit;
So hopes, that, leaving you your censures free,
You equal judges of the whole will be: 10
They judge but half, who only faults will see.
Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare,
They spoil their business with an over-care;
And he, who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence. 15
Hence 'tis, our poet, in his conjuring,
Allow'd his fancy the full scope and swing.
But when a tyrant for his theme he had,
He loosed the reins, and bid his muse run mad:
And though he stumbles in a full career, 20
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
He saw his way; but in so swift a pace,
To choose the ground might be to lose the race.
They then, who of each trip the advantage take,
Find but those faults, which they want wit to make. 25

EPILOGUE.

TO "THE WILD GALLANT," WHEN REVIVED.

OF all dramatic writing, comic wit,
As 'tis the best, so tis most hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the eye,
Where all may judge, and each defect may spy.
Humour is that, which every day we meet, 5
And therefore known as every public street;
In which, if e'er the poet go astray,
You all can point, 'twas there he lost his way.
But, what's so common, to make pleasant too,
Is more than any wit can always do. 10
For 'tis like Turks, with hen and rice to treat;
To make regalios out of common meat.
But, in your diet, you grow savages:
Nothing but human flesh your taste can please;
And, as their feasts with slaughter'd slaves bega
So you, at each new play, must have a man.
Hither you come, as to see prizes fought;
If no blood's drawn, you cry, the prize is nought
But fools grow wary now; and, when they see
A poet eyeing round the company,
Straight each man for himself begins to doubt;
They shrink like seamen when a press comes ou
Few of them will be found for public use,
Except you charge an oaf upon each house,
Like the train bands, and every man engage
For a sufficient fool, to serve the stage.
And when, with much ado, you get him there,
Where he in all his glory should appear,
Your poets make him such rare things to say,
That he's more wit than any man i' the play:
But of so ill a mingle with the rest,
As when a parrot 's taught to break a jest.
Thus, aiming to be fine, they make a show,
As tawdry squires in country churches do.
Things well consider'd, 'tis so hard to make
A comedy, which should the knowing take,
That our dull poet, in despair to please,
Does humbly beg, by me, his writ of ease.
'Tis a land-tax, which he 's too poor to pay;
You therefore must some other impost lay.
Would you but change, for serious plot and verse
This motley garniture of fool and farce,
Nor scorn a mode, because 'tis taught at home,
Which does, like vests, our gravity become,
Our poet yields you should this play refuse:
As tradesmen, by the change of fashions, lose,
With some content, their fripperies of France,
In hope it may their staple trade advance.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE ACTING AFTER THE FIRE.

So shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand
Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a desert shore.
From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
Whence e'en the natives, forced by hunger, fled.
Our stage does human chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:
You are changed too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you the founders make yourselves the guests.
Of all mankind beside fate had some care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn
Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spared not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city rises higher,
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was.

does foreign wit excel,
g, should in a palace dwell.
olden hopes are vainly fed,
entertain you in a shed:
here, for which we humbly sue,
theatres, and build up new.

EPILOGUE

PART OF "THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA."

e best succeeded on the stage,
orm'd their genius to their age.
id mechanic humour show,
re dull, and conversation low.
was faultless, but 'twas coarse:
was a jest, and Otter's horse.
omedy, their love was mean;
nce, in some one labour'd scene,
one for an ill-written play.
at their height could seldom stay.
cheap, and the first comer sped;
kept it since, by being dead.
now to write, when critics weigh
every word, throughout a play,
no-not Jonson in his height,
hout allowing grains for weight.
ivy, that these truths are told;
malicious, though he's bold.
d them, that their faults are shown,
rrors, to excuse his own.
our now are higher raised,
et, but the age is praised.
ved to a more high degree;
guage more refined and free.
our men now speak more wit
, than those poets writ.
ese is, consequently, true;
poet writes comes short of you,
ou ill (which most he fears),
ting is not worse than theirs.
u judge (as sure the critics will),
re him writ with greater skill,
ise he has their fame surpass'd,
e more gallant than the last.

PROLOGUE

TO "AMBOYNA."

ts in the scriveners' hands,
knave that gripes their mortgaged

ck of all the season's sent,
es no fee in compliment:
ome Englishmen is such,
se who ruin them—the Dutch.
all, rather than make a war
of the same religion are.
Guinea trade, the herrings too,
endship, they shall pickle you.
ed not to find out the cheat,
e, love him who does the feat:
What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet, still, the same religion answers all:
Religion wheedled you to civil war,
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now would spare:
Be gull'd no longer, for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith—than you;
Interest's the god they worship in their state;
And you, I take it, have not much of that.
Well, monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin, and such proportions fall,
That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
How they love England, you shall see this day;
No map shows Holland truer than our play:
Their pictures and inscriptions well we know;
We may be bold one medal sure to show.
View then their falsehoods, rapine, cruelty;
And think what once they were, they still would be:
But hope not either language, plot, or art;
'Twas writ in haste, but with an English heart:
And least hope wit; in Dutchmen that would be
As much improper, as would honesty.

EPILOGUE

TO "AMBOYNA."

A POET once the Spartans led to fight,
And made them conquer in the muse's right;
So would our poet lead you on this day,
Showing your tortured fathers in his play.
To one well-born the affront is worse, and more,
When he's abused, and baffled by a boor:
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do,
They've both ill-nature and ill-manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion;
And their new commonwealth has set them free,
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber state mankind bestride;
Their sway became them with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches swell above their chin:
Yet is their empire no true growth, but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
As Cato did his Afric fruits display,
So we before your eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal English will, like him, conclude,
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued!

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE,* MARCH 26, 1674.

A PLAIN built house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfied away;

* This prologue must certainly have been written for the King's company, which I suppose at this time might have

When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is design'd.
You, who each day can theatres behold, 5
Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, disdain the cheer.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain suit, since we can make but one, 10
Is better than to be by tarnish'd gaudry known.
They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty sums may carry on the trade:
We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,
With our small stock to humble roofs retire: 15
Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer strive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to support their vast expense,
Who build and treat with such magnificence; 20
That, like the ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial stage.
Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
While they impose their splendour on the less.
But only fools, and they of vast estate, 25
The extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainness may be justly proud:
Our royal master will'd it should be so; 30
Whate'er he's pleased to own, can need no show:
That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
To build a playhouse while you throw down plays, 35
While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen disdain:
While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at those upon whose alms they live:
Old English authors vanish and give place 40
To these new conquerors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you submit;
You're now grown vassals to them in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance
The mighty merits of their men of France, 45
Keep time, cry Bon, and humour the cadence.
Well, please yourselves; but sure 'tis understood,
That French machines have ne'er done England good.

opened their house in Drury-lane. The reflection cast upon the taste of the town in these three lines,

> 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
> To build a playhouse while you throw down plays,
> While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign:

is certainly levelled at the Duke's company, who had exhibited the siege of Rhodes, and other expensive operas, and who now were getting up Psyche, Circe, &c. DERRICK.

Ver. 30. *Our royal master*] It is to be lamented, that after the fire of London a magnificent theatre had not been built at the expense of the public, or of the King. Few princes have so much encouraged theatrical spectacles as Leo the Tenth. He ordered a magnificent stage to be erected, and actors to be brought from Florence to Rome, to act the Mandragola of Machiavel, though a most licentious drama, and abounding in the most severe ridicule on the Popish ceremonies, particularly in Act v. Scene i. and Act iii. Scene v.; yet this same Pope, with that inconsistency that is to be found in almost all human characters, addressed a solemn brief to Sannazarius, thanking him for his famous poem, De Partu Virginis, and also Providence, for raising up such a champion, at a time when the Holy Church was so violently attacked, and in such danger. Dr. J. WARTON.

I would not prophesy our house's fate:
But while vain shows and scenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be feared———
That as a fire the former house o'erthrew,
Machines and tempests will destroy the new.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1674. SPOKEN BY MR. HART.*

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assign'd
To unbend, and to divert their sovereign's mind
When tired with following nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool shades of wit,
And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey
What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts you go,
And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you set,
As once the sphere of crystal show'd the great.
Blest sure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can suit your mind:
Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:
That Shakspeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonson's claim
May be renew'd from those who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For muses so severe are worshipp'd here,
That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
And, as profane, from sacred places fly,
Rather than see the offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers shown:
And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
The greatest judges still can pardon most.
Poets must stoop, when they would please our pit,
Debased even to the level of their wit;
Disdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themselves what their applause must make.
But when to praise from you they would aspire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their power transcends,
As what should be beyond what is extends.

* Several gentlemen, who had adhered to their prin of loyalty during the usurpation of Cromwell, and fo of the Royal Family, being left unprovided for at t storation, they applied themselves to different occu for a livelihood: among them was Mr. Hart, the spe this prologue, who had served his Majesty as a cap the civil war, and was now an actor in a capital cast, great estimation. DERRICK.

To her

PROLOGUE

"CIRCE."* [BY DR. DAVENANT, 1675.]

ı but half so wise as you 're severe,
hful poet should not need to fear:
een years your censures you would suit,
the blossom, but expect the fruit.
that best does pleasure understand, 5
ys choose to err on t' other hand.
ck him not that 's awkward in delight,
the young rogue's cheek, and set him
ght.
rten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey,
h may prove a man another day. 10
and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
olpone, nor no Arbaces write;
'd about, and short excursions made
igh to bough, as if they were afraid,
was guilty of some Slighted Maid. 15
re's own Muse her Pericles first bore;
ce of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
cle to see a first good play;
horns do not bloom on Christmas-day.
r poet must have time to grow, 20
ad and burnish as his brothers do.
looks lean, sure with some pox is cursed;
an can be Falstaff-fat at first.
nn not, but indulge his rude essays,
e him, and bloat him up with praise, 25
may get more bulk before he dies:
yet fed enough for sacrifice.
if now your grace you will not grudge,
grow up to write, and you to judge.

EPILOGUE

TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE LADY HEN. MAR. ETH, WHEN "CALISTO" WAS ACTED AT COURT.

er I made my court in vain;
assume my native shape again.
y to be so unkindly used,
ld not be a god, to be refused.
ws uneasy when it hinders love; 5
s burden, which the wise remove.
a nymph, I need not sue, nor try
e of any lightning but the eye.
nd youth more than a god command;
could e'er the force of these withstand. 10
that sovereign power admits dispute;
ometimes is justly absolute.
n Catos, whatsoe'er they say,
ile they frown and dictate laws, obey.
ghty sir, our bonds more easy make, 15
efully, what all must suffer, take;
ose forms the grave affect to wear;
ot to be wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit. 20
These peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midst of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loathed manna, which hot brains despise, 25
You knew its worth, and made it early prize;
And in its happy leisure sit and see
The promises of more felicity;
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine: 30
Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes.

was an Opera. Tragedy among the ancients was t accompanied with music. Dr. J. WARTON.

As Jupiter] It was a sister of the Duchess of gh, a maid of honour, and afterwards Duchess of celebrated by Grammont, that acted in the Calisto at court, 1675. Dr. J. WARTON.

PROLOGUE ✓

TO "AURENGEZEBE."

OUR author, by experience, finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to please himself than you;
And out of no feign'd modesty, this day
Damns his laborious trifle of a play:
Not that it 's worse than what before he writ, 5
But he has now another taste of wit;
And, to confess a truth, though out of time,
Grows weary of his long-loved mistress, Rhyme.
Passion 's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And nature flies him like enchanted ground: 10
What verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his;
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakspeare's sacred name:
Awed when he hears his godlike Romans rage, 15
He, in a just despair, would quit the stage;
And to an age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
Does, with disdain, the foremost honours yield.
As with the greater dead he dares not strive,
He would not match his verse with those who live: 20
Let him retire, betwixt two ages cast,
The first of this, and hindmost of the last.
A losing gamester, let him sneak away;
He bears no ready money from the play.
The fate, which governs poets, thought it fit 25
He should not raise his fortunes by his wit.
The clergy thrive, and the litigious bar;
Dull heroes fatten with the spoils of war;
All southern vices, Heaven be praised, are here;
But wit 's a luxury you think too dear. 30
When you to cultivate the plant are loth,
'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your growth;
And wit in northern climates will not blow,
Except, like orange-trees, 'tis housed from snow.
There needs no care to put a playhouse down, 35
'Tis the most desert place of all the town:
We and our neighbours, to speak proudly, are,
Like monarchs, ruin'd with expensive war;
While, like wise English, unconcern'd you sit,
And see us play the tragedy of wit. 40

EPILOGUE

TO "THE MAN OF MODE; OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER."
[BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.]

MOST modern wits such monstrous fools have shown,
They seem not of Heaven's making, but their own.
Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass;
But there goes more to a substantial ass:
Something of man must be exposed to view, 5
That, gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit;
And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
I vow, methinks, he 's pretty company: 10
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refined,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help nature's work, and go to school,
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call; 15
He 's knight o' the shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion 's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball grows. 20
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow:
His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd;
And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred periwig he gain'd, 25
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profaned.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake. 30
As for his songs, the ladies' dear delight,
These sure he took from most of you who write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

EPILOGUE

TO "ALL FOR LOVE."

POETS, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left—and that's to rail.
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd through the pit;
And this is all their equipage of wit.
We wonder how the devil this difference grows, 5
Betwixt our fools in verse, and yours in prose;
For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.
The thread-bare author hates the gaudy coat;
And swears at the gilt coach, but swears a-foot: 10
For 'tis observed of every scribbling man,
He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,
If pink and purple best become his face.
For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor prays; 15
Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes.
He does his best; and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his *writ of ease*.
Yet, if he might his own grand jury call,
By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's power the men's ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the world for love!
Yet if some antiquated lady say,
The last age is not copied in his play;
Heaven help the man who for that face mu
drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.
Let not the young and beauteous join with thos
For should you raise such numerous hosts of foe
Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call;
'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.

PROLOGUE

TO "LIMBERHAM."

TRUE wit has seen its best days long ago;
It ne'er look'd up, since we were dipp'd in show
When sense in doggrel rhymes and clouds wa
lost,
And dulness flourish'd at the actor's cost.
Nor stopp'd it here; when tragedy was done,
Satire and humour the same fate have run,
And comedy is sunk to trick and pun.
Now our machining lumber will not sell,
And you no longer care for heaven or hell;
What stuff can please you next, the Lord can tell.
Let them, who the rebellion first began
To wit, restore the monarch, if they can;
Our author dares not be the first bold man.
He, like the prudent citizen, takes care
To keep for better marts his staple ware;
His toys are good enough for Stourbridge fair.
Tricks were the fashion; if it now be spent,
'Tis time enough at Easter to invent;
No man will make up a new suit for Lent.
If now and then he takes a small pretence,
To forage for a little wit and sense,
Pray pardon him, he meant you no offence.
Next summer, Nostradamus tells, they say,
That all the critics shall be shipp'd away,
And not enow be left to damn a play.
To every sail beside, good Heaven, be kind;
But drive away that swarm with such a wind,
That not one locust may be left behind!

EPILOGUE

TO "MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS." [BY MR. N. LEE, 1678.]

YOU 'VE seen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care; for most of you will cry,
'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.
For, Heaven be thank'd, we live in such an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the stage:

Ver. 5. *When no man dies for love,*] One of the most re
markable differences betwixt ancient and modern tragedy

n those martyrs are but rare in plays;
d sign how much true faith decays.
no more a violent desire;
ere metaphor, a painted fire.
ur sex, the name examined well, 10
de to gain, and vanity to tell.
an, 'tis of subtle interest made:
n the punk that made it first a trade!
t did wit's prerogative remove,
ade a fool presume to prate of love. 15
our and preferment go for gold;
rious beauty is not to be sold:
be, 'tis at a rate so high,
thing but adoring it should buy.
rich cullies may their boasting spare; 20
urchase but sophisticated ware.
digality that buys deceit,
both the giver and the taker cheat.
t refine on the old half-crown way;
men fight, like Swissers, for their pay. 25

PROLOGUE

TO "ŒDIPUS."

Athens all the Grecian state did guide,
reece gave laws to all the world beside;
ophocles with Socrates did sit,
e in wisdom one, and one in wit:
it from wisdom differ'd not in those, 5
'twas sung in verse, or said in prose.
Œdipus, on crowded theatres,
ll admiring eyes and listening ears:
eased spectator shouted every line,
blest, manliest, and the best design! 10
ery critic of each learned age,
just model has reform'd the stage.
hould it fail, (as Heaven avert our fear)
it in silence, lest the world should hear.
re it known this poem did not please, 15
ight set up for perfect savages:

om the prevailing custom of describing only those es that are occasioned by the passion of love: a which, from the universality of its dominion, may laim a large share in representations of human it which, by totally engrossing the theatre, hath ited to degrade that noble school of virtue into an of effeminacy. When Racine persuaded the cele- rnauld to read his Phædra, "Why," said that se- tic to his friend, "have you falsified the manners of tus, and represented him in love?" "Alas!" replied , "without that circumstance, how would the ladies beaux have received my piece?" And it may well ined, that to gratify so considerable and important a his audience, was the powerful motive that induced e to enervate even the matchless and affecting Œdipus, by the frigid and impertinent episode of 's passion for Dirce. Shakspeare has shown us, by nlet, Macbeth, and Cæsar, and above all by his at very interesting tragedies may be written, that founded on gallantry and love; and that Boileau taken, when he affirmed,

—— de l'amour la sensible peinture,
st pour aller au cœur la route la plus sure."

inest pictures of love in all antiquity are the Phæ- dra, Simætha, second Idyllium of Theocritus, and of Virgil. All of these pictures are of the effects in women; no description of it in men, so capital striking, has been given. The tenth eclogue of is but feeble in comparison of these mentioned Dr. J. Warton.

Your neighbours would not look on you as men,
But think the nation all turn'd Picts again.
Faith, as you manage matters, 'tis not fit
You should suspect yourselves of too much wit: 20
Drive not the jest too far, but spare this piece;
And, for this once, be not more wise than Greece.
See twice! do not pell-mell to damning fall,
Like true-born Britons, who ne'er think at all:
Pray be advised; and though at Mons you won, 25
On pointed cannon do not always run.
With some respect to ancient wit proceed;
You take the four first councils for your creed.
But, when you lay tradition wholly by,
And on the private spirit alone rely, 30
You turn fanatics in your poetry.
If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
You needs will have your pen'orths of the play,
And come resolved to damn, because you pay,
Record it, in memorial of the fact, 35
The first play buried since the woollen act.

EPILOGUE

TO "ŒDIPUS."

What Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our poets found a work for more than one;
And therefore two lay tugging at the piece,
With all their force, to draw the ponderous mass from Greece;
A weight that bent even Seneca's strong muse, 5
And which Corneille's shoulders did refuse.
So hard it is the Athenian harp to string!
So much two consuls yield to one just king.
Terror and pity this whole poem sway;
The mightiest machines that can mount a play. 10
How heavy will those vulgar souls be found,
Whom two such engines cannot move from ground!
When Greece and Rome have smiled upon this birth,
You can but damn for one poor spot of earth
And when your children find your judgment such, 15
They'll scorn their sires, and wish themselves born Dutch;
Each haughty poet will infer with ease,
How much his wit must under-write to please.
As some strong churl would, brandishing, advance
The monumental sword that conquer'd France; 20
So you, by judging this, your judgment teach,
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the vote of full two thousand years
Has crown'd this plot, and all the dead are theirs,
Think it a debt you pay, not alms you give, 25
And, in your own defence, let this Play live.
Think them not vain, when Sophocles is shown,
To praise his worth they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak states each other's power assure,
Weak poets by conjunction are secure. 30
Their treat is what your palates relish most,
Charm! song! and show! a murder and a ghost!
We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a Pope.

PROLOGUE

TO "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA." SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON, REPRESENTING THE GHOST OF SHAKSPEARE.

SEE, my loved Britons, see your Shakspeare rise,
An awful ghost confess'd to human eyes!
Unnamed, methinks, distinguish'd I had been
From other shades, by this eternal green,
About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive, 5
And with a touch, their wither'd bays revive.
Untaught, unpractised, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first the stage.
And, if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,
'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more. 10
On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, rich without supply.
In this my rough-drawn play you shall behold
Some master-strokes, so manly and so bold,
That he who meant to alter, found 'em such, 15
He shook, and thought it sacrilege to touch.
Now, where are the successors to my name?
What bring they to fill out a poet's fame?
Weak, short-lived issues of a feeble age;
Scarce living to be christen'd on the stage! 20
For humour farce, for love they rhyme dispense,
That tolls the knell for their departed sense.
Dulness might thrive in any trade but this:
'Twould recommend to some fat benefice.
Dulness, that in a playhouse meets disgrace, 25
Might meet with reverence in its proper place.
The fulsome clench, that nauseates the town,
Would from a judge or alderman go down,
Such virtue is there in a robe and gown!
And that insipid stuff which here you hate, 30
Might somewhere else be call'd a grave debate;
Dulness is decent in the church and state.
But I forget that still 'tis understood,
Bad plays are best decried by showing good.
Sit silent then, that my pleased soul may see 35
A judging audience once and worthy me;
My faithful scene from true records shall tell,
How Trojan valour did the Greek excel;
Your great forefathers shall their fame regain,
And Homer's angry ghost repine in vain. 40

PROLOGUE

TO "CÆSAR BORGIA." [BY MR. N. LEE, 1680.]

THE unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to please himself, but other men;
Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praise soe'er the poetry deserve, 5
Yet every fool can bid the poet starve.
That fumbling lecher to revenge is bent,
Because he thinks himself or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city swarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms: 10
Were there no fear of Antichrist, or France,
In the blest time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careless and qualmish with a yawning face: 15
You sleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Most of your talents lie another way.
You love to-hear of some prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide, 20
Both for yourselves, and all the world beside.
One theatre there is of vast resort,
Which whilome of Requests was call'd the Court;
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon 'till night. 25
Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment still is fed 30
By villains in your own dull island bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To show you better rogues upon the stage.
You know no poison but plain ratsbane here;
Death's more refined, and better bred elsewhere. 35
They have a civil way in Italy,
By smelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, so known and practised there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair. 40
But, mark their feast, you shall behold such pranks;
The Pope says grace, but 'tis the devil gives thanks.

PROLOGUE

TO "SOPHONISBA," AT OXFORD, 1680.

THESPIS, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes, sung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
"Dicitur et plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis."
But Æschylus, says* Horace in some page, 5
Was the first mountebank that trod the stage:

Ver. 1. *The unhappy man,*] Lee had so melodious a voice, and such pathetic elocution, that reading one of his own scenes to Major Mohun at a rehearsal, Mohun, in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part, and exclaimed, "Unless I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpose should I undertake it?" Yet it is a very remarkable circumstance, that Lee failed as an actor in attempting to perform the character of Duncan in Macbeth, 1672; as did Otway in a play of Mrs. Afra Behn, entitled the Jealous Bridegroom. After this failure, the first wrote his Alcibiades, and the last-mentioned author his Nero. Dr. J. WARTON

* Successit vetus his Comœdia, etc., *i. e.* Comedy began to be cultivated and improved from the time that tragedy had obtained its end, ἴσχει τὸν ἑαυτοῦ φύσιν, under Æschylus. There is no reason to suppose, with some critics, that Horace meant to date its origin from hence. The supposition is, in truth, contradicted by *experience* and the *order of things*. For, as a celebrated French writer observes, "Le talent d'imiter, qui nous est naturel, nous porte plutôt à la comédie, qui roule sur des choses de nôtre connoissance, que à la tragédie, qui prend des sujets plus éloignés de l'usage commun; et en effect, en Grèce aussi bien qu'en France, la comédie l'aînée de la tragédie."—[Hist. du Théât. Franç. par M. Fontenelle.] The latter part of this assertion is clear: the piece referred to; and the other, which respects the seems countenanced by Aristotle himself, [illegible] "'Tis true, comedy, though its rise be everywhere, at least early as that of tragedy, is perfected much later. Menander

ıens never knew your learned sport
ng poets in a tennis-court.
the talent of our English nation
be plotting some new reformation: 10
v years hence, if anarchy goes on,
esbyter shall here erect his throne,
ɔut a tub with preaching once a day,
ery prayer be longer than a play.
l your heathen wits shall go to pot, 15
ɔelieving of a Popish-plot:
ɔets shall be used like infidels,
rst, the author of the Oxford bells:
uld we 'scape the sentence, to depart,
our first original, a cart. 20
ous brother there would want a stone,
l us cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan:
, learning, wit, would be suppress'd,
the whore, and trappings of the beast:
arez, Tom of Aquin, must go down, 25
' supporters of the triple crown;
istotle 's for destruction ripe;
y, he call'd the soul an organ-pipe,
by some little help of derivation,
en be proved a pipe of inspiration. 30

A PROLOGUE.

here be a few that take delight
which reasonable men should write;
n alone we dedicate this night.
t may satisfy their curious itch,
ty-gazettes, or some factious speech, 5
te'er libel, for the public good,
the shrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
your benches, you apostate pit,
ke, above, twelve pennyworth of wit;

r, appeared long after Æschylus. And, though ch tragedy, to speak with Aristotle, ἔχει τὸν ἑαυτοῦ the hands of Corneille, this cannot be said of their which was forced to wait for a Moliere, before it at that pitch of perfection. But then this is owing perior difficulty of the comic drama. Nor is it any that the contrary of this happened at Rome. For ans, when they applied themselves in earnest to e, had not to invent, but to imitate, or rather *trans-* perfect models of Greece. And it chanced, for rea- ch I shall not stay to deduce, that their poets had ccess in copying their *comedy* than *tragedy*. wo happiest subjects, said Fontenelle, for tragedy edy among the moderns, are the Cid, and l'Ecole mes. But, unluckily, the respective authors that each, were not arrived at the full force of their when they treated these subjects. Events that ually happened, are, after all, the properest subjects y. The best eclogue of Virgil,* the best ode of are founded on real incidents. If we briefly cast over the most interesting and affecting stories, or modern, we shall find that they are such, as, adorned and a little diversified, are yet grounded istory, and on real matters of fact. Such, for in- among the ancients, are the stories of Joseph, of the Trojan War and its consequences, of Virginia, Horatii; such, among the moderns, are the stories Lear, the Cid, Romeo and Juliet, and Oronooko. s of events contained in these stories seem far to the utmost powers of human imagination. In the ucted fiction, some mark of improbability and in- will still appear. Dr. J. Warton.

* The First. † Ode xiii. lib. ii.

Go back to your dear dancing on the rope, 10
Or see what's worse, the devil and the pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
Methinks, resemble the distracted age;
Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings. 15
The style of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such censures our mistaking audience make,
That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains; 20
But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress'd,
Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest.
Therefore thin nourishment of farce ye choose,
Decoctions of a barley-water muse: 25
A meal of tragedy would make ye sick,
Unless it were a very tender chick.
Some scenes in sippets would be worth our time;
Those would go down; some love that's poach'd in rhyme;
If these should fail——
We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
Keep holiday, like watermen in frost;
While you turn players on the world's great stage,
And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681.

The famed Italian muse, whose rhymes advance
Orlando and the Paladins of France,
Records, that, when our wit and sense is flown,
'Tis lodged within the circle of the moon,
In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd, 5
Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restored.
Whate'er the story be, the moral 's true;
The wit we lost in town, we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with sober sense. 10
When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
Here busy senates, to the old cause inclined,
May snuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear, 15
May come, and find their last provision here:
Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
Who neither carried back, nor brought one cross.
We look'd what representatives would bring;
But they help'd us, just as they did the king. 20
Yet we despair not; for we now lay forth
The Sibyl's books to those who know their worth;
And though the first was sacrificed before,
These volumes doubly will the price restore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find, 25
To whom by long prescription you are kind.
He, whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
Has never spared the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
Is forced to turn his satire into praise. 30

PROLOGUE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1682.

In those cold regions which no summers cheer,
Where brooding darkness covers half the year,
To hollow caves the shivering natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow:
But when the tedious twilight wears away, 5
And stars grow paler at the approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;
Happy who first can see the glimmering sun:
The surly savage offspring disappear,
And curse the bright successor of the year. 10
Yet, though rough bears in covert seek defence,
White foxes stay, with seeming innocence:
That crafty kind with day-light can dispense.
Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's race,
That loyal subjects scarce can find a place: 15
Thus modest truth is cast behind the crowd:
Truth speaks too low; Hypocrisy too loud.
Let them be first to flatter in success;
Duty can stay, but guilt has need to press.
Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call, 20
To make their solemn show at heaven's Whitehall,
The fawning devil appear'd among the rest,
And made as good a courtier as the best.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more. 25
Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue:
A tyrant's power in rigour is express'd;
The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend; 30
But most are babes, that know not they offend.
The crowd to restless motion still inclined,
Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
Driven by their chiefs they storms of hailstones pour;
Then mourn, and soften to a silent shower. 35
Oh, welcome to this much-offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveness in his hand!
Thus angels on glad messages appear:
Their first salute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heaven, that could constrain us to obey, 40
(With reverence if we might presume to say)
Seems to relax the rights of sovereign sway:
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

PROLOGUE

TO "THE EARL OF ESSEX." [BY MR. J. BANKS, 1682.] SPOKEN TO THE KING AND THE QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE.

When first the ark was landed on the shore,
And Heaven had vow'd to curse the ground no more;
When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
And the new scene of earth began to draw;
The dove was sent to view the waves' decrease, 5
And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needless to apply, when those appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent, as harbinger of love: 10
The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye Powers, why should vain man pursue,
With endless toil, each object that is new,
And for the seeming substance leave the true? 15
Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loathe the manna of his daily food?
Must England still the scene of changes be,
Toss'd and tempestuous, like our ambient sea?
Must still our weather and our wills agree? 20
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a slave?
Or, what can wars to after-times assure,
Of which our present age is not secure?
All that our monarch would for us ordain, 25
Is but to enjoy the blessings of his reign.
Our land 's an Eden, and the main 's our fence,
While we preserve our state of innocence:
That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,
And first their lord, and then themselves destroy.
What civil broils have cost, we know too well; 30
Oh, let it be enough that once we fell!
And every heart conspire, and every tongue,
Still to have such a king, and this king long.

AN EPILOGUE

FOR THE KING'S HOUSE.

We act by fits and starts, like drowning men,
But just peep up, and then pop down again.
Let those who call us wicked change their sense;
For never men lived more on Providence.
Not lottery cavaliers are half so poor, 5
Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three last ungiving parliaments:
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have spared his dream of seven lean kine, 10
And changed his vision for the Muses nine.
The comet, that, they say, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from play-house earth:
Pent there since our last fire, and, Lilly says,
Foreshows our change of state, and thin third-days. 15
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor;
For then the printer's press would suffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit;
They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.
Confess the truth, which of you has not laid 20
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would spite us,
Democritus his wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors, who have run us down,
And exercised you critics of the town. 25
Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes,
Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the times
Scandal, the glory of the English nation,
Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion.

nless thrusts, as if, like fencers wise, 30
agreed their play before their prize.
ey may hang their harps upon the
llows;
ike children when they box with pillows.
an end to civil wars for shame;
knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
wn his pen, and give her, as he can, 35
faction of a gentleman.

PROLOGUE

LOYAL BROTHER;" OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE."
[BY MR. SOUTHERNE, 1682.]

e lawful monarchs, ruled the stage,
e, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
they jump: critics would regulate
tres, and Whigs reform our state:
tend love, and both (plague rot them!)
te. 5
c humbly seems advice to bring;
ing Whig petitions to the king:
advice into a satire slides;
petition a remonstrance hides.
ll no taxes give, and those no pence; 10
ould starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
c all our troops of friends discards;
e Whig would fain pull down the guards.
re illegal, that drive foes away,
ful shepherds, that fright beasts of prey. 15
ho disband such needless aids as these,
—as long as e'er their subjects please:
would be till next queen Bess's night:
us grave penny chroniclers indite.

yal Brother; or, the Persian Prince," Mr. South-
t play, was acted at Drury-lane in 1682; a time
e Tory interest, after long struggles, carried all
The character of the Loyal Brother was a com-
tended for the Duke of York. This prologue is
d invective against the Whigs. DERRICK.

—— *queen Bess's night:*] At the King's-head
corner of Chancery-lane, and opposite the Inner-
e, the principal opponents to the court-measures
hiefs of the Whig party assembled, under the
e King's-head Club, and afterwards the Green-
b, from ribbons of that colour which they wore
its. Here they subscribed a guinea a-piece for a
which the effigies of the Pope was to be burnt
h of November, being the anniversary of Queen
s birth, with more than ordinary pomp; for it
tofore an annual ceremony, usually made without
kable parade. The procession now consisted of
enting the dead body of Sir Edmondbury God-
d on a horse, with a person preceding it ringing
emind people of his murder. then followed a mob
dressed like carmelites, jesuits, bishops, cardi-
nd several boys with incense-pots, surrounding
of the Pope, with that of the devil just behind

ike thief and parson in a Tyburn cart.

manner they marched from Bishopsgate to the
Chancery-lane, where they committed the in-
ffigies to the flames; while the balconies and
the King's-head were filled with people of con-
who countenanced the tumult; which, the Hon.
th says, struck a terror upon people's spirits.
f acting the play, to which we have here a pro-
t additions, alterations, and expensive improve-
e intended to be made in this procession which

Sir Edmondbury first, in woful wise, 20
Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There 's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil congé, does retire: 25
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall;
There 's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years:
Whose age in vain our mercy would implore; 30
For few take pity on an old cast whore.
The devil, who brought him to the shame, takes part;
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart;
Like thief and parson in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is given, and with a loud huzza 35
The mitred poppet from his chair they draw:
On the slain corpse contending nations fall:
Alas! what 's one poor pope among them all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring:
And next, for fashion, cry, God save the king. 40
A needful cry in 'midst of such alarms,
When forty thousand men are up in arms.
But after he 's once saved, to make amends,
In each succeeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but still the devil ends. 45
What if some one, inspired with zeal, should call,
Come, let 's go cry, God save him, at Whitehall!
His best friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the safer for this prayer.
Five praying saints are by an act allow'd; 50
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, should Heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Presbyterians who would kings maintain,
Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain.

PROLOGUE

TO THE KING AND QUEEN, UPON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1682.

SINCE fashion ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,
Their penny scribes take care to inform the nation,
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Associators: 5
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store,
That now there 's need of two New-Englands more.

What 's this, you 'll say, to us and our vocation? 10
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

was prevented entirely by the loyalty and vigilance of the sheriffs of the city, Sir Dudley North and Sir Peter Rich, who paraded the streets all day and the best part of the night. DERRICK.

The factious natives never could agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those play-house Whigs set up for property. 15

Some say, they no obedience paid of late;
But would new fears and jealousies create;
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling: 20
For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tartar;
There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this, call'd Charter.

But, since the victory with us remains, 25
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains;
If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight 'em:
And you, fair ladies and gallants, that slight 'em,
We'll treat with good new plays; if our new wits can write 'em. 30

We'll take no blundering verse, no fustian tumour,
No dribbling love, from this or that perfumer;
No dull fat fool shamm'd on the stage for humour.

For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd; 35
But 'twas, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We've given you tragedies, all sense defying,
And singing men, in woful metre dying;
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather; 40
We bring you none of our old lumber hither:
Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang together.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF "THE SILENT WOMAN."

WHAT Greece,* when learning flourish'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit, 5
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the best are but by mercy free:
A day, which none but Jonson durst have wish'd to see.

* Plato sent a copy of the Plutus of Aristophanes to Dionysius the king of Sicily, telling him that from this play and the other comedies of Aristophanes, he might learn the nature of the Athenian republic. Dr. J. WARTON.

Here they, who long have known the useful stage,
Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.
As your commissioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
In your Lycæum first themselves refined,
And delegated thence to human-kind.
But as ambassadors, when long from home,
For new instructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
The illiterate writer, empiric-like, applies
To minds diseased, unsafe, chance, remedies:
The learn'd in schools, where knowledge first began,
Studies with care the anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
And fame from science, not from fortune, draws.
So Poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance.
To such a fame let mere town-wits aspire,
And their gay nonsense their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from those Prætorian bands,*
But knows that right is in the senate's hands,
Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit,
But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE SAME.

No poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haste, when the French arms draw near,
Than we with our poetic train come down
For refuge hither, from the infected town:
Heaven for our sins this summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French* troop first swept all things in its way;
But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay:

Ver. 25. *Studies with care the anatomy of man.*] "Créer un sujet; inventer un nœud et un dénouement; donner à chaque personnage son caractère, et le soutenir; faire en sorte qu'aucun d'eux ne paraisse et ne sorte sans une raison sentie de tous les spectateurs; ne laisser jamais le théâtre vuide; faire dire à chacun ce qu'il doit dire; avec noblesse sans enflure, avec simplicité sans bassesse; faire de beaux vers qui ne sentent point le poëte, et tels que le personnage aurait dû en faire, s'il parlait en vers; c'est-là une partie des devoirs que tout auteur d'une tragédie doit remplir." Dr. J. WARTON.

* In a very old French mystery acted at Paris, 1490, in order to render the character of Judas more detestable, the

ur cost, in that short time, we find
t their itch of novelty behind. 10
ian merry-andrews took their place,
te debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace:
of wit, and humours, your delight
re to see two hobby-horses fight;
aramoucha with rush lance rode in, 15
a tilt at centaur Arlequin.
you heard how amorous asses bray'd,
in gutters gave their serenade.
was out of countenance, and each day
w-born monster shown you for a play. 20
en all fail'd, to strike the stage quite
umb,
icked engines call'd machines are come.
and lightning now for wit are play'd,
rtly scenes in Lapland will be laid:
ic is for poetry profess'd; 25
and dogs, and each obscener beast,
h Ægyptian dotards once did bow,
ir English stage are worshipp'd now.
aft reigns there, and raises to renown
and Simon Magus of the town; 30
's despised, your Jonson's out of fashion,
the only drug in all the nation.
ow ebb our wares to you are shown;
those staple authors' worth is known;
's a manufacture of your own. 35
rou, who only can, their scenes have
raised,
oldly back, and say, their price is raised.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT OXFORD, BY MRS. MARSHALL.

our poet wish'd, this happy seat
rove his fading Muse's last retreat:
r'd at his wish, but now I find
ht for quiet, and content of mind;
oiseful towns, and courts can never know, 5
y in the shades like laurels grow.
ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
returning thence concludes it best.
onder if we court that happiness
to share, which hourly you possess. 10
g e'en you, while the vex'd world we show,
ace to value more, and better know?
we can return for favours past,
holy memory shall ever last,
ronage from him whose care presides 15
ry noble art, and every science guides:
t, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
rcely more to his own Virgil owe;
ge enjoys but what his youth deserved,
those Muses whom before he served. 20

firms, that before he became acquainted with
e had assassinated the son of his king, had after-
rdered his father, and married his mother. Dr.
ON.

. *The* Italian] Apostolo Zeno had made a collec-
or thousand old Italian tragedies and comedies.
ni of Trissino, wrote in his old age, is an imita-
Menæchmi of Plautus. See Trissino's fine letter
verse prefixed to Sophonisba addressed to Leo X.
ARTON.

His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are derived to you:
Such ancient hospitality there rests
In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
Whose kindness was religion to their guests. 25
Such modesty did to our sex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown,
As might Apollo with the Muses own. 30
Till our return, we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Discord and plots, which have undone our age,
With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the stage.
Our house has suffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our sisters, all the kinder-hearted, 6
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted.
With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in English three-pence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff 's lean,
There with her single person fills the scene. 11
Another, with long use and age decay'd,
Dived here old woman, and rose there a maid.
Our trusty doorkeepers of former time
There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme. 15
Tack but a copper-lace to drugget suit,
And there 's a hero made without dispute:
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his subjects, to express the care 20
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:
Laced linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
The Scot, who wore it, would be chosen king.
But why should I these renegades describe, 25
When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Irish action slander'd English wit:
You have beheld such barbarous Macs appear,
As merited a second massacre: 30
Such as, like Cain, were branded with disgrace,
And had their country stamp'd upon their face.
When strollers durst presume to pick your purse,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
How ill soe'er our action may deserve, 35
Oxford 's a place where wit can never starve.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Though actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most:
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are allied to wit.

We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore,
Like those, who touch upon the golden shore:
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take:
Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;
Whether the applause be only sound or voice.
When our fop gallants, or our city folly,
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,
And, for their ignorance, contemn their praise.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes grossly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot;
Knows what should justly please, and what should not.
Nature herself lies open to your view;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
Where outlines false, and colours seem too faint,
Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.
But, by the sacred genius of this place,
By every Muse, by each domestic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations sued to be made free of Rome:
Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother-university.
Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

PROLOGUE

TO "ALBION AND ALBANIUS."

FULL twenty years and more, our labouring stage
Has lost, on this incorrigible age:
Our poets, the John Ketches of the nation,
Have seem'd to lash ye, even to excoriation;
But still no sign remains; which plainly notes,
You bore like heroes, or you bribed like Oates.
What can we do, when mimicking a fop,
Like beating nut-trees, makes a larger crop?
'Faith, we 'll e'en spare our pains! and, to content you,
Will fairly leave you what your Maker meant you.
Satire was once your physic, wit your food;
One nourish'd not, and t'other drew no blood:
We now prescribe, like doctors in despair,
The diet your weak appetites can bear.
Since hearty beef and mutton will not do,
Here 's julep-dance, ptisan of song and show:
Give you strong sense, the liquor is too heady;
You're come to farce,—that's asses' milk,—already.
Some hopeful youths there are, of callow wit,
Who one day may be men, if Heaven think fit;
Sound may serve such, ere they to sense are grown,
Like leading-strings, till they can walk alone.
But yet, to keep our friends in countenance, know,
The wise Italians first invented show;
Thence into France the noble pageant pass'd:
'Tis England's credit to be cozen'd last.
Freedom and zeal have choused you o'er and o'er;
Pray give us leave to bubble you once more;
You never were so cheaply fool'd before:
We bring you change, to humour your disease;
Change for the worse has ever used to please:
Then, 'tis the mode of France; without whose rules,
None must presume to set up here for fools.
In France, the oldest man is always young,
Sees operas daily, learns the tunes so long,
Till foot, hand, head, keep time with every song:
Each sings his part, echoing from pit and box,
With his hoarse voice, half harmony, half pox.
Le plus grand roi du monde is always ringing,
They show themselves good subjects by their singing:
On that condition, set up every throat;
You Whigs may sing, for you have changed your note.
Cits and citesses, raise a joyful strain,
'Tis a good omen to begin a reign;
Voices may help your charter to restoring,
And get by singing, what you lost by roaring.

Ver. 8. —— *why, our poems take:*] The pleasure properly to be expected from a good tragedy is "the pleasure that arises from pity and terror." Has Pope, in the first lines of his famous prologue to Cato, touched on this pleasure? or made this the essential business of tragedy? It is observable that in Greece the Drama was perfected in half a century; in Europe it took up 400 years to bring it to any perfection. Aristotle, in the Poetics, complains of the effeminacy of the Athenian taste, in forcing their poets to soften some of their most striking catastrophes, and diminishing the terror and τὸ φοβερὸν of their pieces. In the Trachiniæ of Sophocles, Deianira utters a sentiment that was Solon's years *before* Solon lived. Sophocles also uses the word ὑποφύζειν, long before it was framed at Athens. But the description of the chariot-race at the Isthmian games is the greatest anachronism. Dr. J. WARTON.

EPILOGUE

TO "ALBION AND ALBANIUS."

AFTER our Æsop's fable shown to-day,
I come to give the moral of the play.
Feign'd Zeal, you saw, set out the speedier pace;
But the last heat, Plain Dealing won the race:
Plain Dealing for a jewel has been known;
But ne'er till now the jewel of a crown.
When Heaven made man, to show the work divine,
Truth was his image, stamp'd upon the coin:
And when a king is to a god refined,
On all he says and does he stamps his mind:
This proves a soul without alloy, and pure;
Kings, like their gold, should every touch endure.
To dare in fields is valour; but how few
Dare be so throughly valiant,—to be true!
The name of great, let other kings affect:
He 's great indeed, the prince that is direct.
His subjects know him now, and trust him more
Than all their kings, and all their laws before.
What safety could their public acts afford!
Those he can break; but cannot break his word

trust to him alone was due;
they trusted whom so well they knew.
who walk'd on waves, securely trod,
believed the beck'ning of his God;
his faith no longer bore him out, 25
sink, as he began to doubt.
r native character maintain;
r growth, to be sincerely plain.
in truth we loyally may strive,
ege against prerogative: 30
s his faith, and we believe him just;
ur is to promise, ours to trust.
ain's basis on a word is laid,
word the world itself was made.

PROLOGUE

AGUS AND PHILICIA" REVIVED.* [BY LODOWICK ARLELL, ESQ.] SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

kly actors and an old house too,
atch'd with glorious theatres and new,
our alehouse scenes, and clothes bare
orn,
her raise old plays, nor new adorn.
se ills could not undo us quite, 5
French troop is grown your dear de-
ght;†
h broad bloody bills call you each day,
and break your buttons at their play;
me serious piece, which we presume
from some incomparable plume; 10
refore, Messieurs, if you 'll do us grace,
keys early to preserve your place.
not on your privilege intrench,
ou why you like them? they are French.
e some go with courtesy exceeding, 15
to hear nor see, but show their breeding:
ly striving to out-laugh the rest;
it seem they understood the jest.
untrymen come in, and nothing pay,
us English where to clap the play: 20
ad! our hospitable land
the charge, for them to understand:
e we languish, and neglected lie,
es, while you keep better company;
h for your own sakes, without a satire, 25
less good breeding, or had more good-
ature.

tragedy was first acted at Blackfriars in 1639, and ith success in 1690. DERRICK.
tory of Moliere reading his plays to his old servant) to see what effect they would have on her, is n. But it is not so much known, that when he a new piece to the comedians, he used to desire ring their children with them, that he might see looked, and what notice they took of any passages. nous naturalist Rohault was the person from liere drew the character of the philosopher he has l in his Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Moliere was acquainted with him. Moliere even borrowed at Rohault commonly wore, and which was of an n size, and intended to produce it upon the stage, end discovered his design, and took it out of his en Jonson is said to have known personally a could not bear any noise, from whom he exactly character of Morose. Dr. J. WARTON.

PROLOGUE

TO "DON SEBASTIAN." SPOKEN BY A WOMAN.

THE judge removed, though he 's no more my lord,
May plead at bar, or at the council-board:
So may cast poets write; there 's no pretension
To argue loss of wit from loss of pension.
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place 5
I see not one that wears a damning face.
The British nation is too brave, to show
Ignoble vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.
At last be civil to the wretch imploring;
And lay your paws upon him, without roaring. 10
Suppose our poet was your foe before,
Yet now, the business of the field is o'er;
'Tis time to let your civil wars alone,
When troops are into winter-quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian; 15
And you well know a play 's of no religion.
Take good advice and please yourselves this day;
No matter from what hands you have the play.
Among good fellows every health will pass,
That serves to carry round another glass: 20
When with full bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Though at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him still Most Christian in his wine.
Thus far the poet; but his brains grow addle,
And all the rest is purely from this noddle. 25
You have seen young ladies at the senate-door
Prefer petitions, and your grace implore;
However grave the legislators were,
Their cause went ne'er the worse for being fair.
Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps, I bring; 30
But I could bribe you with as good a thing.
I heard him make advances of good-nature;
That he, for once, would sheathe his cutting satire.
Sign but his peace, he vows he 'll ne'er again
The sacred names of fops and beaus profane. 35
Strike up the bargain quickly; for I swear,
As times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard on him with statutes neither;
Be kind; and do not set your teeth together,
To stretch the laws, as cobblers do their leather. 40
Horses by Papists are not to be ridden,
But sure the Muses' horse was ne'er forbidden;
For in no rate-book it was ever found
That Pegasus was valued at five pound;
Fine him to daily drudging and inditing: 45
And let him pay his taxes out in writing.

PROLOGUE

TO "THE PROPHETESS."* [BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.] REVIVED BY MR. DRYDEN. SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art, can guess
The fate of our approaching Prophetess?

* The Prophetess, or the History of Diocletian, was revived in 1690, with alterations and additions, after the manner of an opera, by Mr. Betterton, and not by Dryden,

A play, which, like a perspective set right,
Presents our vast expenses close to sight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view 5
Our distant gains; and those uncertain too:
A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise. 10
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow sated, ere the second sight.
False men, e'en so you serve your mistresses: 15
They rise three stories in their towering dress;
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er. 20
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack-boots, and Bilbo blade,
Your silver goes, that should support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our stage to mourn; 25
'Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return;
And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter, and his usquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes;
Men without hearts, and women without hose. 30
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows, 35
And furnish all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights;
We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whose only sake
Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away, 41
With your propitious presence grace our play;
And with a sigh their empty seats survey:
Then think, on that bare bench my servant sat;
I see him ogle still, and hear him chat; 45
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dumb-founding.
Their loss with patience we will try to bear;
And would do more, to see you often here:
That our dead stage, revived by your fair eyes, 50
Under a female regency may rise.

as Langbaine, who is generally pretty exact, asserts. Our author only wrote the prologue, and that was forbid by the Earl of Dorset, then Lord Chamberlain, after the first day of its being spoken. King William was at this time prosecuting the war in Ireland, which is alluded to in these lines:

> 'Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return;
> And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
> His firkin-butter, and his usquebaugh.

"This prologue," says Colley Cibber in his Apology, "had some familiar metaphorical sneers at the Revolution itself; and as the poetry of it was good, the offence of it was less pardonable."

> Go, conquerors of your male and female foes,
> Men without hearts, and women without hose.
> DERRICK.

PROLOGUE

TO THE "MISTAKES."*

Enter MR. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on, without a frontispiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet, snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

Enter MR. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience: here's honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own or something like one. Oh, here he comes to his trial, at all adventures; for my part I wish him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt* MR. BRIGHT *and* MR. BOWEN.

Enter MR. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, sirs, save ye! I am in a hopeful way.
I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the deuce take me, if I know what to say.
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the last drop of claret, in my belly.
So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting:
And, if my verses' feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which, though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Cork.
But, for this play—(which till I have done, we show not)
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.
This I dare swear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things; even of wit.
He's no high-flier; he makes no sky-rockets,
His squibs are only levell'd at your pockets,
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himself.
By this time, I'm something recover'd of my fluster'd madness:
And now a word or two in sober sadness.
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price; just half-a-crown.
You'll say, I play the pimp, on my friend's score;
But since 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er:
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this, you cry? an actor write? we know it;
But Shakspeare was an actor, and a poet.
Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd?
But Shakspeare's greater genius still prevail'd.
Have not some writing actors, in this age,
Deserved and found success upon the stage?

* The Mistakes, or False Reports, was not written, but, according to G. Jacob, spoiled by Joseph Harris, a comedian, who dedicated it to Mr. afterwards Sir Godfrey Kneller. It was acted in 1690. DERRICK.

l the truth, when our old wits are tired,
ıe of us but means to be inspired.
ur kind presence grace our homely cheer;
and the butt is all our business here: 35
ch for that; and the devil take small beer.

PROLOGUE

"KING ARTHUR," SPOKEN BY MR. DETTERTON.

here's a dearth of wit in this dull town,
silly plays so savourily go down;
en clipp'd money passes, 'tis a sign
ɔn is not over-stock'd with coin.
is he, who, in his own defence, 5
ite just level to your humble sense;
igher than your pitch can never go;
oubtless, he must creep, who writes below.
e I seen, in hall of knight, or lord,
t arm throw on a long shovel-board; 10
ely lays his piece, bar rubs and knocks,
d by weakness not to reach the box.
le poet will his business do,
training all he can, comes up to you:
you like yourselves, you like him too. 15
his own dear image will embrace;
y beau adores a hatchet face:
ne of you, on pure instinct of nature,
l, by kind, to admire your fellow creature.
of which, our house has sent this day, 20
ure our new-built vessel, call'd a play;
ɔner named, than one cries out,—These stagers
in good time, to make more work for wagers.
wn divides, if it will take or no;
urtiers bet, the cits, the merchants, too; 25
they have but little else to do.
the first, were fool-traps; where the wise,
iders, lay in ambush for the flies:
w they're grown a common trade for all,
tions by the new-book rise and fall; 30
heats, and fops, are free of Wager-hall.
licy as far as Lyons carries;
r, nearer home, sets up for Paris.
s, at last, would even to Rome extend,
t the pope has proved our trusty friend. 35
it were a bargain worth our money,
ve ensure another Ottoboni.
the rest there are a sharping set,
ay for us, and yet against us bet.
eaven itself is at a loss to know 40
would have their prayers be heard, or no:
great stakes, we piously suppose,
y but very faintly they may lose.
f these wagers; for, in conscience speaking,
y needs not your new tricks for breaking:
you gallants lose, to all appearing, 46
want an equipage for volunteering;
hus, no spark of honour left within ye,
ou should draw the sword, you draw the guinea.

EPILOGUE

TO "HENRY II." [BY MR MOUNTFORT, 1693.] SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the sad catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they say;
But English manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver: 5
Fair Rosamond was but her nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With such a mistress, or with such a wife?
If one must be your choice, which d' ye approve,
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love? 10
Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife;
Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest whoring Harry in the play?
I guess your minds: the mistress would be taken, 15
And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
After a year, poor spouse is left i' the lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-Church. 20
Or, if the name of Church comes cross your mind,
Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
The playhouse is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many, 25
Would buy of me a pen'orth for your penny.
E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a shift my portion to provide,
With some small perquisites I have beside.
Though for your love, perhaps, I should not care, 30
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
And fear the poison that would make me swell.

PROLOGUE

TO "ALBUMAZAR."

To say, this comedy pleased long ago,
Is not enough to make it pass you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit;
When few men censured, and when fewer writ.
And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this, 5
As the best model of his master-piece.
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchymist by this Astrologer;
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose
He liked the fashion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould; 11
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
But this our age such authors does afford, 15
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one word:

Ver. 15. —— *the mistress would be taken,*
And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.]
The incident of Lady Easy's throwing her handkerchief over Sir Charles's head, whilst he was sleeping, seems to have been taken from the Memoirs of Bassompierre, concerning a Count d'Orgevillier and his mistress, tom. ii. p. 6., 1728, at Amsterdam. Dr. J. WARTON.

Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what 's their plunder, their possession call:
Who, like bold padders, scorn by night to prey,
But rob by sunshine, in the face of day: 20
Nay, scarce the common ceremony use
Of, Stand, sir, and deliver up your Muse;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegasus before the author's face.
Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad, 25
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modest, could it but be said,
They strip the living, but these rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,
And make love to them the Ægyptian way; 30
Or, as a rhyming author would have said,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in Poetry may claim some part:
They have the licence, though they want the art;
And might, where theft was praised, for Laureats stand, 35
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others studying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own, when once he has spit i' the porridge. 40
But, gentlemen, you 're all concern'd in this;
You are in fault for what they do amiss:
For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,
And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your decree, 45
They should refund; but that can never be.
For should you letters of reprisal seal,
These men write that which no man else would steal.

AN EPILOGUE.

You saw our wife was chaste, yet throughly tried,
And, without doubt, you 're hugely edified;
For, like our hero, whom we show'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of show: 5
Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow:
But 'twas Heaven knows how many years ago.
Now some small chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In comedy your little selves you meet; 10
'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-street.
Smile on our author then, if he has shown
A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,
Who act those follies, Poets toil to write! 15
The sweating Muse does almost leave the chace;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To some new frisk of contrariety.
You roll like snow-balls, gathering as you run, 20
And get seven devils, when dispossess'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
But every inch of her you now uncase,
And clap a vizard-mask upon the face. 25
For sins like these, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating pestilences
Watch, every twenty years, to snap offences.
Saturn, e'en now, takes doctoral degrees;
He 'll do your work this summer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preserve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they show:
The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets pray:
For every critic saved, thou damn'st a play.

EPILOGUE

TO "THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD."*

Like some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit
So trembles a young Poet at a full pit.
Unused to crowds, the Parson quakes for fear.
And wonders how the devil he durst come there
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, some learning, and some little grace
Nor is the puny Poet void of care;
For authors, such as our new authors are,
Have not much learning, nor much wit to spare;
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there 's scarce one
But has as little as the very Parson:
Both say, they preach and write for your instruction:
But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.
The difference is, that though you like the play,
The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
But with the Parson 'tis another case,
He, without holiness, may rise to grace;
The Poet has one disadvantage more,
That, if his play be dull, he 's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.
But dulness well becomes the sable garment;
I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's preferment:
Wit 's not his business, and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 'tis not so much yours as you suppose.
For you like nothing now but nauseous beaux.
You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
At what his beauship says, but what he wears;
So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears:
The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,
The wit lies in the dress, and monstrous muff.
The truth on 't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our absent author hope,
He should equip the stage with such a fop:

* This comedy was written by John Dryden, Jun., our author's second son. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields in 1696. DERRICK.

Ver. 15. *The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.*] Dryden did not receive for his plays from the bookseller above 20l. The third night brought about 70l. The Dedication fetch'd ten guineas perhaps. Tonson paid Sir Richard Steele for Addison's Drummer, 50l., 1715. And Dr. Young received 50l. for his Revenge, 1721. Southerne, for his Spartan Dame, in 1722, had 120l., and now it is 100l. and 150l. There were plays on Sundays till the third year of Charles the First's reign. Otway had but one benefit for a play. Southerne was the first who had two benefits from a new representation. Farquhar had three for Constant Couple in 1700. Three of Ben Jonson's plays, Sejanus, Catiline, and the New Inne, and two of Beaumont and Fletcher's, viz., The Faithful Shepherdess, and the Knight of the Burning Pestle, were damned the first night. Even the Silent Woman had like to have been condemned. Dr. J. WARTON.

in England, and new fools arise,
he immortal species never dies,
ar new maggots make new flies.
o lives abroad, he scarce can find
million that he left behind.

PROLOGUE

IM,"* REVIVED FOR OUR AUTHOR'S BENEFIT, ANNO 1700.

d is the fate of those who write!
zled to the stage, for fear they bite.
Tom Dove, they stand the common

e critic, baited by the beau.
eir brother Poets damn the Play,
loudest, though they never pay.
proud of scandal, for they cry,
d, low character—That 's I.
es letters to himself, would swear,
rgot him, if he was not there.
a Poet do? 'Tis hard for one
ll the fools that would be shown:
two in ten will pass the town.
bs are not of the laughing kind;
make a fop, than fops can find.
rus, though he never took degrees
ur universities;
wn by some kind wit he looks,
ay'd the fool, and writ three books.
uld be worth a Poet's pen,
nore a fool, and write again:
rmer fustian stuff he wrote,
n doggrel, or is quite forgot;
z, stript of his Hebrew robe,
overb, and as poor as Job.
ve thought he could no longer jog;
as a level, Job 's a bog.
he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
ounders in, and sinks down right.
red us, and been dull by rule,
t been turn'd to ridicule:
Briton, without fear or awe,
ace the whole Apocrypha;
alms with rhymes, and leaves no room
al Hopkins yet to come.
f, after all, this godly gear
eless as it would appear;
nk has laid a deeper train,
Merry Andrew's noble vein,
ects to draw 'em in again.
rs, in epic song he deals,
rumbling of his coach's wheels,
aste, and seldom kills by rule,
mphant between stool and stool.
n go; 'tis yet too early day,
f a place in farce or play.
y what name we should arraign him,
egory can contain him;

th alterations by Sir John Vanbrugh, and
e, together with this prolonge and an
by our author, was revived for his benefit
e being at that time in as declining a state
y were both spoken by Mr. Cibber, then a
much to Dryden's satisfaction. DERRICK.

A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one ass's back:
At last grown wanton, he presumed to write,
Traduced two kings, their kindness to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

EPILOGUE

TO "THE PILGRIM."*

PERHAPS the parson stretch'd a point too far,
When with our Theatres he waged a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Received the first infection from the Stage.
But sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught,
The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodged (as vice by great example thrives)
It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The Poets, who must live by courts, or starve,
Were proud so good a government to serve;
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
Tainted the Stage, for some small snip of gain.
For they, like harlots, under bawds profess'd,
Took all the ungodly pains, and got the least.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court, its head, the Poets but the tail.
The sin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
The scandal of the sin was wholly new.
Misses they were, but modestly conceal'd;
Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd.
Who standing as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
The strumpet was adored with rites divine.
Ere this, if saints had any secret motion,
'Twas chamber-practice all, and close devotion.
I pass the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compared with one foul act of fornication.
Now, they would silence us, and shut the door,
That let in all the barefaced vice before.
As for reforming us, which some pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we shall never mend.
Yet, if you can but bear the present Stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you say, if we should first begin
To stop the trade of love behind the scene:
Where actresses make bold with married men?
For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
In short, we 'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be some remains,
While you have still your Oates, and we our Hains.

* Dryden in this epilogue labours to throw the fault of the licentiousness of dramatic writers, which had been so severely censured by the Rev. Jeremy Collier, upon the example of a court returned from banishment, accompanied by all the vices and follies of foreign climates; and whom to please was the poet's business, as he wrote to eat. DERRICK.

TRANSLATIONS FROM

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS, AND HORACE.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND MISCELLANY.

For this last half year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of translation. The cold prose fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in THE HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE; the hot which succeeded them, in this volume of Verse Miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself, a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm; never suspecting but the humour would have wasted itself in two or three pastorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myself to renew my old aquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking; but there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occasion of it. It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse; which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in Poetry is like a seeming demonstration in the Mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discovered some beauty yet undiscovered by those pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English; and where I have enlarged them, I desire the false critics would not always think, that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life, where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcase would be to his living body. There are many, who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the

English are known to few: 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust, which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English Poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subjects, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough Poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet, whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different: yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter,* that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself, more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable: who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears, whose sense it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the others, all Synalœphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word; so that minding only smoothness, he wants both variety and majesty. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of Synalœphas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles; he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness He shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, (which is the vice of Lucan). I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words

* Sir P. Lely.

are only to be found in him; and where they are proper they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the Æneids: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line is impossible; because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Besides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a translator has not; he is confined by the sense of the inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it: so that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a translator cannot render without circumlocutions. In short, they, who have called him the torture of grammarians, might also have called him the plague of translators: for he seems to have studied not to be translated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able, I have performed that Episode too literally; that, giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that version which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself, is only that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So that, methinks, I come like a malefactor, to make a speech upon the gallows, and to warn all other poets, by my sad example, from the sacrilege of translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well, as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue; which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty: nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the hastiness of my performance, would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him: and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better: at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse. They are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press; the second is this:—

"When Lausus died, I was already slain."

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinced, for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

"Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
As I had used my fortune use thou thine."

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of

Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who, as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneids. The turn of his verse he has likewise followed, in those places which Lucretius has most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmsbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists urging for them, whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this, too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical, as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations, which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And, accordingly, I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for awhile, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: so that 'tis hope of futurity alone, that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be uncapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniences of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the *Prosopopeia* of Nature, who is

brought in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful or unworthy of my author: at least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

It is true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my Englishing the Nature of Love,* from the fourth book of Lucretius: and I can less easily answer why I translated it, than why I thus translated it. The objection arises from the obscenity of the subject; which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verses. In the first place, without the least formality of an excuse, I own it pleased me: and let my enemies make the worst they can of this confession: I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my author's antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most philosophical account both of the disease and remedy, which I ever found in any author: for which reasons I translated him. But it will be asked why I turned him into this luscious English? for I will not give it a worse word. Instead of an answer, I would ask again of my supercilious adversaries, whether I am not bound, when I translate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to translate him to the best advantage? If, to mince his meaning, which I am satisfied was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wronged him; and that freeness of thought and words being thus cashiered in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, physicians must not study nature, anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I could say of particular passages in books, which, to avoid profaneness, I do not name. But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my author's were to instruct as well as please. It is most certain that barefaced bawdry is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable. If I should say otherwise, I should have two great authorities against me. The one is the Essay on Poetry, which I publicly valued before I knew the author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Roscommon so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse: the other is no less than our admired Cowley, who says the same thing in other words; for in his Ode concerning Wit he writes thus of it

> "Much less can that have any place,
> At which a virgin hides her face
> Such dross the fire must purge away; 'tis just
> The author blush, there, where the reader must."

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay: for he asserts plainly, that obscenity has no place in wit: the other only says, 'tis a poor pretence to wit, or an ill sort of wit, which has nothing more to support it than bare-faced ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in itself, and fulsome to the reader. But neither of these will reach my case: for in the first place, I am only the translator, not the inventor; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me; in the next place, neither he nor I have used the grossest words, but the cleanest metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part no farther, than the philosophical exacted.

There are a sort of blundering, half-witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a verbal slip; though Horace would instruct them better in true criticism:

> "—— non ego paucis
> Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
> Aut humana parum cavit natura."

True judgment in poetry, like that in painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the faults, concludes for the poet against the little judge. It is a sign that malice is hard driven, when it is forced to lay hold on a word or syllable: to arraign a man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midst of an ill-natured generation of scribblers, there is always justice enough left in mankind, to protect good writers: and they too are obliged, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each other's cause against false critics, who are the common enemies.

This last consideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the ingenious and learned translator of

* Omitted in the present edition.

Lucretius. I have not here designed to rob him of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he used my method in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference. then, is justly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this Poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman shall quickly be dispatched, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes: he shows his art and learning by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's Aminta and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts: but Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, *mai esce del bosco;* that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid; he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess in her country russet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spenser has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Kalendar; but neither will it succeed in English; for which reason I forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my translations to our ladies, who neither understand nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions.

I proceed to Horace. Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be considered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satirist, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for let his Dutch commentators say what they will, his philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of gods and providence, only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms, which are the most instructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's (if to laugh and rally is to be preferred to railing and declaiming), are no part of my present undertaking, I confine myself wholly to his Odes. These are also of several sorts: some of them are panegyrical, others moral, the rest jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his master. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of verse, or stanza, in every Ode. That which will distinguish his style from all other Poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing so delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or, to speak English, in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil's; but there seems to be a greater spirit in them. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in Petronius is called *Curiosa Felicitas*, and which I suppose he had from the *feliciter audere* of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be, his briskness, his jollity, and his good humour; and those I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confess, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleased me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindaric Verse: it is that, which is inscribed to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my master-piece in

English: for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread: but it has not been considered enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom, to keep the rest in countenance, I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of the English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it, than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's Paradise Lost is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongst his elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes, for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry.

Since Pindar was the prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to say, that, in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be Lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verse can never be complete: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explained myself as to be understood; but if I have not, *quod nequeo dicere, et sentio tantum*, must be my excuse.

There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restored by one man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise, in another age may bring it to perfection. In the meantime,

> "—— Fungar vice cotis, acutum
> Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi."

I hope it will not be expected from me that I should say anything of my fellow undertakers in this Miscellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without suspicion of partiality: others, I am sure, need it not; and the rest I have not perused.

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely: I fear I have been tedious, and which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuse; for it may be reasonably urged, why he did not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my case) why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable; but, in part of recompense, let me assure the reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an author's present sense, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguised. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment, in these uncorrect Essays, and consequently, though my hazard be the greater yet the reader's pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS.

AMARYLLIS:

THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS, PARAPHRASED.

yllis love compels my way,
zing goats upon the mountains stray:
s, tend them well, and see them fed
ess fresh, and to their watering led;
e the ridgling with his budding head. 5
teous nymph! can you forget your love,
cious grottos, and the shady grove;
tretch'd at ease your tender limbs were
id,
neless beauties nakedly display'd?
as call'd your darling, your desire, 10
ses such as set my soul on fire:
are changed, yet I am still the same;
t maintains for both a double flame;
but unmoved, and patient of your scorn:
ul I, and you so much forsworn! 15
d death will finish all my pain;
I die, behold me once again:
much deform'd, so changed of late?
rtial judges are our love and hate!
lings have I gather'd for my dear; 20
ldy like your lips their streaks appear!
ou view'd them with a longing eye
e topmost branch (the tree was high):
bly up, from bough to bough I swerved,
to-morrow have ten more reserved. 25
me kindly, and some pity show,
me leave at least to look on you.
d transform me by his heavenly power
a bee to buzz within your bower,
ding ivy-chaplet to invade, 30
led fern, that your fair forehead shade.
my cost the force of love I find;
vy hand it bears on human kind.
k of tigers was his infant food,
rom his tender years the taste of blood; 35
ther whelps and he ran wild about the
ood.
ph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
the sufferings of your slaves your sport!
ed ruin! treacherous delight!
h'd hardness, soften'd to the sight! 40
adiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
idnight those, and these like break of
orn!
ice again, revive me with your charms;
me die contented in your arms.
not ask to live another day, 45
but sweetly kiss my soul away.

Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kisses are but empty when compared.
I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
The garland, which I wove for you to wear, 50
Of parsley, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a rosy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpitied and unheard!
Since I must die, why is my fate deferr'd!
I strip my body of my shepherd's frock: 55
Behold that dreadful downfal of a rock,
Where yon old fisher views the waves from high!
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleased to see me plunge to shore,
But better pleased if I should rise no more. 60
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, seeking my success in love to know,
I tried the infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow; 65
Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And, which was worse, if any worse could prove,
The withering leaf foreshow'd your withering love.
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My last recourse I had to sieve and shears; 70
And told the witch Agreo my disease:
(Agreo, that in harvest used to lease:
But harvest done, to chare-work did aspire;
Meat, drink, and two-pence was her daily hire,)
To work she went, her charms she mutter'd o'er, 75
And yet the resty sieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the testy beldame swore,
And, foaming with her god, foretold my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide; 80
Two milk-white kids run frisking by her side,
For which the nut-brown lass, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a savoury kiss.
Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price:
What madman would o'erstand his market twice! 85
My right eye itches, some good luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll set up such a note as she shall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice would move? 90
She must be flint, if she refuse my love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife
To win his lady, or to lose his life,
(What shift some men will make to get a wife!)
Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haste she could not choose but stay:
Renown said, Run; the glittering bribe cried, Hold; 95
The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
Yet some suppose 'twas love (some few indeed)
That stopp'd the fatal fury of her speed:
She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble feet refuse 100
Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose.

[. —— *and these like* break of morn!] "And
s the *break of day*."—*Shakspeare.* JOHN WARTON.

A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,
(No matter which, so neither of them lie)
From steepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love: 105
If such another wager should be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, when Love extended finds
His power on high, and in celestial minds?
Venus the shepherd's homely habit took, 110
And managed something else besides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How blest was fair Endymion with his moon,
Who sleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jason from Medea's love possess'd, 115
You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.
My aching head can scarce support the pain;
This cursèd love will surely turn my brain:
Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity; 120
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy sweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urged with iron sleep;
I lay me down to gasp my latest breath,
The wolves will get a breakfast by my death; 125
Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
For love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS.

FROM THE EIGHTEENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did resort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
There hand in hand a comely choir they led; 5
To find a blessing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted flowers bespread.
Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must be,
And Jove himself was less a god than he:
For this their artful hands instruct the lute to sound, 10
Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the ground.
This was their song: Why, happy bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky,
Ere twilight shades, or evening dews are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to bed? 15
Has Somnus brush'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous god?
If gentle slumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to sleep) 20
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowsy drone,
Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play
At sports more harmless till the break of day:
Give us this evening; thou hast morn and night, 25
And all the year before thee, for delight.
Oh, happy youth! to thee, among the crowd
Of rival princes, Cupid sneezed aloud;
And every lucky omen sent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan shore. 30
Of all our heroes thou canst boast alone.
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee son:
Betwixt two sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So soft, so sweet, so balmy and so fair. 35
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl like her must be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelve score viragos of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend, 40
And there in manly exercise contend,
When she appears, are all eclipsed and lost,
And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
So, when the night and winter disappear,
The purple morning, rising with the year, 45
Salutes the spring, as her celestial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the skies:
So beauteous Helen shines among the rest,
Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn, 50
Or as Thessalian steeds the race adorn;
So rosy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beside.
Like her no nymph can willing osiers bend
In basket-works, which painted streaks commend:
With Pallas in the loom she may contend. 55
But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute strings with vocal souls inspire:
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaste Diana bathing in the stream; 60
None can record their heavenly praise so well
As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand Cupids dwell.
Oh, fair, oh, graceful! yet with maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's sun a matron shall behold!
Yet ere to-morrow's sun shall show his head, 65
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return,
As bleating lambs their absent mother mourn.
Our noblest maids shall to thy name bequeath 70
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauties' due,
High on a plane-tree shall be hung to view:
On the smooth rind the passenger shall see
Thy name engraved, and worship Helen's tree: 75
Balm, from a silver box distill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the sacred ground.
The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, son-in-law to Jove! 80
With fruitful joys Latona bless your love!
Let Venus furnish you with full desires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires!
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy store,
Give much to you, and to his grandsons more! 85
From generous loins a generous race will spring.
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.
Now sleep, if sleep you can; but while you rest,
Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to breast.
Rise in the morn; but oh! before you rise, 90
Forget not to perform your morning sacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd flock.
Hymen, O Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in battle won. 95

E DESPAIRING LOVER.

E TWENTY-THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

spicious love, a wretched swain
ıe fairest nymph of all the plain;
leed, but prouder far than fair,
ed him hopeless in a deep despair:
nly form too haughtily she prized, 5
hated, and his gifts despised;
the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
his awful power on human hearts;
from her hopeless lover fled,
sdainful glances shot him dead. 10
o look, to cheer the drooping boy;
he spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.
unted panther casts about
g eyes, and pricks her listening ears to
ut,
shun his toils, her cares employ'd, 15
ly in her savage freedom joy'd.
h she writhed, her forehead taught to
wn,
to sparkle fires to love unknown:
cheeks her envious mind did show,
feature spoke aloud the curstness of a
ew. 20
not he his obvious fate escape;
till dress'd her in a pleasing shape;
sullen frown, and bitter scorn,
l the fuel that too fast did burn.
, unequal to his mighty pain, 25
to curb it, but he strove in vain:
s woes broke out, and begg'd relief
s, the dumb petitioners of grief:
s so tender, as adorn'd his love,
heart, but only her's, would move. 30
g before her bolted doors he stood,
e pour'd out the unprofitable flood:
is eyes, and haggard was his look;
sing first the threshold, thus he spoke.
nph, more cruel than of human race! 35
ss heart belies thy angel face:
thou show'st thy pedigree from stone:
dame's was the first by Pyrrha thrown:
thou to be so long desired;
y love, and so my fate required. 40
now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
this gift, the last that I can give.
ıdly cord shall soon decide the strife
ny lingering love and loathsome life:
nent puts an end to all my pain; 45
more despair, nor thou disdain.
ungrateful and unkind! I go
'd by thee to those sad shades below.
extremest remedy to prove,
oblivion, and to drench my love: 50
ppily to lose my long desires:
what draught so deep to quench my fires?
ye never-opening gates, ye stones,
shold guilty of my midnight moans!
What I have suffer'd here ye know too well; 55
What I shall do the gods and I can tell.
The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And whiter snow in minutes melts away: 60
Such is your blooming youth, and withering so:
The time will come, it will, when you shall know
The rage of love; your haughty heart shall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh! hear at least 65
My dying prayers, and grant my last request.
When first you ope your doors, and, passing by,
The sad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay;
The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey: 70
Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
I wish (but oh! my wish is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear:
Then loose the knot, and take me from the place, 75
And spread your mantle o'er my grisly face;
Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss:
Oh, envy not the dead, they feel not bliss!
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath;
E'en you are not more pitiless than death. 80
Then for my corpse a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public scorn may hide.
Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breast,
And hail me thrice to everlasting rest:
Last let my tomb this sad inscription bear: 85
A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried here;
O passengers, Aminta's eyes beware.
Thus having said, and furious with his love,
He heaved with more than human force to move
A weighty stone (the labour of a team) 90
And raised from thence he reach'd the neighbouring beam:
Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose:
Then spurning backward, took a swing, till death
Crept up, and stopp'd the passage of his breath. 95
The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful fair
Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his quivering feet in air;
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless by:
And, as she pass'd, her chance of fate was such, 100
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was sacred to the god of Love;
Whose injured image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatening from a pedestal on high: 105
Nodding awhile, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling crush'd the ungrateful nymph below;
Her gushing blood the pavement all besmear'd;
And this her last expiring voice was heard;
Lovers, farewell, revenge has reach'd my scorn; 110
Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love return.

TRANSLATIONS FROM LUCRETIUS.

THE BEGINNING OF

THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

DELIGHT of human kind, and gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whose vital power, air, earth, and sea supplies,
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling skies;
For every kind, by thy prolific might, 5
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flowers is dress'd;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast; 10
And heaven itself with more serene and purer light is bless'd.
For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display'd,
When teeming buds, and cheerful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year: 15
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess;
Then savage beasts bound o'er their slighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea: 20
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain,
The leafy forest, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontroll'd and boundless reign. 25
Through all the living regions dost thou move,
And scatter'st, where thou go'st, the kindly seeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power; since nothing new can spring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear, 30
Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal lay 35
Of heaven and earth, and every where thy wondrous power display:
To Memmius, under thy sweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.
The rather then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing verses worthy him and thee. 40
Meantime on land and sea let barbarous discord cease,
And lull the listening world in universal peace.
To thee mankind their soft repose must owe;
For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;
Because the brutal business of the war 45
Is managed by thy dreadful servant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleasing pains of thy eternal love;
And, panting on thy breast, supinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd eyes; 50
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns restored to life, and plunged in pleasing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involved and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wishing all, he nothing can deny, 55
Thy charms in that auspicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world restore.

THE BEGINNING OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shore
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far 5
The moving legions mingled in the war.
But much more sweet thy labouring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,
And all the magazines of learning fortified:
From thence to look below on human kind, 10
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For wit and power; their last endeavours bend
To outshine each other, waste their time and health
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth. 15
Oh, wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Inclosed with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span; and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires, with more than nature needs!
For nature wisely stints our appetite, 20
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight:
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears, obtain;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural desires, 25
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfied.
If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
To light the costly suppers and the balls;
If the proud palace shines not with the state 30
Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tuned harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;

the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
cool stream our careless limbs are laid; 35
heaper pleasures innocently bless'd,
the warm spring with gaudy flowers is
dress'd.
ll the raging fever's fire abate,
olden canopies and beds of state:
poor patient will as soon be sound 40
hard mattress, or the mother ground.
nce our bodies are not eased the more
h, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
in, these useless toys of every kind
e can relieve the labouring mind: 45
we could suppose the dreadful sight
hall'd legions moving to the fight,
with their sound and terrible army,
ur fears, and drive the thoughts of death
away.
ice the supposition vain appears, 50
linging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
with sounds to be affrighted thence,
the midst of pomp pursue the prince,
ed by arms, but in the presence bold,
t respect to purple, or to gold; 55
ould not we these pageantries despise;
worth but in our want of reason lies?
is all in wandering errors led;
t as children are surprised with dread,
mble in the dark, so riper years 60
broad daylight are possess'd with fears;
ake at shadows fanciful and vain,
e which in the breasts of children reign.
ugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
of outward sunshine can dispel; 65
ure and right reason must display
eams abroad, and bring the darksome soul
to day.

THE LATTER PART OF THE

IRD BOOK OF LUCRETIUS;

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

as this bugbear death to frighten man,
can die, as well as bodies can?
before our birth we felt no pain,
Punic arms infested land and main,
heaven and earth were in confusion hurl'd,
debated empire of the world,
awed with dreadful expectation lay,
be slaves, uncertain who should sway:
n our mortal flame shall be disjoin'd,
less lump uncoupled from the mind, 10
ense of grief and pain we shall be free;
ll not *feel*, because we shall not *be*.
earth in seas, and seas in heaven were
lost,
uld not move, we only should be toss'd.
n suppose, when we have suffer'd fate, 15
l could feel in her divided state,
that to us? for we are only *we*
ouls and bodies in one frame agree.
ough our atoms should revolve by chance,
atter leap into the former dance; 20
Though time our life and motion could restore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pause is made, 25
That individual being is decay'd.
We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom of our matter time shall mould anew. 30
For backward if you look on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, toss'd and variously combined
In sundry shapes, 'tis easy for the mind
From thence to infer, that seeds of things have been 35
In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandering motions from the sense are fled. 40
For whosoe'er shall in misfortunes live,
Must *be*, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the man who *is* not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear) 45
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pause of life has come between,
'Tis just the same as we had never been.
And therefore if a man bemoan his lot,
That after death his mouldering limbs shall rot, 50
Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his mass,
Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking ass.
A secret sting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own cast offals kind.
He boasts no sense can after death remain; 55
Yet makes himself a part of life again;
As if some other *He* could feel the pain.
If, while we live, this thought molest his head,
What wolf or vulture shall devour me dead?
He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can 60
Distinguish 'twixt the body and the man;
But thinks himself can still himself survive;
And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other *He*, 65
No living *He* remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless carcase to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By birds, and beasts, then why not so to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd, 70
Imbalm'd to be at once preserved and choked;
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Exposed to cold and heaven's inclemency;
Or crowded in a tomb to be oppress'd
With monumental marble on thy breast? 75
But to be snatch'd from all the household joys,
From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
And climbing for a kiss prevent their mother's haste,
Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast; 80
Ah! these shall be no more: thy friends oppress'd
Thy care and courage now no more shall free;
Ah! wretch, thou criest, ah! miserable me!
One woful day sweeps children, friends, and wife.
And all the brittle blessings of my life! 85
Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true;
Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too:

Which, well consider'd, were a quick relief
To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again, 90
And, quitting life, shall quit thy living pain.
But we, thy friends, shall all those sorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind;
No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.
The worst that can befal thee, measured right, 95
Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the wits,
Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the fresh garlands on their foreheads glow, 100
They whine, and cry, Let us make haste to live,
Short are the joys that human life can give.
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the god, that never thinks, with thought;
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst, 105
Or any fond desire as vain as these.
For, even in sleep, the body, wrapt in ease,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave. 110
Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the first atoms then, the seeds of breath,
Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety, 115
Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
For then our atoms, which in order lay,
Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pause of life has left an empty space. 120
And last, suppose great Nature's voice should call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
"What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more? 125
For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
If all the bounteous blessings, I could give,
Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
And pleasure not leak'd through thee like a sieve;
Why dost thou not give thanks, as at a plenteous feast, 130
Cramm'd to the throat with life, and rise and take thy rest?
But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,
If indigested joys pass'd through, and would not stay,
Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?
If life be grown a load, a real ill, 135
And I would all thy cares and labours end,
Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend.
To please thee, I have emptied all my store,
I can invent, and can supply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before. 140
Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet still the self-same scene of things appears,
And would be ever, could'st thou ever live;
For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give."
What can we plead against so just a bill? 145
We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.
But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,
She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
"Be still, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of pain."
But if an old decrepit sot lament; 151
"What thou (she cries) who hast out-lived content!
Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my store?
But this is still the effect of wishing more.
Unsatisfied with all that Nature brings; 155
Loathing the present, liking absent things;
From hence it comes, thy vain desires, at strife
Within themselves, have tantalised thy life,
And ghastly death appear'd before thy sight,
Ere thou hast gorged thy soul and senses with delight. 160
Now leave those joys, unsuiting to thy age,
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage."
Is Nature to be blamed if thus she chide?
No sure; for 'tis her business to provide
Against this ever-changing frame's decay, 165
New things to come, and old to pass away.
One being, worn, another being makes;
Changed, but not lost; for Nature gives and takes:
New matter must be found for things to come,
And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's doom. 170
All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;
And from each other's ruin are begot;
For life is not confined to him or thee:
'Tis given to all for use, to none for property.
Consider former ages past and gone, 175
Whose circles ended long ere thine begun,
Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou hast!
Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate? 180
No ghost, no goblins, that still passage keep;
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.
For all the dismal tales, that Poets tell,
Are verified on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye, 185
Or dreads the impending rock to crush him from on high:
But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy hours,
Or vain imagined wrath of vain imagined powers.
No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell;
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell 190
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal:
Not though his monstrous bulk had cover'd o'er
Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more;
Not though the globe of earth had been the giant's floor.
Nor in eternal torments could he lie; 195
Nor could his corpse sufficient food supply.
But he's the Tityus, who by love oppress'd,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest.
The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife 200
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the government, disturb the laws:
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign seat. 205
For still to aim at power, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but, in reason's true account,
To heave the stone against the rising mount?
Which urged, and labour'd, and forced up with pain, 210
Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes along the plain.
Then still to treat thy ever-craving mind
With every blessing, and of every kind,

r fill thy ravening appetite;
years and seasons vary thy delight, 215
ing to be seen of all the store,
the wolf within thee barks for more;
he fable's moral, which they tell
oolish virgins damn'd in hell
vessels, which the liquor spill; 220
ls of their sex, which none could ever fill.
e dog, the furies, and their snakes,
my caverns, and the burning lakes,
the vain infernal trumpery,
ither are, nor were, nor e'er can be. 225
on earth the guilty have in view
hty pains to mighty mischiefs due;
risons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke;
, and most, if these were cast behind, 230
nging horror of a conscious mind,
leadly fear anticipates the blow,
s no end of punishment and woe;
s for more, at the last gasp of breath:
kes a hell on earth, and life a death. 235
e when thoughts of death disturb thy head;
r, Ancus, great and good, is dead;
hy better far, was born to die;
u, dost thou bewail mortality?
monarchs, with their mighty state, 240
led the world, were over-ruled by fate.
ughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
ose stupendous bridge did the wild waves
estrain,
they foam'd, in vain they threaten'd
vreck,
is proud legions march'd upon their back:)
ath, a greater monarch, overcame; 245
ared his guards the more, for their im-
mortal name.
man chief, the Carthaginian dread,
he thunderbolt of war, is dead,
e a common slave, by fate in triumph led.
nders of invented arts are lost; 250
s, who made eternity their boast.
ow is Homer, who possess'd the throne?
mortal work remains, the immortal au-
hor's gone.
itus, perceiving age invade 255
y weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,
the summons with a cheerful face;
ste to welcome death, and met him half
he race.
oke even Epicurus could not bar,
he in wit surpass'd mankind, as far 260
the mid-day sun the mid-night star.
u, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
very life is little more than death?
an one half by lazy sleep possess'd;
en awake, thy soul but nods at best, 265
ams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy
reast.
troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
ause and cure thou never hop'st to find;
uncertain, with thyself at strife,
nderest in the labyrinth of life. 270
e foolish race of man, who find
t of cares still pressing on their mind,
nd as well the cause of this unrest,
this burden lodged within the breast;
y would change their course, nor live as
ow, 275
in what to wish, or what to vow.

Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load: 280
But straight returns; for he's as restless there;
And finds there's no relief in open air.
Another to his villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his country door, 285
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore;
Or seeks the city which he left before.
Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still. 290
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;
The wretch is ignorant of his disease;
Which known would all his fruitless trouble spare;
For he would know the world not worth his care;
Then would he search more deeply for the cause, 295
And study Nature well, and Nature's laws;
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fix'd, eternal state;
That never-changing state, which all must keep,
Whom death has doom'd to everlasting sleep. 300
Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with strife?
A life, which all our care can never save;
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round; 305
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,
And the same mawkish joys in the same track are found.
For still we think an absent blessing best,
Which cloys, and is no blessing when possess'd;
A new arising wish expels it from the breast. 310
The feverish thirst of life increases still;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill;
Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
What dregs of life in the last draught may lie:
Nor, by the longest life we can attain, 315
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
When once the fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be so, 320
As he who died a thousand years ago.

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

TUM PORRÒ PUER, &c.

THUS, like a sailor by a tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Exposed upon unhospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true presages of his future doom.

But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
By more indulgent Nature are increased. 10
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurse to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blasts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treasure gr
And Nature's lavish hand supplies their co
wants.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

THE THIRD ODE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;

INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, ON HIS INTENDED VOYAGE TO IRELAND.

So may the auspicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred ship, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy sails, 5
Supplying soft Etesian gales:
As thou to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore; 10
And save the better part of me,
From perishing with him at sea.
Sure he, who first the passage tried,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side; 15
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the winds' contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor Hyades portending rain; 20
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with steadfast sight,
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep! 25
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships and men profane 30
Invade the inviolable main;
The eternal fences overleap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious man, inured to pain; 35
The more confined, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from heaven the seeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghastly crew, 40
The robber's blazing track pursue;
Fierce Famine with her meagre face,
And Fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms the offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground:
And limping Death, lash'd on by fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dædalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in air:
To hell Alcides forced his way,
Plunged through the lake, and snatch'
prey.
Nay, scarce the gods, or heavenly clim
Are safe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down.

THE NINTH ODE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new mounts of snow
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the labouring woods below:
And streams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly wit and love inspires:
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toss and turn the world below;
At his command the storms invade;
The winds by his commission blow;
Till with a nod he bids 'em cease,
And then the calm returns, and all is pea

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of fortune's power:

ove, nor love's delights disdain;
e'er thou gett'st to-day, is gain.

V.

e those golden early joys, 25
t youth unsour'd with sorrow bears,
ithering time the taste destroys,
h sickness and unwieldy years.
ctive sports, for pleasing rest,
s the time to be possess'd; 30
est is but in season best.

VI.

ppointed hour of promised bliss,
pleasing whisper in the dark,
alf unwilling willing kiss,
laugh that guides thee to the mark, 35
the kind nymph would coyness feign,
ides but to be found again;
, these are joys, the gods for youth ordain.

THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE

OF THE

IRST BOOK OF HORACE;

ASED IN PINDARIC VERSE, AND INSCRIBED TO THE GHT HON. LAURENCE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

I.

ENDED of an ancient line,
at long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
haste to meet the generous wine,
ose piercing is for thee delay'd:
osy wreath is ready made; 5
d artful hands prepare
grant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy air.

II.

the wine sparkles from afar,
d the well-natured friend cries, Come way;
haste, and leave thy business and thy are: 10
mortal interest can be worth thy stay.

III.

for a while thy costly country seat;
d, to be great indeed, forget
auseous pleasures of the great:
ke haste and come: 15
, and forsake thy cloying store;
y turret that surveys, from high,
moke, and wealth, and noise of Rome;
d all the busy pageantry
wise men scorn, and fools adore: 20
ive thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor.

IV.

nes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
oury dish, a homely treat,
e all is plain, where all is neat, 25
out the stately spacious room,
rsian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
p the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Syrian star 30
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heavens above us fry.
The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock, 35
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh;
The Sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades and streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor, 40
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has, wisely, hid from human sight 45
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state;
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour; 50
And put it out of fortune's power.
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme. 55
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force,
And trunks of trees come rolling down, 60
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone, 65
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine. 70
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy, 75
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life. 80
I can enjoy her while she's kind;

But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm; 85
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

x.

What is 't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black; 90
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear 95
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar; 100
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek;
And see the storm, ashore.

THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

How happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Discharged of business, void of strife,
And from the griping scrivener free! 5
Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
Lived men in better ages born,
Who plough'd, with oxen of their own,
Their small paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets summon him to war, 10
Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court and state, he wisely shuns, 15
Nor bribed with hopes, nor dared with awe,
To servile salutations runs;
But either to the clasping vine
Does the supporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook disjoin 20
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their stead:
Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or shears his overburden'd sheep, 25
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or, in the now declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear, 30
And clustering grapes with purple spread.
The fairest of his fruit he serves,
Priapus, thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deserves,
Whose care the fences guards. 35
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted grass he lies:
No god of Sleep he need invoke;
The stream, that o'er the pebbles flies,
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
The wind, that whistles through the spr
Maintains the consort of the song;
And hidden birds, with native lays,
The golden sleep prolong.
But when the blast of winter blows,
And hoary frost inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And seeks the tusky boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and po
spear!
Or spreads his subtle nets from sight,
With twinkling glasses, to betray
The larks that in the meshes light;
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidst his harmless easy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaste and pleasing wife,
To ease the business of his life,
Divides with him his household care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and swarthy though she be
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And without noise will oversee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If she in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy store,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
My sober appetite would wish,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fish
That rolling tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly dish.
Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
Which Phasis or Ionia yields,
More pleasing morsels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than shards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the loosen'd body sound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the just guardian of my ground.
Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
The jolly shepherd smiles to see
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleased as he,
To view his oxen sweating smoke,
Bear on their necks the loosen'd yoke:
To look upon his menial crew,
That sit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome food and country m
This Morecraft said within himself,
Resolved to leave the wicked town,
And live retired upon his own:
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon split him on the former shelf,
He put it out again.

FABLES.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

Anno 1699.

ORD,

es are held in England by paying a fine at the change of every lord. I have enjoyed the of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this present day. I have he translation of the Lives of Plutarch to the first Duke; and have celebrated the memory roic father. Though I am very short of the age of Nestor, yet I have lived to a third of your house; and by your Grace's favour am admitted still to hold from you by the e.

ot vain enough to boast that I have deserved the value of so illustrious a line; but my he greater, that for three descents they have been pleased to distinguish my poems from her men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to your grandfather and father were cherished and adorned with honours by two successive so I have been esteemed and patronised by the grandfather, the father, and the son from one of the most ancient, most conspicuous, and most deserving families in Europe.

ne, that by delaying the payment of my last fine, when it was due by your Grace's accession s and patrimonies of your house, I may seem, in rigour of law, to have made a forfeiture n; yet my heart has always been devoted to your service; and since you have been pleased, by your permission of this address, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet lay these poems at your feet.

rld is sensible that you worthily succeed not only to the honours of your ancestors, but r virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, easiness of access, and desire of doing to the prejudice of your fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious ains pure to the newest link of it; which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it nd to late posterity; and your flourishing youth, and that of your excellent Duchess, are ns of my wish.

erved by Livy and by others, that some of the noblest Roman families retained a resemblance cestry, not only in their shapes and features, but also in their manners, their qualities, and uishing characters of their minds. Some lines were noted for a stern, rigid virtue, savage, arsimonious, and unpopular: others were more sweet and affable, made of a more pliant ble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable offices, and diffusive of the goods enjoyed. The last of these is the proper and indelible character of your Grace's family. hty has endued you with a softness, a beneficence, an attractive behaviour winning on the thers; and so sensible of their misery, that the wounds of fortune seem not inflicted on on yourself. You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their wishes, and ed their expectations; as if what was yours was not your own, and not given you to to bestow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I must cast in shades, lest I offend sty, which is so far from being ostentatious of the good you do, that it blushes even to own; and therefore I must leave you to the satisfaction and testimony of your own which, though it be a silent panegyric, is yet the best.

so easy of access, that Poplicola was not more, whose doors were opened on the outside people even the common civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted;

where nothing that was reasonable was denied; where misfortune was a powerful recom and where I can scarce forbear saying that want itself was a powerful mediator, and w merit.

The history of Peru assures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, esteemed that t which called them Lovers of the Poor; a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and A the Roman Emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deserved by few of them, and not a blood like the perpetual gentleness and inherent goodness of the ORMOND Family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest and most ductile of all metals. Iron, wh hardest, gathers rust, corrodes itself, and is therefore subject to corruption: it was never in coins and medals, or to bear the faces and inscriptions of the great. Indeed it is fit for bear off insults, and preserve the wearer in the day of battle; but the danger once repelle aside by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil conversation: a necessary guard in wa harsh and cumbersome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more humane life.

For this reason, my lord, though you have courage in an heroical degree, yet I ascrib but as your second attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compassion, claim precedence, as th in the Divine Nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best bu kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity: affability, tenderness, and a word, which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virt good-nature, are of daily use: they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life: neither tears, nor groans, nor curses of the vanquished, follow acts of compassion and of chari sincere pleasure and serenity of mind, in him who performs an action of mercy, which ca the misfortunes of another without redress, lest they should bring a kind of contagion them, and pollute the happiness which he enjoys.

Yet since the perverse tempers of mankind, since oppression on one side, and ambiti other, are sometimes the unavoidable occasions of war; that courage, that magnani resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended. And here it grieves am scanted in the pleasure of dwelling on many of your actions; but αἰδέομαι Τρῶας is an which Tully often uses, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the censure of the

I have sometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the subject is that the harvest overcomes the reaper, I am shortened by my chain, and can only s forbidden me to reach: since it is not permitted me to commend you, according to the ex wishes, and much less is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits.

Yet in this frugality of your praises, there are some things which I cannot omit, without from your character. You have so formed your own education, as enables you to pay the de your country, or, more properly speaking, both your countries; because you were born, I say, in purple, at the Castle of Dublin, when your grandfather was Lord-lieutenant, and been bred in the Court of England.

If this address had been in verse, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercu *commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo.* The better to satisfy this double obligation, you cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the service of Britain or Ireland shall re courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. Yo the cabinet what you afterwards practised in the camp; and thus both Lucullus and Cæs a crowd of shining Romans) formed themselves to war by the study of history, and by the of the greatest captains, both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name those two co in particular, because they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders Lucullus in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, withou to be sent into the field against the most formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was learned Consul in derision; but then he was not born a soldier: his head was turned ano when he read the Tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The of warfare is thrown away on a general, who dares not make use of what he knows. I it only in a man of courage and resolution: in him it will direct his martial spirit, him the way to the best victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, though by the hand, are managed by the head. Science distinguishes a man of honour from on athletic brutes whom undeservedly we call heroes. Cursed be the poet, who first hono that name a mere Ajax, a man-killing idiot. The Ulysses of Ovid upbraids his ignoranc

understood not the shield for which he pleaded: there was engraven on it plans of cities, and maps of countries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as stupidly as his fellow-beast, the lion. But on the other side, your Grace has given yourself the education of his rival: you have studied every spot of ground in Flanders, which for these ten years past has been the scene of battles and of sieges. No wonder if you performed your part with such applause on a theatre which you understood so well.

If I designed this for a poetical encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a subject; but confining myself to the severity of truth, and to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many instances of your military skill, but also those of your assiduous diligence in the war; and of your personal bravery, attended with an ardent thirst of honour; a long train of generosity; profuseness of doing good; a soul unsatisfied with all it has done; and an unextinguished desire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own historians; I am, as Virgil says,

"Spatiis exclusus iniquis."

Yet not to be wholly silent of all your charities, I must stay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the consideration of yourself. When, in the battle of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had transported you so far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you; when you were not only dangerously, but, in all appearance, mortally wounded; when in that desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried to Namur, at that time in possession of the French; then it was, my lord, that you took a considerable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and, as a memorable instance of your heroic charity, put it into the hands of Count Guiscard, who was Governor of the place, to be distributed among your fellow-prisoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatness of your soul, accordingly consigned it to the use for which it was intended by the donor; by which means the lives of so many miserable men were saved, and a comfortable provision made for their subsistence, who had otherwise perished, had not you been the companion of their misfortune; or rather sent by Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out famine from invading those, whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures, that your Grace was made their fellow-sufferer! And how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans, spoke like a Christian:—

"Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

All men, even those of a different interest, and contrary principles, must praise this action, as the most eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when men were made *de meliore luto;* when examples of charity were frequent, and when there were in being

"Teucri pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis."

No envy can detract from this: it will shine in history; and, like swans, grow whiter the longer it endures; and the name of ORMOND will be more celebrated in his captivity, than in his greatest triumphs.

But all actions of your Grace are of a piece; as waters keep the tenor of their fountains: your compassion is general, and has the same effect as well on enemies as friends. It is so much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one continued act of placing benefits on many, as the sun is always carrying his light to some part or other of the world. And were it not that your reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more than is consisting with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that being born for a blessing to mankind, your supposed death in that engagement was so generally lamented through the nation? The concernment for it was as universal as the loss; and though the gratitude might be counterfeit in some, yet the tears of all were real: where every man deplored his private part in that calamity, and even those who had not tasted of your favours, yet built so much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoaned the loss of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into fresh remembrance; as if the same decree had passed on two short successive generations of the virtuous; and I repeated to myself the same verses, which I had formerly applied to him:—

> "Ostendunt terris hunc tantûm fata, nec ultrà
> Esse sinunt."

But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the blessings and applause of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long prosperity; and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealously desired than by

Your Grace's most humble, most obliged, and most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE.

It is with a poet, as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short in the expense he first intended. He alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me: I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived.

From translating the first of Homer's Iliads (which I intended as an essay to the whole work) I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending, of the Trojan war. Here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not baulk them. When I had compassed them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book (which is the master-piece of the whole Metamorphoses), that I enjoined myself the pleasing task of rendering it into English. And now I found, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author, in his former books: there occurred to me the Hunting of the Boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured story of Baucis and Philemon, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet. He who has arrived the nearest to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys; the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenser and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax, for we have our lineal descents and clans, as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuates, that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me, that Spenser was his original, and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloigne, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax.

But to return. Having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old English poet, Chaucer, in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them; and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honour of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to

the trial, by turning some of the Canterbury Tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means, both the poets being set in the same light, and dressed in the same English habit, story to be compared with story, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him. Or if I seem partial to my countryman, and predecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few; and besides many of the learned, Ovid has almost all the beaux, and the whole fair sex, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have assumed somewhat more to myself than they allow me, because I have adventured to sum up the evidence; but the readers are the jury, and their privilege remains entire, to decide according to the merits of the cause, or, if they please, to bring it to another hearing before some other court. In the meantime, to follow the thread of my discourse (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connexion), so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse: particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme, or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at least assume the title of, Heroic Poets: he and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues; but with this difference, that Dante * had begun to file their language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise received no little help from his master Petrarch. But the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue; though many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer), first adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provençal, which was then the most polished of all the modern languages; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critic, who deserves no little commendation from us his countrymen. For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own; which, whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge, and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators, that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had, increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject; to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose. I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness: they who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect? and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges, as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better?

With this account of my present undertaking, I conclude the first part of this discourse: in the second part, as at a second sitting, though I alter not the draught, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead colouring of the whole. In general I will only say, that I have written nothing which savours of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expression, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses through my inadvertency; if the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be staved or forfeited, like contrabanded goods; at least, let their authors be answerable for

* Dante, in one of his prose works, has treated of different sorts of style, which he has divided into three species, the *Sublime*, the *Middle*, and *Low*; the first, he says, is proper for tragedy, the second for comedy, the third for elegy; and he meant by giving his Inferno the title of Comedia, to insinuate, that in this work he wrote in the middle style. This seems to have been the reason why he gave it this title, which it has been thought difficult to account for. Dr. J. Warton.

them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavoured to choose such fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral, which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious; and they leap foremost into sight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm, with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain anything which shocks religion, or good manners, they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without good sense,

"Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ."

Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing my other right of self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my sense wire-drawn into blasphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading against the stage; in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thread of my discourse with the first of my translation, which was the first Iliad of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer life, and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole Ilias; provided still that I meet with those encouragements from the public, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some cheerfulness. And this I dare assure the world before-hand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil (though I say not the translation will be less laborious). For the Grecian is more according to my genius, than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners, and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words; Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties both of numbers, and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him: Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined; so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry; for nothing can be more evident, than that the Roman poem is but the second part of the Ilias; a continuation of the same story, and the persons already formed; the manners of Æneas are those of Hector superadded to those which Homer gave him. The Adventures of Ulysses in the Odysseis are imitated in the first Six Books of Virgil's Æneis; and though the accidents are not the same, (which would have argued him of a servile copying, and total barrenness of invention,) yet the seas were the same, in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four-and-twenty Iliads contracted: a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict anything which I have formerly said in his just praise: for his Episodes are almost wholly of his own invention; and the form, which he has given to the telling, makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design; and if invention be the first virtue of an Epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place. Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald translation of the Ilias (studying poetry as he did mathematics, when it was too late), Mr. Hobbes, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first beauty of an Epic poem consists in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers: now the words are the colouring of the work, which in the order of nature is last to be considered. The design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the first beauties that arise, and strike the sight: but if the draught be false or lame, the figures ill-disposed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear, and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their several ways, is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design, as in the execution of it. The very heroes show their authors; Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, *Impiger, iracundus*,

inexorabilis, acer, &c. Æneas patient, considerate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies; ever submissive to the will of heaven, *quò fata trahunt, retrahuntque sequamur.* I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have said I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. 'Tis the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the second book, (a graceful flattery to his countrymen;) but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper; and therefore I have translated his first book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil; but it was not a pleasure without pains: the continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age; and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats; the Iliad of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to say of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer, considering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue; from Chaucer the purity of the English tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike: both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at least in their writings, it may be also in their lives. Their studies were the same, philosophy and philology. Both of them were known in astronomy, of which Ovid's books of the Roman feasts, and Chaucer's treatise of the Astrolabe, are sufficient witnesses. But Chaucer was likewise an astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearness: neither were great inventors; for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and most of Chaucer's stories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predecessors. Boccace's Decameron was first published; and from thence our Englishman has borrowed many of his Canterbury tales; yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by some Italian wit in a former age, as I shall prove hereafter: the tale of Grizild was the invention of Petrarch; by him sent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Cressida was also written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him; but there is so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most kings, who love to be in debt, are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: besides, the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honest Montaigne, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as the Wife of Bath's Tale, the Cock and the Fox, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the manners, under which name I comprehend the passions, and, in a larger sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits; for an example, I see Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the Canterbury tales, their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark; yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light: which though I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be considered in the comparison of the two poets; and I have saved myself one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian, Chaucer in the dawning of our language; therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid, or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up as a lost not to be defended in our poet, because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered, and they are to be measured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described, on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and

jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad, for preferring the Englishman to the Roman: yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the things they admire are only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, describe his passion like Narcissus? Would he think of *inopem me copia fecit*, and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one another, and signifying all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death? This is just John Littlewit in Bartholomew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavour to raise pity; but, instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido: he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjust in the pursuit of it: yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from possession by being so near, and a thousand such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They who think otherwise would, by the same reason, prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets; they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be shunned, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity, and followed nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the design nor the disposition of it; because the design was not their own, and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all subjects; as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off, a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way, but swept like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer: and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth: for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God he could not stand.

Chaucer followed nature every where; but was never so bold to go beyond her: and there is a great difference of being *Poeta* and *nimis Poeta*, if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*: they who lived with him, and sometime after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse which we call Heroic, was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in

the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared. I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the commons; and being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whose praises helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to posterity. As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt his patron; somewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman: yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age: their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his Canterbury tales: neither has his contemporary Boccace spared them. Yet both those poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders: for the scandal which is given by particular priests, reflects not on the sacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Canon, and his Friar, took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satirical poet is the check of the laymen on bad priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarsely used: for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured: if he be wrongfully accused he has his action of slander; and it is at the poet's peril, if he transgress the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing dishonoured, when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his *Scandalum Magnatum* to punish the offender. They, who use this kind of argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the poet's lash; and are less concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themselves, they are all in some sort parties: for, since they say the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not: but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance betwixt a king of England and an archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murther of the prelate, and in the whipping of his majesty from post to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has saved me the labour of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say, that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him. *Prior læsit* is justification sufficient in the Civil Law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defence, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp recrimination, somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure, reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the good parson; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age, by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the meanwhile, I take up Chaucer where I left him. He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his Canterbury tales the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his

pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, th the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their tellin so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improp any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several so gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; som unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of th characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished each other, as much as the mincing lady prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-toothed wife of But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distract my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that h God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chau days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though the called by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Canons, and lady Abbesses, and N for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though every thing is altered. M have leave to do myself the justice, (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from gra me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man) I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chauc savour nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the M the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her would have procured me as many friends and readers as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure i town. But I will no more offend against good manners: I am sensible, as I ought to be, o scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this p acknowledgment. If any thing of this nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I a far from defending it, that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo.* Chaucer makes another ma of apology for his broad speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of t Our countryman, in the end of his characters, before the Canterbury tales, thus excuses the riba which is very gross in many of his novels:—

> "But first, I pray you of your courtesy,
> That ye ne arrette it nought my villany,
> Though that I plainly speak in this mattere
> To tellen you her words, and eke her chere.
> Ne though I speak her words properly,
> For this ye knowen as well as I,
> Who shall tellen a tale after a man,
> He mote rehearse as nye, as ever he can:
> Everich word of it been in his charge,
> All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
> Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
> Or feine things, or find words new:
> He may not spare, although he were his brother,
> He mote as well say o word as another.
> Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
> And well I wote no villany is it,
> Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
> The words mote been cousin to the dede."

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introd such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be hea know not what answer they could have made: for that reason, such tale shall be left untold by You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that his sense is scarce understood; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which mentioned before.—Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much be our present English; as for example, these two lines, in the description of the carpenter's young

> "Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt,
> Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt."

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my pr

work. I find some people are offended that I have turned these tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who having read him over at my lord's request, declared he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author; but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public: Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator; and being shocked perhaps with his old style, never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond, and must first be polished, ere he shines. I deny not, likewise, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits besides Chaucer, whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater), I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed farther, in some places, and added somewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true lustre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because (if I may be permitted to say it of myself) I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet, in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errors of the press: let this example suffice at present; in the story of Palamon and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is described, you find these verses, in all the editions of our author:—

> "There saw I Danè turned into a tree,
> I mean not the goddess Diane,
> But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè."

which, after a little consideration, I knew was to be reformed into this sense, that Daphne, the daughter of Peneus, was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future Milbourn should arise, and say, I varied from my author, because I understood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion: they suppose there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is a little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person, whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My lord dissuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it some years before his death,) and his authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure: *multa renascentur quæ nunc cecidere; cadentque, quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.* When an ancient word for its sound and significancy deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed; customs are changed, and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. I grant that something must be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly? And if imperfectly, then with less profit and no pleasure. 'Tis not for the use of some old Saxon friends, that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places, I give to others which had them not originally;

but in this I may be partial to myself; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer, than myself. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him anywhere for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: *Facile est inventis addere*, is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same god of poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal (for how she should come to understand old English I know not). But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, 'tis extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies: both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled: so that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal.—But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy, when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word: and therefore I will set two of their discourses on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and, amongst the rest, pitched on the Wife of Bath's Tale; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her prologue, because it is too licentious: there Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her: the crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his aversion, endeavours to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables; and by this time had so far forgotten the Wife of Bath's Tale, that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood, and titles, in the story of Sigismunda; which I had certainly avoided for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite which is of the Epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Æneis: the story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various; and the disposition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own: but I was undeceived by Boccace; for casually looking on the end of his seventh Giornata, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself), and Fiametta (who represents his mistress the natural daughter of Robert, king of Naples) of whom these words are spoken, *Dioneo e la Fiametta graziosamente cantarono insieme d'Arcita, e di Palamone:* by which it appears that this story was written before the

time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly lost,* Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties by passing through his noble hands. Besides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provencals, called The Flower and the Leaf; with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself: not that I think it worth my time to enter the lists with one Milbourn, and one Blackmore, but barely to take notice that such men there are who have written scurrilously against me, without any provocation. Milbourn, who is in Orders, pretends amongst the rest this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own translations of Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. If (as they say, he has declared in print) he prefers the version of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the same compliment: for it is agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby: that, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot Milbourn bring about? I am satisfied, however, that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me: but upon my honest word I have not bribed him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. 'Tis true, I should be glad, if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on any thing of mine: for I find by experience he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains with my poetry; but no body will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the church (as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts) I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turned myself out of my benefice by writing libels on my parishioners.—But his account of my manners and my principles are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry: and so I have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of Absalom and Achitophel, which he thinks is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead: and therefore peace be to the Manes of his Arthurs. I will only say, that it was not for this noble knight that I drew the plan of an Epic poem on king Arthur, in my preface to the translation of Juvenal.—The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus. Yet from that preface he plainly took his hint: for he began immediately upon the story; though he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor; but instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality; and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses; and interpreted my words into blasphemy and bawdry, of which they were not guilty; besides that he is too much given to horse-play in his raillery; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say, The zeal of God's house has eaten him up; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility. It might also be doubted whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays; a divine might have employed his pains to better purpose, than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes; whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed, that he read them not without some pleasure. They who have written commentaries on those poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained some vices, which without their interpretation had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us.

* Not so: for, as Mr. Malone has observed, Boccace alluded to the *Theseida* which was written by himself. See Malone's Life, &c. of Dryden, vol. iii. p. 641.

There is more bawdry in one Play of Fletcher's, called The Custom of the Country, than in ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance. Are the times much more reformed now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow-poets, though I aban my own defence: they have some of them answered for themselves, and neither they nor I can th Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy, that we should shun him. He has lost ground at the latter of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the Prince of Conde at the battle of Senneffe: fr immoral plays, to no plays; *ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia.* But being a party, I am to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are s scoundrels, that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourn only distinguished from the crowd, by being remembered to their infamy.

"—— Demetri, teque Tigelli
Discipulorum inter jubéo plorare cathedras."

TALES FROM CHAUCER.

*TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND,

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM OF

PALAMON AND ARCITE.

MADAM,
THE bard who first adorn'd our native tongue,
Tuned to his British lyre this ancient song:
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse:
He match'd their beauties, where they most excel;
Of love sung better, and of arms as well. 6
Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold
What power the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
Inspired by two fair eyes, that sparkled like your own. 10
If Chaucer by the best idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The fairest nymph before his eyes he set;
And then the fairest was Plantagenet;
Who three contending princes made her prize, 15
And ruled the rival nations with her eyes:
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests, and extend your own: 20
As when the stars, in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid space,
At certain periods they resume their place,
From the same point of heaven their co advance,
And move in measures of their former dance
Thus, after length of ages, she returns,
Restored in you, and the same place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the sphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new Plat year.
O true Plantagenet, O race divine,
(For beauty still is fatal to the line)
Had Chaucer lived that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you lived to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight;
And conquering Theseus from his side had s
Your generous lord, to guide the Th government.
Time shall accomplish that; and I shall see
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the fates your path prepared,
And sure presage your future sway declared.
When westward, like the sun, you took way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before
To smooth the seas; a soft Etesian gale
But just inspired, and gently swell'd the sail

* Dr. Johnson justly censures this Dedication as a "piece where his original fondness of remote conceits seems to have revived." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 4. *And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse:*] "Dubiam facientia carmina palmam."—Juv. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 31. —— *fatal to the line,*] Destined or giv the Fates.—A peculiar sense. JOHN WARTON.

ıus took his turn, whose ample hand
l up his lighten'd keel, and sunk the sand,
eer'd the sacred vessel safe to land. 50
nd, if not restrain'd, had met your way,
ted out a neck, and jutted to the sea.
ia, prostrate at your feet, adored,
, the pledge of her expected lord;
her isle; a venerable name; 55
her and his grandsire known to fame;
by that house, accustom'd to command,
urdy kerns in due subjection stand;
ar the reins in any foreign hand.
ir approach, they crowded to the port; 60
arcely landed, you create a court:
nond's harbinger, to you they run;
nus is the promise of the sun.
aste of civil wars, their towns destroy'd,
nhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd, 65
ll forgot; and one triumphant day
all the tears of three campaigns away.
rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought,
ghty recompense your beauty brought.
en the dove returning bore the mark 70
h restored to the long-labouring ark,
lics of mankind, secure of rest,
very window to receive the guest,
e fair bearer of the message bless'd;
en you came, with loud repeated cries, 75
tion took an omen from your eyes,
od advanced his rainbow in the skies,
a inviolable peace restored;
ints, with solemn shouts, proclaim'd the new accord.
at your second coming you appear, 80
foretel that millenary year)
arpen'd share shall vex the soil no more,
rth unbidden shall produce her store;
nd shall laugh, the circling ocean smile,
eaven's indulgence bless the holy isle. 85
a from all ages has reserved for you
appy clime, which venom never knew;
had been there, your eyes alone
ower to chase all poison but their own.
in this interval, which fate has cast 90
t your future glories, and your past,
ause of power, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn;
England celebrates your safe return,
ich you seem the seasons to command,
ing our summers back to their forsaken land.
vanquish'd isle our leisure must attend, 96
e fair blessing we vouchsafe to send;
n we spare you long, tho' often we may lend.
ve was twice employ'd abroad, before
rld was dried, and she return'd no more.
dare we trust so soft a messenger, 101
om her sickness, to that northern air;
ere a while your lustre to restore,
hey may see you, as you shone before;
t, the eclipse not wholly past, you wade 105
gh some remains, and dimness of a shade.
bject in his prince may claim a right,
ffer him with strength impair'd to fight;
Till force returns, his ardour we restrain,
And curb his warlike wish to cross the main. 110
Now past the danger, let the learn'd begin
The inquiry, where disease could enter in;
How those malignant atoms forced their way,
What in the faultless frame they found to make their prey?
Where every element was weigh'd so well, 115
That Heaven alone, who mix'd the mass, could tell
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,
A soul might well be pleased to pass an age.
And yet the fine materials made it weak; 120
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
Ev'n to your breast the sickness durst aspire;
And, forced from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely set the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord, like young Vespasian, mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the sanctuary burn'd: 126
And I prepared to pay in verses rude
A most detested act of gratitude:
Ev'n this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow. 130
Your angel sure our Morley's mind inspired,
To find the remedy your ill required;
As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolemy;
Or Heaven, which had such over-cost bestow'd, 135
As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
So liked the frame, he would not work anew,
To save the charges of another you.
Or by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good appear 140
Well worth a miracle to keep you here:
And for that end, preserved the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated in his better mind
An heir from you, which may redeem the failing kind. 145
Blest be the power which has at once restored
The hopes of lost succession to your lord;
Joy to the first and last of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to see,
To you the Graces, and the Muse to me. 150
O daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
The differing titles of the red and white;
Who heaven's alternate beauty well display,
The blush of morning, and the milky way;
Whose face is paradise, but fenced from sin; 155
For God in either eye has placed a cherubin.
All is your lord's alone; ev'n absent, he
Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
For him you waste in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flowers;
Such works of old imperial dames were taught; 162
Such, for Ascanius, fair Elisa wrought.
The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done, 165
You owe your Ormond nothing but a son;
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

8. *Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand*]
t pater ipse manu magnâ Portunus euntem
npulit."—Æneid. v. l. 241. JOHN WARTON.

70. *As when the dove*] He had before used this
n Threnodia Augustalis, I believe. JOHN WARTON.

2. *The sharpen'd share, &c.*] He could not avoid
tion of Virgil's Pollio. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 118. *And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,*
A soul might well be pleased to pass an age.]
Pope has a similar expression, and the same rhyme.
"Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage."
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, l. 17.
JOHN WARTON.

PALAMON AND ARCITE;

OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK I.

In days of old, there lived, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name:
A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The rising nor the setting sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquer'd, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theseus ride,
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town besieged, and how much blood it cost
The female army, and the Athenian host;
The spousals of Hippolita the queen;
What tilts and tourneys at the feast were seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies' fear:
But these, and other things, I must forbear.
The field is spacious I design to sow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plough:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborne,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host:
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.
And therefore where I left, I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
In this array drew near the Athenian town;
When in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching, he chanced to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:
At his approach they raised a rueful cry,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on high,
Creeping and crying, till they seized at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embraced.
Tell me, said Theseus, what and whence you are,
And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injured, and demand relief?
Name your request, and I will ease your grief.
The most in years of all the mourning train
Began; (but swooned first away for pain)
Then scarce recover'd spoke: Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'Tis thine, O king, the afflicted to redress,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy success:
We wretched women sue for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refused to none;
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sovereign queen before;
Till thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears,
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.
But reverence thou the power whose name it bears,
Relieve the oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears.
I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; cursed be the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array,
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town besieged by our confederate host:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of funeral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unburied, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such is tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed
At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and, grovelling on the plain,

* Chaucer was more than 60 years old, and Dryden 70, when they wrote Palamon. Sade says in 1359, Boccace sent a copy of Dante, written by his own hand, to Petrarch, who, it seems, was jealous of Dante, and in his answer speaks coldly of him.—Sade, p. 507. Dr. J. Warton.

26. *With oxen*] From Ovid:—
"Non profecturis littora bobus arat."
John Warton.

Ver. 49. *Is this the welcome, &c.*]
"Hi nostri reditus expectatique triumphi."
John Warton.

Ver. 88. *But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed.*]
—— αὐτοῦς δὲ ἑλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν.—Homer.
John Warton.

, and hands upheld, to move his
pity to their helpless kind!
was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
ender heart would break in two,
nd could not but their fate deplore,
now, so fortunate before.
from his lofty steed he flew,
one by one the suppliant crew,
ach, full solemnly he swore,
faith which knights to knighthood
else to chivalry belongs,
t cease, till he revenged their wrongs:
should see perform'd what he de-
;
eon find his just reward.
ore, but, shunning all delay,
r enter'd Athens on his way:
ister and his queen behind,
is royal banner in the wind:
argent field the god of war
riumphant on his iron car;
sword, and shield, and whole attire,
odhead seem'd to glow with fire;
nd glitter'd where the standard flew,
n grass was dyed to sanguine hue.
pointed lance his pennon bore
ght, the conquer'd Minotaur:
shout around with generous rage,
victory their own presage.
heir ardour; inly pleased to see
flower of Grecian chivalry.
arch'd, and all the ensuing night,
city with returning light.
of the war I need not tell,
s conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
by storm the walls were won,
victor sack'd and burn'd the town:
adies he restored again
f their lords in battle slain:
at ancient rites they were interr'd;
fitter times shall be deferr'd:

—— *the god of war*
as drawn triumphant in his iron car;]
was in Gray's mind, when he wrote the
y; and I am surprised that the epithet ap-
aped him:
Thracia's hills *the lord of war,*
as curbed the fury of his *car.*" TODD.
n the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,]
"—— totaque circum
renidescit tellus."—Lucret. lib. ii.

idetur et in campis consistere fulgur."
, Phœnissæ, verse 110.
—— κατάχαλκον ἅτην
ον ἀστράπτει. JOHN WARTON.
igh on his pointed lance his pennon bore
is Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur:]
iginal says,
anner borne is his penon
iche, in which there was ybete (*i.e.* stamped)
re which that he slew in Crete."
ure of Theseus and the Minotaur is repre-
il as being the subject of the sculpture on
e temple of Apollo at Cumæ; which, I con-
owed, as he uses some of the very expres-
s, from his description of the embroidered
pestry. JOHN WARTON.

I spare the widows' tears, their woeful cries,
And howling at their husbands' obsequies;
How Theseus at these funerals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.
Thus when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load oppress'd
Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument.
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats were the same.
Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierced with many a grisly wound;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wandering breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse and hardly heaved the heart.
These two were sisters' sons; and Arcite one,
Much famed in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent:
Whom known of Creon's line, and cured with care,
He to his city sent as prisoners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a lingering death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he lived, much loved, and more renown'd.
But in a tower, and never to be loosed,
The woeful captive kinsmen are enclosed:
Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
Waked, as her custom was, before the day,
To do the observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep;
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.
In this remembrance Emily ere day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair:
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chased the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way.
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.

At every turn, she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose, and every rose she drew
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew:
Then party-colour'd flowers of white and red 195
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear:
Ev'n wondering Philomel forgot to sing:
And learn'd from her to welcome in the spring. 200
The tower, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall;
The garden was enclosed within the square, 205
Where young Emilia took the morning air.
It happen'd Palamon, the prisoner knight,
Restless of woe, arose before the light,
And with his jailor's leave desired to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath. 210
This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day:
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw, with hateful eyes, the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground. 215
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger jail he had in view:
Then look'd below, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight:
The garden, which before he had not seen, 220
In spring's new livery clad of white and green,
Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn, 225
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, for so his destiny required,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tired,
He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light: 230
But ev'n that glimmering served him to descry
The inevitable charms of Emily.
Scarce had he seen, but seized with sudden smart,
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpowering light he stood, 235
Then started back amazed, and cried aloud.
Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embraced;
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began? 240
Or who had done the offence? But if, said he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity;
For love of heaven with patience undergo
A careless ill, since fate will have it so:
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie, 245
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, ruled our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under earth:
Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done;
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to shun. 250
Nor of my bonds, said Palamon again,
Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
But when my mortal anguish caused my cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye;
Pierced with a random shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay:
A glance of some new goddess gave the wound
Whom, like Actæon, unaware I found.
Look how she walks along yon shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus, (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in heaven, nor art thou less
Disguised in habit, undisguised in shape)
Oh, help us captives from our chains to 'scape;
But if our doom be pass'd in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
Then be thy wrath appeased with our disgrace,
And show compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant power! While yet he spoke
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
The beauty I behold has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes; and kills by chance;
Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance.
Oh, I must ask; nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love.
Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies,
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes).
Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vein?
Jesting, said Arcite, suits but ill with pain.
It suits far worse, (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows) with men who honour weigh
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray;
But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both;
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design,
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the plain
Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend:
And would'st thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence; I told thee first my pain:
For first my love began ere thine was born;
Thou as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound to assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjured knight.

Ver. 258. *Whom, like Actæon, unaware I found.*] An Ovidian allusion. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 261. *And all the Cyprian queen, &c.*]

"And Venus is it, sothly as I gesse.
And therewithall on knees adoun he fell,
And sayde:——"

This circumstance of his falling on his knees, which is striking and dramatic, Dryden has hastily omitted, to judgment, as appears by the tenor of Arcite's sing. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 285. *Jesting, said Arcite, suits but ill with pain.*]

"Difficile est tristi fingere mente jocum."
Tibullus, lib. iii. E. 6. 2.
JOHN WARTON.

Palamon: but Arcite with disdain
hty language thus replied again:
rn thyself. the traitor's odious name
eturn, and then disprove thy claim.
be passion, and that passion nursed 315
rong desires, I loved the lady first.
hou pretend desire, whom zeal inflamed
ship, and a power celestial named?
as devotion to the blest above,
e woman, and desired her love: 320
n'd my passion, and to thee commend
portant secret, as my chosen friend.
(which yet I grant not) thy desire
ent elder than my rival fire;
nce of seeing first thy title prove? 325
ow'st thou not, no law is made for love?
to things which to free choice relate;
not in our choice, but in our fate;
e but positive; love's power, we see,
re's sanction, and her first decree. 330
y we break the bond of human laws
e, and vindicate the common cause.
r defence of civil rights are placed,
hrows the fences down and makes a
eneral waste:
idows, wives, without distinction fall; 335
eeping deluge, love, comes on and covers
ll.
the laws of friendship I transgress,
the greater, while I break the less;
h are mad alike, since neither can possess.
peless to be ransom'd, never more 340
the sun, but as he passes o'er.
Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
eaded right, and would be lord alone:
itless fight continued all the day,
ame by, and snatch'd the prize away. 345
tiers therefore justle for a grant,
en they break their friendship, plead their
want,
, if fortune will thy suit advance,
, nor envy me my equal chance:
ust love, and am resolved to try 350
or failing in the adventure die.
was their strife, which hourly was re-
ew'd,
h with mortal hate his rival view'd:
ends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
n they met, they made a surly stand; 355
red like angry lions as they pass'd,
h'd that every look might be their last.
nced at length, Pirithous came to attend
rthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
ve in early infancy began, 360
e as childhood ripen'd into man,
ions of the war; and loved so well,
en one died, as ancient stories tell,
w to redeem him went to hell.

But to pursue my tale; to welcome home 365
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since,
And honour'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request, 370
Restored to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence, 375
His head should pay the forfeit of the offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.
Unpleased and pensive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay. 380
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
What have I gain'd, he said, in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?
And banish'd from her sight, I suffer more 385
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before;
Forced from her presence, and condemn'd to live;
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heaven is not, but where Emily abides,
And where she 's absent, all is hell besides. 390
Next to my day of birth, was that accursed,
Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first:
Had I not known that prince, I still had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen:
For though I never can her grace deserve, 395
'Tis recompence enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is the adventure; thine the victory:
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee: 400
Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine eyes.
In prison, no; but blissful paradise!
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night; 405
And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various power) may cease to frown,
And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
But I, the most forlorn of human kind, 410
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates,
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates, 415
Nor art, nor nature's hand can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell,
With youth and life, and life itself farewell.
But why, alas! do mortal men in vain 420
Of fortune, fate, or Providence complain?

3. ——— *no law is made for love;*]
"Quis legem dat amantibus?
Major lex amor est sibi."—Boeth. iii. 12.
JOHN WARTON.

2. *Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,*]
eems here to speak in his own person, which
thread of the contest rather inartificially, where-
ginal continues in the first person.
"We strive as did the houndes for the bone."
JOHN WARTON.

2. *Great was their strife, &c.*] These six spirited
ntirely our author's own, and an improvement on
original. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 379. *Unpleased and pensive hence he takes his way,*]
The original exceeds the imitation here in the picture of
Arcite's distress:

"How great a sorwe suffereth now Arcite?
The deth he feleth thurgh his herte smite;.
He weepeth, waileth, crieth pitously;
To sleen himself he waiteth hourly."

An admirable picture of despair! JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 383.] So Ferdinand in the Tempest, Act the first

"Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else of the earth
Let liberty make use of; shall enough
Have I in such a prison." JOHN WARTON.

God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire:
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain: 425
Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen every day, 430
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken sots about the street we roam:
Well knows the sot he has a certain home:
Yet knows not how to find the uncertain place,
And blunders on, and staggers every pace. 435
Thus all seek happiness; but few can find,
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came: from prison free, 440
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily.
Thus Arcite; but if Arcite thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath; he makes outrageous moan: 445
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground;
The hollow tower with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bathed his fetter'd feet,
And droop'd all o'er with agony of sweat.
Alas! he cried! I, wretch, in prison pine, 450
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
Pleased with thy freedom, proud of my despair:
Thou may'st, since thou hast youth and courage join'd,
A sweet behaviour and a solid mind, 455
Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I 460
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all the advantage of the strife is thine,
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows mine.
The rage of jealousy then fired his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal: 465
Now cold despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.
Then thus he said: Eternal Deities, 470
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;
What, is the race of human kind your care
Beyond what all his fellow creatures are? 475
He with the rest is liable to pain,
And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain.
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft endure;
Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail, 480
When the good suffer, and the bad prevail!
What worse to wretched virtue could befal,
If fate or giddy fortune govern'd all!
Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate;
Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create; 485
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
And your commands, not our desires, fulfil;
Then, when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain;
But man in life surcharged with woe before, 490
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;
An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller;
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and snake
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.
This let divines decide; but well I know, 495
Just, or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Through Saturn, seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartile, move 500
My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love.
Let Palamon oppress'd in bondage mourn,
While to his exiled rival we return.
By this, the sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd to prolong the night: 505
The lengthen'd night gave length of misery
Both to the captive lover and the free.
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The banish'd never hopes his love to see, 510
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains:
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains:
One free, and all his motions uncontroll'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would behold. 515
Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befel.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of her he loved renew'd his pain;
What could be worse, than never more to see 520
His life, his soul, his charming Emily!

Ver. 427. —— *guilty of their vows*] A Latinism used by Virgil:—"Constituam ante aras, voti reus ——" Æn. v. 237. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 432. *Like drunken sots about*, &c.] Sed ad hominum studia revertor, quorum animus, etsi caligante memoriâ, tamen summum bonum repetit; sed veluti ebrius, domum quo tramite revertatur, ignorat.—Boethius de Cons. l. 3. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 446. *He frets, he fumes,*] Why should I tell the reader to admire these seven lines? Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 447. *The hollow tower*] An improvement: in Chaucer, "the grete tower." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 448. —— *his fetter'd feet,*] I take occasion here to observe, once for all, the beauty and simplicity of Dryden's epithets. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 470. —— *Eternal Deities,*] We think we are reading a chapter in Bayle, in defence of the Manichæan doctrines, instead of a passage in a romantic poem, concerning the lives of two unfortunate cavaliers. It is strange our author should introduce a metaphysical discourse in the midst of such a story. But Johnson says his delight was in ratiocination. The same may be said of a passage below, at verse 830. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 473. *With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;*] Χαλκῶν ἐτῶν δύστηνον ἐπ' δίλτου γραφάν. From Chaucer, Milton has adopted this expression:

"—— incisas leges adamante perennat."
See Todd's Milton, vol. vii. p. 333.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 512. *'Tis hard to say*] In the original is an apostrophe, which in my humble opinion greatly heightens the pathos:

"You lovers axe I now this questien,
Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon?"
JOHN WARTON.

ed with all the madness of despair,
r'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
row in his stupid eyes appears,
nting nourishment, he wanted tears: 525
balls in their hollow sockets sink,
of sleep he loathes his meat and drink.
hers at his heart, and looks as wan
pale spectre of a murder'd man:
ale turns yellow, and his face receives 530
led hue of sapless boxen leaves:
ary groves he makes his moan,
early out, and ever is alone:
ix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares,
hs when songs and instruments he hears. 535
rits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
rs as from afar, or in a swound,
e deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
b'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
the trim of love and gay desire; 540
l of museful mopings, which presage
s of reason, and conclude in rage.
hen he had endured a year and more,
olly changed from what he was before,
en'd once, that, slumbering as he lay, 545
am'd, (his dream began at break of day)
ermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
ith soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd;
, adorn'd with wings, disclosed the god,
his hand he bore the sleep-compelling
rod: 550
s he seem'd when, at his sire's command,
us' head he laid the snaky wand.
he said, to conquering Athens go,
fate appoints an end to all thy woe.
ght awaken'd Arcite with a start, 555
his bosom bounced his heaving heart;
n he said, with scarce recover'd breath,
ither will I go, to meet my death,
be slain; but death is my desire,
n Emilia's sight I shall expire. 560
nce he spied a mirror while he spoke,
zing there beheld his alter'd look;
ring, he saw his features and his hue
ch were changed, that scarce himself he
knew.
len thought then starting in his mind, 565
in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
orld may search in vain with all their eyes,
ver penetrate through this disguise.
s to the change which grief and sickness
give,
estate I may securely live, 570

And see unknown my mistress day by day.
He said; and clothed himself in coarse array:
A labouring hind in show; then forth he went,
And to the Athenian towers his journey bent:
One squire attended in the same disguise, 575
Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
Arrived at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestion'd in that thick resort:
Proffering for hire his service at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait. 580
So fair befel him, that for little gain
He served at first Emilia's chamberlain;
And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye;
And as his bones were big, and sinews strong, 585
Refused no toil that could to slaves belong;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And used his noble hands the wood to hew.
He pass'd a year at least attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philostratus. 590
But never was there man of his degree
So much esteem'd, so well beloved as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was blown:
All think him worthy of a greater place, 595
And recommend him to the royal grace;
That exercised within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite praised,
And by great Theseus to high favour raised; 600
Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with sums of gold:
Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent:
This well employ'd, he purchased friends and fame, 605
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he lived with large increase,
In arms of honour, and esteem in peace;
To Theseus' person he was ever near;
And Theseus for his virtues held him dear. 610

BOOK II.

While Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immured, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and scarcely seen the light:
Lost liberty and love at once he bore: 615
His prison pain'd him much, his passion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.
But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins received the sun, 620
Were it by chance, or forceful destiny,
Which forms in causes first whate'er shall be,
Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:

524. *Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,*]
Δάκρυα δὲ ξηροῖσι ὑπὸ βλεφάρεσι παγέντα
Ἵστασι, ἀγρύπνου σῆμα δυσταλίης."
Juliani Ægyptii in imaginem Philoctetis.
Antholog. H. Steph. p. 313.
John Warton.

535. *But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.*]
Qui tristis audis musicum citharæ sonum,
Quem tibiarum macerat jucunditas."—Phædrus.
John Warton.

561. *By chance he spied a mirror while he spoke,*]
not according to the original, which, I think, con-
very natural incident: "And with that word he
gret mirrour." In the sudden thought of revisit-
ens, he wished to see what appearance he made.
Warton.

566. *Since I in Arcite, &c.*] Chaucer continues his
e, which is more judicious. John Warton.

Ver. 610. *And Theseus, &c.*] "Palamon and Arcyte," a comedy, was acted before queen Elizabeth in Christ Church Hall at Oxford, 1566, with which the queen appeared to be much delighted, and promised to reward the author, Richard Edwards, for his pains. His poems are printed in the Paradise of Dainty Devises. London, quarto, 1578. Dr. J. Warton.

A pleasant beverage he prepared before, 625
Of wine and honey mix'd with added store
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
And snored secure till morn, his senses bound
In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd. 630
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising sun.
A thick-spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way,
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day.) 635
Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next design
Was all the Theban race in arms to join, 640
And war on Theseus, till he lost his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the lingering day beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our style;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care, 645
Till treacherous fortune caught him in the snare.
The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all the horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight; 650
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, resolved to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode, 655
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I named before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair; 660
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And raised his voice to welcome in the May.
For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours, 665
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite, 670
As thou shalt guide my wandering feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind.
His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd,
Till fate or fortune near the place convey'd
His steps where secret Palamon was laid. 675
Full little thought him of the gentle knight,
Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his flight,
In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mortal sight.
And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know. 680
But as it has been said of ancient years,
The fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wise are ever on their guard,
For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepared.

Ver. 682. *That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;*] There is an old Monkish verse to this effect:

"Campus habet lumen, et habet nemus auris acumen."
Tyrwhitt.

There is an Hebrew proverb much to the same purpose: 'Do not speak of great matters in a field that is full of little hills."—Ray's Proverbs. JOHN WARTON.

Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon;
Who listening heard him, while he search'd the grove,
And loudly sung his roundelay of love:
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood;
Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well;
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desperate sigh, accusing heaven and fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
Cursed be the day when first I did appear;
Let it be blotted from the calendar,
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the year
Still will the jealous Queen pursue our race!
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
Yet ceases not her hate: for all who come
From Cadmus are involved in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood: unjust decree!
That punishes another's crime on me.
In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caused my country's overthrow.
This is not all; for Juno, to my shame,
Has forced me to forsake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
That side of heaven is all my enemy;
Mars ruin'd Thebes: his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, the unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not free,
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure;
For love 's a malady without a cure;
Fierce Love has pierced me with his fiery dart,
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was adored:
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleased with my sufferings, if you knew my pain.
At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he changed his look:
He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart;
Nor longer stood, but starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and show'd his hostile face:

Ver. 699. *Cursed be the day when first I did appear;*
Let it be blotted from the calendar,
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the year.]

"Let the day perish wherein I was born, and let it not be joined unto the days of the year. Let it not come into the number of the months. Let them curse it that curse the day."—Job iii. 3, et seq. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 703. —— *the Theban city was:*]
"fuit Ilium." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 722. —— *hisses at my heart.*] Inexcusably vulgar. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 725. *Of such a goddess no time leaves record,*
Who burn'd the temple where she was adored.]

This conceit is not in the original of Chaucer, but may be found in Dryden's Miscellanies, being the concluding couplet of a copy of verses, called, "A Cruel Mistress," by T. Carew, Esq. What could induce our poet to insert them here, we cannot readily conceive. JOHN WARTON

rcite, traitor to thy blood,
sacred oath to seek my good,
found forsworn, for Emily;
mpt her love, for whom I die. 740
heated Theseus with a wile,
w, returning to beguile
v'd name: as false to me,
rt to him who set thee free:
d, that either thou shalt die, 745
ce thy claim in Emily;
arm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
ut my sword, or pointed lance:
man, unquestion'd hence to go,
non, thy mortal foe. 750
heard his tale, and knew the man,
heathed, and fiercely thus began:
ods, who govern heaven above,
weak with hunger, mad with love,
been thy last, or in this grove 755
uld force thee to renounce thy love.
ich I gave thee, I defy:
ow that love endures no tie,
laughs at lovers' perjury.
rve the fair in thy despite; 760
art my kinsman, and a knight,
faith, to-morrow in this grove
plead the titles of our love:
help my right, as I alone
keep the cause and quarrel both
n, 765
proof both for myself and thee;
e best, and leave the worst to me.
etter ease thou may'st abide,
lothes I will this night provide,
sustenance, that thou may'st be 770
ter won, and worthy me.
Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
er than the first he made.
parted till the morrow's dawn,
aid his plighted faith to pawn. 775
a sternly dost thy power maintain,
bear a rival in thy reign,
ou all fellowship disdain.
rcite proved, and Palamon,
r, yet each would love alone. 780
l, and, as in honour tied,
edding, and with food supplied;
day, two suits of armour sought,
efore him on his steed he brought:
hining steel, and wrought so pure, 785
strokes of two such arms endure.
me, and in the appointed place,
and challenged, face to face,
ch other from afar they knew,
their hatred changed their hue. 790
Thracian herdsman with his spear,
, and hopes the hunted bear,

And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees
And thinks, Here comes my mortal enemy, 795
And either he must fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A generous chilness seizes every part:
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the heart.
Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn; 800
None greets; for none the greeting will return:
But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care
His foe profess'd, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance: 805
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And, wounded, wound; till both were bathed in blood;
And not a foot of ground had either got, 810
As if the world depended on the spot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger fared,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or, as two boars, whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws, 815
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they wound;
With grunts and groans the forest rings around.
So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
Till fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.
The power that ministers to God's decrees, 820
And executes on earth what Heaven foresees,
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her way,
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
One moment can retard the appointed hour, 825
And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above;
They move our appetites to good or ill, 830
And by foresight necessitate the will.
In Theseus this appears; whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chace in forests to destroy;
This gentle knight, inspired by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day, 835
And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.

I am Palamon,] That profound philoso- others penetrated most deeply into the s observed, that a *discovery* is, of *all* events, terest a reader. Dr. J. WARTON.

will not bear a rival in thy reign,
ants and thou all fellowship disdain.]
na socium ferre nec tædæ sciunt."
Sen. Agam. 259.

r:
e and lordship bide no paragone."
Mother Hubb. Tale.
JOHN WARTON.

tands the Thracian] Our language scarce can produce nine more beautifully-finished lines. Dr. J. WARTON.

I think the original fully equal to the imitation:

"Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace
That stondeth at a gappe with a spere,
Whan hunted is the lion or the bere,
And hereth him come rushing in the greves,
And breking bothe the boughes and the leves,
And thinketh, here cometh my mortal enemy,
Withouten faille, he must be ded or I;
For eyther I mote slen him at the gappe;
Or he mote slen me, if that me mishappe."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 826. *And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,*
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:]

"The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate."
Shakspeare's Love's Lab. Lost, Act. v.
JOHN WARTON.

Peside him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attired in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
The way that Theseus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
The lawn on which they fought, the appointed place
In which the uncoupled hounds began the chace.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
That shaded by the fern in harbour lay;
And thence dislodged, was wont to leave the wood,
For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the sun,
He saw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon,
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow;
Like lightning flamed their fauchions to and fro,
And shot a dreadful gleam; so strong they strook,
There seem'd less force required to fell an oak:
He gazed with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Resolved to learn, he spurr'd his fiery steed
With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So soon he was betwixt 'em on the place;
And with his sword unsheathed, on pain of life
Commands both combatants to cease their strife:
Then with imperious tone pursues his threat;
What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride presume against my laws,
As in a listed field to fight your cause?
Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
As knightly rites require; nor judge to try?
Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
Thus hasty spoke: We both deserve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
A pair so wretched is not to be found.
Our life 's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to set the imprison'd soul at large.
Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me;
Let neither find thy grace; for grace is cruelty.
Me first, oh, kill me first; and cure my woe:
Then sheathe the sword of justice on my foe:
Or kill him first; for when his name is heard,
He foremost will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe:
On whom thy grace did liberty bestow,
But first contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon the Athenian ground,
His head should pay the forfeit; see return'd
The perjured knight, his oath and honour scorn'd.
For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name
And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philostratus: retain'd by thee,
A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own,
And call myself the unhappy Palamon.
Think me not like that man; since no disgrace
Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promised I thy prisoner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I, with this Arcite, am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, since I thy life pursue;
For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
More would'st thou know? I love bright Emily,
And, for her sake, and in her sight, will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no less
Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will bless.
Assured that what I lose, he never shall possess.
To this replied the stern Athenian prince,
And sourly smiled: In owning your offence
You judge yourself; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
He said; dumb sorrow seized the standers-by.
The queen above the rest, by nature good,
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept: when she began,
Through the bright quire the infectious virtue ran.
All dropp'd their tears, even the contended maid:
And thus among themselves they softly said:
What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight!
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The mastership of heaven in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
See their wide-streaming wounds: they neither came
For pride of empire, nor desire of fame:
Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause:
But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's cause.
This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,
Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place,
From the fierce king implored the offenders' grace.
He paused a while, stood silent in his mood,
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood;)
But soon his tender mind the impression felt,
(As softest metals are not slow to melt,
And pity soonest runs in softest minds:)
Then reasons with himself; and first he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made, or magnified the offence.
Offence? of what? to whom? who judged the cause?
The prisoner freed himself by nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he freed
Was perjured, but his love excused the deed:
Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes,
And saw the women's tears, and heard their cries;
Which moved compassion more; he shook his head,
And softly sighing to himself he said:
Curse on the unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorse; who rules by lions' law;

Ver. 880. *Me first, oh, kill me first;*] For the passionate repetition of *Me* he is indebted to his old master, Virgil. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 897. *Think me not like that man;*] It does not often happen that the additions made by our poet are really improvements. I rather think that these words are not in character with the noble-minded ingenuous Palamon. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 913. *And sourly smiled,*] The *aspramente sorrise* and *sorrise amaramente* of Ariosto and Tasso. Toon

o prayers, by no submission bow'd,
alike; the penitent, and proud!
th look serene, he raised his head;
umed her place, and passion fled:
aloud he spoke: The power of love, 960
nd seas, and air, and heaven above,
esisted, with an awful nod;
iracles declared a god:
the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind;
ls and stamps anew the lover's mind. 965
t Arcite, and this Palamon,
my fetters, and in safety gone,
er'd either in their native soil
reap the harvest of their toil?
their lord, did otherwise ordain, 970
ht 'em in their own despite again,
eath deserved; for well they know,
power, and I their deadly foe.
b holds, that to be wise and love,
ranted to the gods above. 975
e madmen bleed: behold the gains
h their master, Love, rewards their
s.
long years, on duty every day,
edience, and their monarch's pay:
duty bound, they serve him on; 980
he fools, they think it wisely done;
or wealth, nor life itself, regard,
ir maxim, Love is love's reward.
all; the fair, for whom they strove,
before, nor could suspect their love, 985
ht, when she beheld the fight from far,
was the occasion of the war.
general doom on man is pass'd,
fools and lovers, first or last:
by others and myself, I know, 990
served their sovereign long ago;
een caught within the winding train
snares, and felt the lover's pain,
d how far the god can human hearts
strain.
nembrance, and the prayers of those,
e offending warriors interpose, 996
forfeit lives; on this accord,
homage as their sovereign lord;
vassals, to their utmost might,
person, and assert my right. 1000
sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd.
the king his secret thoughts explain'd:
or honour, or a royal race,
all may win a lady's grace,
r of you knights may well deserve 1005
born; and such is she you serve:
is sister to the crown,
o well to both her beauty known:
you combat till you both were dead,
cannot share a single bed: 1010
e both are equal in degree,
both be left to destiny.

The proverb holds, &c.]
et sapere vix Deo conceditur."—Publ. Sy.
e wise and eke to love,
ranted scarce to gods above."—Spenser.
JOHN WARTON.

——— *on this accord,*
To do me homage as their sovereign lord;]
manimous Scipio to Allucius; "Hanc merce-
o eo munere paciscor, amicus Populo Romano
26, c. 50. JOHN WARTON.

Now hear the award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love.
Depart from hence in peace, and, free as air, 1015
Search the wide world, and where you please repair;
But on the day when this returning sun
To the same point through every sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring,
In royal lists, to fight before the king; 1020
And then the knight, whom fate or happy chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain, 1025
The prize of valour and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
The charge be mine to adorn the chosen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd;
And take the patron's place, of either knight, 1031
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And Heaven of me so judge as I shall judge aright.
If both are satisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword.
Who now but Palamon exults with joy? 1036
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky:
The whole assembled troop was pleased as well,
Extol the award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious king. The knights with leave 1040
Departing from the place, his last commands receive;
On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inspiration took.
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day. 1045
It might be deem'd, on our historian's part,
Or too much negligence, or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expence.
He first inclosed for lists a level ground, 1050
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within an amphitheatre appear'd,
Raised in degrees, to sixty paces rear'd: 1055
That when a man was placed in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.
Eastward was built a gate of marble white;
The like adorn'd the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabric was, 1060
Rome never saw; nor of so vast a space.
For rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command;
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame;
The master-painters, and the carvers, came. 1065
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eastern gate was raised above
A temple, sacred to the Queen of Love;
An altar stood below: on either hand 1070
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.
The dome of Mars was on the gate opposed,
And on the north a turret was inclosed,

Ver. 1070.
An altar stood below: on either hand
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.]
Our author has adorned this passage with appropriate imagery. JOHN WARTON.

Within the walls of alabaster white,
And crimson coral for the queen of night, 1075
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.
Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery;
Where every figure to the life express'd
The godhead's power to whom it was address'd.
In Venus' temple on the sides were seen 1081
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
Prayers that ev'n spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
And issuing sighs that smoked along the wall.
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's hell, 1085
And scalding tears that wore a channel where they fell:
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties,
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury, 1090
And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring Joy;
And Sorceries to raise the infernal powers,
And Sigils framed in planetary hours:
Expence, and After-thought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley hue, and dark Despair; 1095
Suspicions, and fantastical Surmise,
And Jealousy suffused, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd;
Down-look'd, and with a cuckoo on her fist.
Opposed to her, on t' other side advance 1100
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
All these were painted on the walls, and more;
With acts and monuments of times before: 1105
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
For there the Idalian mount, and Citheron,
The court of Venus, was in colours drawn:
Before the palace-gate, in careless dress, 1110
And loose array, sat portress Idleness:
There, by the fount, Narcissus pined alone;
There Samson was; with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love undone.
Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts, 1115
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to beasts:
Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess, to the power of love submit:
The spreading snare for all mankind is laid;
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd. 1120
The goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought:

Ver. 1114. *And all the mighty names, &c.*] Our poet omits, in his haste, several of the most apposite examples. As for instance, Chaucer says:

"Ne yet the grete strength of Hercules,
Ne of Turnus the hardy fiers corage,
The riche Cresus, caitif in servage."

For Hercules he has substituted Samson. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1121. *The goddess' self*] My reader perhaps may not be displeased with the following lines, which contain some of the leading features of this animated description:

Αντιπατρου Σιδωνιου.

Τὰν ἀναδυομέναν ἀπὸ ματέρος ἄρτι θαλάσσας
Κύπριν, Ἀπελλείου μύθων ὅρα γραπτίδος,
Ὥς χερὶ συμμάρψασα διαβρέχων ὕδατι χαίτας,
Ἑλλίκου νοτερῶν ἀτρὸν ἀπὸ πλοκάμων.
Αὐταὶ νῦν ἐρίουσιν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη
Οὐκ ἔτι σοι μορφᾶς τὶς ἔριν ἐρχόμεθα."

Anthol. H. Steph. p. 326.
JOHN WARTON.

From ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled seas, and clear'd the skies;
She trod the brine all bare below the breast, 1125
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest.
A lute she held; and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;
And, by his mother, stood an infant Love. 1130
With wings unfledged; his eyes were banded o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the sides were spread;
This temple, less in form, with equal grace, 1135
Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
For that cold region was the loved abode,
And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare; 1140
Where neither beast, nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old; 1145
Headless the most, and hideous to behold:
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole way they bent.
Heaven froze above, severe, the clouds congeal,
And through the crystal vault appear'd the standing hail. 1151
Such was the face without: a mountain stood
Threatening from high, and overlook'd the wood:
Beneath the lowering brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent: 1155
The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A strait long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and horror over head:

Ver. 1126. *And the green waves*] Dryden, as in this most elegant passage, scarce ever uses above one epithet to its substantive. Many of our late writers, with a nauseous affectation, accumulate three or four epithets on the same subject. Lucretius, the most nervous of all poets, has some lines of great energy, without one single epithet in them:

"Nubila, ros, imbres, nix, venti, fulmina, grando."

"Vulneribus, clamore, fugâ, clangore, tumultû."

"Prata, lacus, rivos, segetes, vinetaque læta."

Horace has a few:

"Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re."

I remember no one line without epithet in Virgil. One of Milton has great force:

"Rocks, caves, lakes, dens, bogs, fens, and shades of death."
Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1140. *The landscape was a forest wide and bare*] Our author has here added circumstances that highly improve the original, and has set before us a picture full of the wild imagery of Salvator Rosa. That my reader may judge, I have here cited the original passage:

"First on the wall was peinted a forest,
In which ther wonneth neyther man ne best,
With knotty knarry barrein trees old,
Of stubbes sharpe and hidous to behold;
In which ther ran a romble and a swough,
As though a storme shuld bresten every bough."
JOHN WARTON.

ssued such a blast, and hollow roar, 1160
ten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
igh that door, a northern light there
one;
it had, for windows there were none.
was adamant; eternal frame!
hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian
iarries came, 1165
ur of a god; and all along
ron plates were clench'd to make it
rong.
out was every pillar there;
d mirror shone not half so clear.
w I how the secret felon wrought, 1170
son labouring in the traitor's thought,
(wife Time the ripen'd plot to murder
ought.
e red Anger dared the pallid Fear;
od Hypocrisy, with holy leer;
ing, and demurely looking down, 1175
he dagger underneath the gown:
ssinating wife, the household fiend,
he blackest there, the traitor-friend.
er side there stood Destruction bare;
i'd Rapine, and a waste of war. 1180
with sharpen'd knives in cloisters drawn,
vith blood bespread the holy lawn.
naces were heard, and foul disgrace,
ling infamy, in language base;
was lost in sound, and silence fled the
ace. 1185
er of himself yet saw I there,
congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
s half closed, and gaping mouth he lay,
n, as when he breathed his sullen soul
vay.
of all the dome, Misfortune sat, 1190
my Discontent, and fell Debate,
iness laughing in his ireful mood;
'd complaint on theft; and cries of blood.
is the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
ent death in thousand shapes display'd:
to the soldier's rage resign'd: 1195
ss wars, and poverty behind:
rnt in fight, or forced on rocky shores,
rash hunter strangled by the boars:
born babe by nurses overlaid; 1200
cook caught within the raging fire he
ade.
f Mars his nature, flame, and steel;
ing charioteer, beneath the wheel
rn car; the ruin'd house that falls
rcepts her lord betwixt the walls: 1205
le division that to Mars pertains,
s of death that deal in steel for gains,
ire: the butcher, armourer, and smith,
ges sharpen'd fauchions, or the scythe.
let Conquest on a tower was placed, 1210
uts, and soldiers' acclamations graced;
d sword hung threatening o'er his head,
but by a slender twine of thread.
w I Mars his ides, the Capitol,
in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall; 1215
The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Antony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted ere the men were born,
All copied from the heavens, and ruling force 1220
Of the red star, in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood.
All sheathed in arms, and gruffly look'd the god:
Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid,* 1225
One when direct, and one when retrograde.
Tired with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and in the midst a lawn: 1230
The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horns resound:
Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
Her son was next, and, by peculiar grace, 1235
In the cold circle held the second place:
The stag Actæon in the stream had spied
The naked huntress, and, for seeing, died:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chace, and their mistaken master slew. 1240
Peneian Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
The adjoining fane the assembled Greeks express'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beast.
Œnides' valour, and his envied prize: 1245
The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murd'ress mother, and consuming son;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain; 1250
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of every kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen. 1255
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before
In act to shoot; a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a wexing moon, that soon would wane,
And, drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again: 1260
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid her burthen to disclose.

1. *As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;*] instance of alliteration. JOHN WARTON

2. *A pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head,*] "Districtus ensis cui super impiâ
Cervice pendet."—Hor. lib. iii. Od. 1.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1223. —— *gruffly look'd the god:*] Original:
"The statue of Mars upon a carte stood,
Armed and looked grim, as he were wood."
JOHN WARTON.

* Rubens and Puella. Original edition.

Ver. 1226. *One when direct, and one when retrograde.*] Our author has here omitted one of the most lively images:
"A wolfe ther stode before him at his feet,
With eyen red, and of a man he ete."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1253. *The graceful goddess was array'd in green;*] He has here also omitted a picturesque circumstance:
"The goddess on an hart ful heye sete."

But our author chose to represent the goddess in a standing attitude, as about to shoot.
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before
In act to shoot. JOHN WARTON.

All these the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Ashamed and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of every god,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd.
So princes now their poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus raised, the lists enclosed,
And all with vast magnificence disposed,
We leave the monarch pleased, and haste to bring
The knights to combat, and their arms to sing.

BOOK III.

The day approach'd when fortune should decide
The important enterprize, and give the bride;
For now, the rivals round the world had sought,
And each his number, well appointed, brought.
The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
And send the flower of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone:
Beside the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood loved, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envied to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor seems it strange; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endued with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
(An isle for love, and arms, of old renown'd)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite sent his name:
And had the land selected of the best,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the rest.
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approved in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat-armour, imitating scale;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail.
Some wore a breast-plate and a light jupon,
Their horses clothed with rich caparison:
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use,
Of folded hides; and others shields of Pruce.
One hung a pole-axe at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe;
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeaux arm'd, and double plates of steel:
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glared betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair:
Big-boned, and large of limbs, with sinews stro
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round a long.
Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old
Were yoked to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy ra black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet
With sparkling diamonds, and with rubies set:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair,
And tall as stags, ran loose, and coursed arou his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for th bear:
With golden muzzles all their mouths we bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and pro array.
To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goodly to behold,
The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barbaro gold.
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set,
His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and shone against th sun.
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue:
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin:
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes:
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound:

Ver. 1265. *All these the painter drew with such command,*
That nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand.]

This addition is not perfectly in unison with the simplicity of the original. John Warton.

Ver. 1271. *So princes*] Poets of every age and nation are fond of making this complaint; not always well founded. Dr. J. Warton.

Ibid. *So princes now*] This reflection is his own; no trace of it in the original. John Warton.

Ver. 1296.
And had the land selected of the best,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the rest.]

This couplet is written with the genuine spirit of a true-born Englishman. John Warton

Ver. 1320. *And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair*
A strange misconstruction of the original:
"With kemped heres on his browes stoun."
John Warton

Ver. 1343. *His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thra*
"His cote-armour was of a cloth of Tars."
John Warton.

Ver. 1355. —— *rash spectator meet his eyes:*
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
"—— ardentia lumina frustra,
Lumina."—Virgil.
John Warton.

l wreath'd his temples, fresh, and green;
yrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd between.
is fist he bore, for his delight,
le well reclaim'd, and lily white. 1365
hundred knights attend him to the war,
r'd for battle; save their heads were bare.
and devices blazed on every shield,
easing was the terror of the field.
gs, and dukes, and barons, you might see,
arkling stars, though different in degree,[1371]
the increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
the king tame leopards led the way,
oops of lions innocently play.
chus through the conquer'd Indies rode,[1375]
asts in gambols frisk'd before their honest god.
is array the war of either side
h Athens pass'd with military pride.
ne, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
pestry spread the streets, and flowers the posts adorn. 1380
wn was all a jubilee of feasts;
seus will'd, in honour of his guests;
f with open arms the kings embraced,
ll the rest in their degrees were graced.
binger was needful for the night, 1385
ery house was proud to lodge a knight.
s the royal treat, nor must relate
ts bestow'd, nor how the champions sate:
rst, who last, or how the knights address'd
ows, or who was fairest at the feast; 1390
voice, whose graceful dance did most surprise;
norous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
als call my Muse another way,
their vigils for the ensuing day.
s ebbing darkness, past the noon of night:
osphor, on the confines of the light, 1396
ed the sun; ere day began to spring,
neful lark already stretch'd her wing,
ickering on her nest made short essays to sing.
n wakeful Palamon, preventing day, 1400
o the royal lists his early way,
ns at her fane, in her own house, to pray.
falling on his knees before her shrine,
s implored with prayers her power divine:
Venus, genial power of love, 1405
ss of men below, and gods above!
h the sliding sun thou runn'st thy race,
irest shine, and best become thy place.

For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year. 1410
Thee, goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
For thee the lion loathes the taste of blood, 1414
And roaring hunts his female through the wood;
For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,
And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair:
All nature is thy province, life thy care:
Thou madest the world, and dost the world repair. 1420
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the sun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the smart.
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief; 1425
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
O goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray. 1430
So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
In love to be thy champion, and thy knight;
A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
A foe profess'd to barren chastity.
Nor ask I fame or honour of the field, 1435
Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield:
In my divine Emilia make me blest,
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest:
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare:
Possession, more than conquest, is my care. 1440

375.

hachus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
beasts in gambols frisk'd before their honest god.]

ile not to be found in the original. By the epithet ryden means to express the youthful grace of the eably to the expression of Virgil:

quocunque Deus circum caput egit *honestum*."
Georg. lib. ii. JOHN WARTON.

391.

e voice, whose graceful dance did most surprise;]

What hawkes sitten on the perche above,
What houndes liggen on the flore adown,
Of all this now I make no mention."—Original.

images our poet has omitted as trifling, but I must ed for saying that they have their propriety, and ded in nature, and are strongly expressive of the and customs of the age. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1409. *For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,*]

"Te, dea, te fugunt venti, te nubila cœli,
Adventumque tuum; tibi suaves dædala tellus
Summittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum."
Lucr. lib. i. ver. 8. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1411. *Thee, goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,* &c.] It has been well observed by Mr. Upton, that Dryden, in this address of Palamon to Venus, had certainly his eye on Spenser as well as Lucretius. I am inclined to think, that to our elder poet the palm of superior elegance must be awarded, at least in the opening of this poetical orison.—See Faer. Qu. iv. x. 44.

"Great Venus! queene of Beautie and of Grace,
The joy of gods and men, that under skie
Dost fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place;
That with thy smyling looke dost pacifie
The raging seas, and mak'st the stormes to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds do feare;
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and all the world shews joyous cheare."

The conclusion of Spenser's address is also more pleasing than Dryden's:

——— *gladder of the mount of Cytheron,*
Increase of Jove, companion of the sun!

Thus smoothly and naturally the elder bard:

"Mother of laughter, and well-spring of blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse."
TODD.

Ver. 1427. *Light sufferings give us leisure to complain:*
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.]

"Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent."
JOHN WARTON.

Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the prize;
With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The Fates but only spin the coarser clue, 1445
The finest of the wool is left for you;
Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
And let the sisters cut below your line:
The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap. 1450
But, if you this ambitious prayer deny,
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality,)
Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And I once dead, let him possess her charms.
Thus ended he; then with observance due 1455
The sacred incense on her altar threw:
The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine: 1460
Pleased Palamon the tardy omen took;
For, since the flames pursued the trailing smoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long delay.
Now morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky, 1465
Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire. 1470
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they crown,
Nor wanted aught besides in honour of the Moon.
Now while the temple smoked with hallow'd steam,
They wash the virgin in a living stream;
The secret ceremonies I conceal, 1475
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal:
But such they were as pagan use required,
Perform'd by women when the men retired,
Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious rites
Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights. 1480
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best.
Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head:
When to the shrine approach'd, the spotless maid 1485
Had kindling fires on either altar laid:
(The rites were such as were observed of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told.)
Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request. 1490
O goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both heaven and earth and seas are seen;
Queen of the nether skies, where half the year
Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy sphere;
Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts, 1496
(Which Niobe's devoted issue felt,
When hissing through the skies the feather'd deaths were dealt,)
As I desire to live a virgin life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife. 1500
Thy vot'ress from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.
Like death, thou know'st, I loathe the nuptial state,
And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate; 1505
Where love is duty on the female side;
On their's mere sensual gust, and sought with surly pride.
Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
In heaven, earth, hell, and everywhere a queen,
Grant this my first desire; let discord cease, 1510
And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace:
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on some other love;
Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed, 1515
Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
But, oh! ev'n that avert; I choose it not,
But take it as the least unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train; 1520
Oh, let me still that spotless name retain!
Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
And only make the beasts of chace my prey!
The flames ascend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameless maid address'd her prayer. 1525
When lo! the burning fire that shone so bright,
Flew off all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little space;
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the blaze;
That other victor-flame a moment stood, 1530
Then fell, and lifeless left the extinguish'd wood;

Ver. 1445. *The Fates but only spin the coarser clue,*] These six lines must strike the reader with disgust, and even astonishment. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1478. *Perform'd by women*] Those of Bona Dea, at Rome, to which Clodius intruded. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1483. *Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,*] The original describes her only with dishevelled hair:

"Her bright here kembed was, untressed all."

In this respect he has altered the figure of Emily, though he has placed her in so graceful an attitude as a suppliant, *that an artist* of elegance (Angelica Kauffman) has thought *proper to adopt* it. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1497. *Which Niobe's devoted issue felt,*] He has substituted Niobe's issue for Actæon, without any visible reason. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1499. *As I desire to live a virgin life,*] So Spenser, speaking of a nymph pursued by Faunus, says:

"She set her down to weep for sore constraint,
And, to Diana calling loud for aid,
Her dear besought to let her die a maid."

"Da mihi, perpetuâ, genitor charissime, dixit,
Virginitate frui."—Ovid. Met. lib. i.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1504. "*And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,*
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate;
Where love is duty on the female side;
On their's, mere sensual gust, and sought with surly pride.]

These four lines are not in the original, nor indeed are they in character with the speaker. He forgets the Horatian precept:

"Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique."

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1523. *And only make the beasts of chace my prey!*] An ill-timed conceit. The reader must be chagrined at meeting with such a line on such an occasion. Our poet surely forgot the Horatian precept:

"Effutire leves indigna tragœdia versus."

JOHN WARTON.

t, the irrevocable light
blackening coals, and sunk to night:
d it whistled as it flew,
brands were green, so dropp'd the
; 1535
it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.
from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
ud shrieks and clamours rent the skies,
hat signified the boding sign,
he powers displeased, and fear'd the
h divine. 1540
ok the sacred shrine, and sudden light
ough the vaulted roof, and made the
le bright.
r, behold! the power in glory shone,
bow, and her keen arrows known;
huntress issuing from the wood, 1545
n her cornel spear she stood.
us thus began: Dismiss thy fear,
n's unchanged decrees attentive hear:
ful gods have torn thee from my side,
o resign, and doom'd a bride: 1550
ntending knights are weigh'd above;
rotects, and one the Queen of Love:
the man, is in the Thunderer's breast;
nounced, 'tis he who loves thee best.
t, once extinct, revived again, 1555
the love allotted to remain:
she said, and vanish'd from the place;
f arrows shook, and rattled in the case.
his, the royal virgin stood,
and now no more a sister of the wood:
parting goddess thus she pray'd; 1561
still be present to my aid,
bandon your once favour'd maid.
g she return'd; but smiled betwixt,
, and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt.
returning planetary hour 1566
ho shared the heptarchy of power,
old Arcite to the temple bent,
ith pagan rites the power armipotent:
rate, low before his altar lay, 1570
his manly voice, and thus began to
:
of arms, whose iron sceptre sways
g North, and Hyperborean seas,
an colds, and Thracia's wintry coast,
d thy steeds, and thou art honour'd
t; 1575
t; but everywhere thy power is known,
e of the fight is all thy own:
ine, and wild amazement, flung
hy chariot, withers ev'n the strong:
ay and shameful rout ensue, 1580
is added to the fainting crew.
ged as thou art, accept my prayer,
have achieved deserve thy care:

The power, behold! the power in glory shone,]
"Deus, ecce, Deus ——"
JOHN WARTON.

—— *but smiled betwixt,*
With hopes, and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt.]

μα χάρμα καὶ ἄλγος ἕλε φρένα· τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
ν πλῆσθεν· θαλερὴ δέ οἱ ἔσχετο φωνή.

e Δακρυόεν γελάσασα of Homer somewhat di-
author, however, seems rather to have had in
legant passage of Carew's, a poet from whom,
erved, he has condescended to borrow a coup-
VARTON.

If to my utmost power with sword and shield
I dared the death, unknowing how to yield, 1585
And falling in my rank, still kept the field:
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own. 1590
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has soften'd into love:
Now, by her blandishments and powerful charms,
When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd, 1595
When Vulcan had thee in his net inthrall'd;
(Oh envied ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When every god that saw thee wish'd thy place!)
By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right: 1600
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractised to persuade:
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain, 1605
Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with disdain.
For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my strength avail, unless, by thee
Endued with force, I gain the victory: 1610
Then for the fire which warm'd thy generous heart,
Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.
So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conquest thine:
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
Immortal, be the business of my life; 1616
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall be hung:
Rank'd with my champions' bucklers, and below,
With arms reversed, the atchievements of my foe:
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds, 1621
While day to night, and night to day succeeds,
Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;
Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine
And fires eternal in thy temple shine. 1626
This bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserved for thee. 1630
So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more; let fate dispose the rest.
The champion ceased; there follow'd in the close
A hollow groan: a murmuring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung: 1636
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast:
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light. 1640

Ver. 1585. *I dared the death, unknowing how to yield,*]
"—— cedere nescii."—Horace.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1621. *And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,*]
"—— dum spiritus hos regit artus."—Virgil.
JOHN WARTON.

Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet smelling as accepted sacrifice:
This omen pleased, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms, 1645
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounced the word of Victory.
For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the god,
And, of success secure, return'd to his abode. 1650
These vows thus granted, raised a strife above,
Betwixt the god of War, and Queen of Love.
She, granting first, had right of time to plead;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife, 1655
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the difference to compose:
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent. 1660
Wayward, but wise; by long experience taught,
To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought:
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden though outrun.
By fortune he has now to Venus trined, 1665
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him disposing in his own abode,
He soothed the goddess, while he gull'd the god:
Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife:
Thy Palamon shall have his promised wife: 1670
And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace. 1675
Man feels me, when I press the ethereal plains,
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
Mine is the shipwreck, in a watery sign;
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air, 1680
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.
The throtling quinsey 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence; 1685
And housing in the lion's hateful sign,
Bought senates, and deserting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy poisoning; I command
Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
By me king's palaces are push'd to ground, 1690
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.
'Twas I slew Samson, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the sire of pestilence, 1694
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but trust thy grandsire's art,
Mars shall be pleased, and thou perform thy part.
'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
The family of heaven for men should war.
The expedient pleased, where neither lost his right; 1700
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to the effect, and sing the war.
In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May: 1705
Which every soul inspired with such delight,
'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smiled, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world as when it first began.
At length in sleep their bodies they compose, 1710
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.
Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given, the streets with clamours ring:
At once the crowd arose; confused and high,
Even from the heaven, was heard a shouting cry; 1715
For Mars was early up, and roused the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their stars.
The neighing of the generous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepared: 1720
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armour, furbish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Battering the pavement with their coursers' feet:
The greedy sight might there devour the gold 1725
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:
And polish'd steel, that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires. 1730
One laced the helm, another held the lance:
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride, 1735
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.

Ver. 1647.

And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounced the word of Victory.]

The original is fine:

"And with that soun he herd a murmuring
Full low and dim, that said thus, Victorie."

In my humble opinion Dryden has weakened the passage by the insertion "the word of." The passage is more animated thus:

"Half sunk and half pronounced, Victory."

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1650. *And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.*] Dryden has here omitted a simile, which, though short, is natural, and highly expressive of Arcite's condition.

"As fayn as foul is of the brighte sonne;" *i.e.* as much rejoiced at his reverse of fortune, as a bird is at the return of sunshine after a storm. So Nicholaus Aretius:—

"—— uti solet volucris
Ramo, vere novo, ad novos tepores
Post solem accipere ætheris liquores
Gestire et pluviæ ore blandiendo."

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1664. *For this advantage age from youth has won,*
As not to be outridden, though outrun.]

The original word is "outrede," *i.e.* "outwit, surpass in counsel. The sense of this word has been most ridiculously mistaken by Dryden."—Tyrwhitt. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1701. *Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.*] An epigrammatic turn not to be found in Chaucer. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1716. *For Mars was early up, and roused the sky.*] Mars is here improperly introduced, as are the figures of the gods descending to behold the tournament. JOHN WARTON.

npets, next the gate, in order placed,
sign to sound the martial blast; 1740
-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
st comers bear the former to the sides.
is in the midst: the common crew
he hall admits the better few; 1745
ey stand, or in a rank they walk,
aspect, earnest in their talk:
nd favouring this or t'other side,
rong fancy or weak reason guide: 1749
rs back their wishes; numbers hold
ir freckled king, and beard of gold:
s are his eyes, such rays they cast,
ent his eagle's beak is placed.
heir looks on the black monarch bend,
muscles, and his brawn commend; 1755
-biting axe, and beamy spear,
g a gigantic force to rear.
s partial favour moved the mind;
hemselves, at others' cost divined.
y the cries, the Athenian chief arose,
ly forms of combat to dispose; 1761
g through the obsequious guards, he sate
s on a throne, sublime in state;
the two contending knights he sent:
-a-pie, with reverence low they bent:
on both, and with superior look 1766
offer'd adoration took.
press on every side to see
l prince, and hear his high decree.
ng to their heralds with his hand, 1770
his orders from their lofty stand.
hrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
t arms bespeaks the knights and listen-
crowd.
roign lord has ponder'd in his mind
to spare the blood of gentle kind; 1775
grace, and inborn clemency,
s his first severe decree!
edge of battle to rebate,
for honour fighting, not for hate,
ot death should terminate their strife;
ds, if wounds ensue, be short of life: 1781
ere the fight, his dread command,
afar, and poniards hand to hand,
l from the field; that none shall dare
en'd sword to stab in closer war; 1785
combat fight with manly strength,
with biting point, but strike at length;
y is allow'd but one career,
gh ash, with the sharp-grinded spear,
s unhorsed may rise from off the plain,
n foot their honour to regain; 1791
nischief taken, on the ground
ut prisoners to the pillar bound,
arrier placed; nor (captives made),
r arm'd anew the fight invade. 1795
f either side, bereft of life,
to his foe, concludes the strife.
s the lord: now valiant knights and
ng,
his fill with swords and maces long.
ends: the vaulted firmament 1800
acclaims and vast applause is rent:
ard a prince so gracious and so good,
d yet so provident of blood!

The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,] expression:

salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam."

JOHN WARTON.

This was the general cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around. 1805
The marching troops through Athens take their way,
The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread, 1810
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry tread.
The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause, and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three, 1816
Proceed by titles marshall'd in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take their way,
And at the list arrived ere prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And wheeling east and west, before their many ride. 1822
The Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next these, the kindred of the crown are graced
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies placed. 1825
Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd:
The guards, and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now changed the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow; 1831
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is placed aloft, that bears the god of war,
Proud Arcite, entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain. 1835
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron god.
At that self moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising Sun;
Waved by the wanton winds, his banner flies, 1840
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found;
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature sized; so proud an equipage: 1845
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay the advantage, or what side to take.
Thus ranged, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answer'd to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun with care 1850
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of war.
The tale was just, and then the gates were closed;
And chief to chief, and troop to troop opposed.
The heralds last retired, and loudly cried,
The fortune of the field be fairly tried. 1855
At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challenged makes reply:
With clangour rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their visors closed, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest, 1860
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:

Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men:
As labouring in eclipse, a while they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is changed, and war appears a grisly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd:
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie grovelling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights, unhorsed, on foot renew the fight;
The glittering fauchions cast a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound,
Out spins the streaming blood and dyes the ground.
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid armour bend.
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse:
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And floundering throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's award he must abide:
There goes a captive led on t'other side.
By fits they cease; and leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals met, and neither spared
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
That other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhorsed; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their fauchions bite, that every stroke
Pierced to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.
Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.
So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion issuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive.
At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By course of time to their appointed end;
So when the sun to west was far declined,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:

Ver. 1905. *So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,*] This simile falls short of the original as to spirit and propriety.

"Ther n'as no tigre in the vale of Galaphey,
Whan that hire whelpe is stole, whan it is lite,
So cruel on the hunt, as is Arcite
For jalous herte upon this Palamon:
Ne in Belmarie ther n'is so fell lion
That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,
Ne of his prey desireth so the blood,
As Palamon to sleen his foo Arcite."

JOHN WARTON.

For turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of the unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the blo
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd hi down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to th ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eye
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!
The royal judge on his tribunal placed,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bade cease the war; pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
The sound of trumpets to the voice replied,
And round the royal lists the heralds cried,
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride.
The people rend the skies with vast applause;
All own the chief, when Fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conquering Mars insults the Queen of Love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in heaven prevail'd.
Laugh'd all the powers who favour tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the lists distill'd her tears;
Her will refused, which grieves a woman most,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love is lost.
Till Saturn said, Fair daughter, now be still,
The blustering fool has satisfied his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But lost the prize, the arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free.
Now while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heaven and earth resound;
A miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.
Then spurring at full speed, ran endlong on
Where Theseus sate on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where next the queen was placed his Emily;
Then passing, to the saddle-bow he bent:
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent
(For women, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way:)
Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:
The startling steed was seized with sudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pommel cast the knight:
Forward he flew, and pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.

Ver. 1941. *The people rend the skies with vast applause;*] An imitation of himself: Ode on Alexander's feast, &c.

The many rend the skies with loud applause. Tow

as his countenance in a little space,
the blood was gather'd in his face.
as at hand: they rear'd him from the
round, 1985
m his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;
nced a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.
dle-bow the noble parts had press'd,
sed and mortified his manly breast.
ll entranced, and in a litter laid,
re from field, and to his bed convey'd. 1990
h he waked, and with a feeble cry,
d he first pronounced was Emily.
time the king, though inwardly he
mourn'd,
triumphant to the town return'd,
d by the chiefs, who fought the field; 1995
iendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd):
ed his looks to counterfeited cheer,
le them not for Arcite's life to fear.
which gladded all the warrior train,
most were sorely wounded, none were
lain. 2000
geons soon despoil'd 'em of their arms,
ne with salves they cure, and some with
harms;
the bruises, and the pains assuage,
al their inward hurts with sovereign
raughts of sage.
g in person visits all around, 2005
s the sick, congratulates the sound;
the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
ds for thrice three days a royal feast.
as disgraced; for falling is no shame;
vardice alone is loss of fame. 2010
t'rous knight is from the saddle thrown,
the fault of fortune, not his own;
ls and palms the conquering side adorn,
or under better stars was born:
ve man seeks not popular applause, 2015
rpower'd with arms deserts his cause;
ed, though foil'd, he does the best he can;
of brutes, but honour is of man.
Theseus smiled on all with equal grace,
h was set according to his place; 2020
se were reconciled the differing parts,
y never dwells in noble hearts.
h they took their leave, the time expired;
ased, and to their several homes retired.
while the health of Arcite still impairs;
ad proceeds to worse, and mocks the
eeches' cares; 2025
is his breast; his inward pains increase,
ns are used, and all without success.
ted blood lies heavy on his heart,
, and there remains in spite of art: 2030
athing veins, nor cupping will prevail;
ard remedies and inward fail:
ald of nature's fabric is destroy'd,
els discomposed, her virtue void:
ows of his lungs begin to swell: 2035
of frame is every secret cell,
the good receive, nor bad expel.
reathing organs, thus within oppress'd,
nom soon distend the sinews of his breast.
profits him to save abandon'd life, 2040
it's upward aid, nor downward laxative.
most region batter'd and destroy'd,
ature cannot work, the effect of art is
oid.

For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create. 2045
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous
bride,
Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declared all hope of life was past,
Conscience (that of all physic works the last) 2050
Caused him to send for Emily in haste.
With her, at his desire, came Palamon;
Then on his pillow raised, he thus begun.
No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart, 2055
For you, whom best I love and value most;
But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
Which from this mortal body when untied,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;
Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend, 2060
But wait officious, and your steps attend:
How I have loved, excuse my faltering tongue,
My spirits feeble, and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die,
Because I lose my charming Emily: 2065
To die, when Heaven had put you in my power,
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could envious Fortune give,
Than just to die, when I began to live!
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave, 2070
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave!
Never, oh, never more to see the sun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath
Near bliss, and yet not bless'd before my death.
Farewell; but take me dying in your arms, 2075
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death resign;
Ah! could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and thus embraced, 2080
Am pleased to die; but hear me speak my last:
Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injured Palamon.
But love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no
bounds. 2085
And much I doubt, should Heaven my life prolong,
I should return to justify my wrong:
For while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of power to sin.
With mortal hatred I pursued his life, 2090
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife;
Nor I, but as I loved; yet all combined,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind;
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
For still our kindred souls had one desire. 2095
He had a moment's right in point of time;
Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and justified his right;
Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood, 2100
Truth, honour, all that is comprised in good;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon.

Ver. 2084. *But love the sense of right and wrong confounds,*] This speech is without doubt tedious and unsuited to such an occasion: yet the next fourteen lines are not in the original, and therefore for them our author is answerable; and I fear we cannot make any sufficient apology for so glaring an impropriety, but must attribute its undue length to our author's perpetual indulgence of his talent for ratiocination. JOHN WARTON.

He loves you too, with such an holy fire,
As will not, cannot, but with life expire: 2105
Our vow'd affections both have often tried,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then, by my love's inviolable band,
By my long suffering, and my short command,
If er'e you plight your vows when I am gone, 2110
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.
This was his last; for Death came on amain,
And exercised below his iron reign;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:
Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw, 2115
Though less and less of Emily he saw;
So, speechless, for a little space he lay;
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.
But whither went his soul, let such relate 2120
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty. 2125
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know.
In Palamon a manly grief appears; 2130
Silent, he wept, ashamed to show his tears:
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd
With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:
Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair. 2135
'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state.
But like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last. 2140
The face of things is changed, and Athens now,
That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe:
Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen 2145
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair,
The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tare.
Why would'st thou go, with one consent they cry,
When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily? 2150
Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the same relief;
Old Egeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known,
And strange vicissitudes of human fate, 2155
Still altering, never in a steady state;
Good after ill, and, after pain, delight;
Alternate like the scenes of day and night:
Since every man, who lives, is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity, 2160
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve, too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;
The world 's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.
With words like these the crowd was satisfied,
And so they would have been, had Theseus died.
But he, their king, was labouring in his mind,
A fitting place for funeral pomps to find, 2175
Which were in honour of the dead design'd.
And after long debate, at last he found
(As love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that conscious land,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous desires 2180
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires,
There other flames might waste his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.
This once resolved, the peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find. 2185
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepared,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd, 2190
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle, spread.
A sword keen-edged within his right he held, 2195
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly visage on the bier:
Menaced his countenance; ev'n in death severe.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight. 2200
Groans, cries, and howlings fill the crowded place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on every face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd, 2205
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree, 2210
The steed, that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining bright.

Ver. 2112. *This was his last;*] What Homer emphatically says in two words only, κειται Πατροκλος, is far beyond the 500 verses of Quintus Calaber in describing the death of Achilles in his 4th book. In truth, this speech of the dying Arcite, consisting of sixty lines, is too long, and the minute account of his departure rather tedious. But the lines from 2108 to 2120 are exquisitely pathetic. Though the death of Patroclus above-mentioned was not intended as a description, but merely to announce the event with brevity, yet, still is this description of the death of Arcite too prolix. The lines following 2120, relating to a future state, are strangely introduced and improper. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 2163. *Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend.*] "Ex ipsâ vitâ discedimus, tanquam ex hospitio, non tanquam ex domo; commorandi enim nobis natura diversorium non habitandi dedit."—Cicero. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 2193.] So Sallust, though of a quite different character.

"——ferociamque animi quam habuerat vivus, in vita retinens." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 2206.] I hope my reader will not think the [illegible] trifling, that Dryden here with his usual haste has rendered Chaucer unfaithfully.

The steed, that bore him living to the fight.

The original says,

"Duke Theseus let forth three stedes being
That trapped were in stele all glittering.
And cover'd with the arms of Dan Arcite,
And eke upon these stedes, *gres and white*,
Their satten folk," &c.

Chaucer abounds in minute and circumstantial painting. The observation of Quintilian is undoubtedly just, when

And cover'd with the atchievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held; 2210
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier;
With sober pace they march'd, and often staid, 2215
And through the master-street the corpse convey'd.
The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And ev'n the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept; 2220
Each bore a golden bowl, of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy wine.
Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
And after him appear'd the illustrious train.
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright, 2225
With cover'd fire, the funeral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of pagan honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below. 2230
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion strow'd.
The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain-ash, the mother of the spear; 2235
The mourner yew, and builder oak were there:
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
And laurels, which the gods for conquering chiefs ordain. 2240
How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
With nameless Nymphs that lived in every tree;
Nor how the Dryads, or the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd, 2245
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bared:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright
Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.

after giving an accurate and particular account of a besieged city, he says, "Minus est tamen totum dicere quam omnia." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 2229. *So lofty was the pile,*]

"——— uti æra vincere summum
Arboris haud ullæ jactu potuere sagittæ."
Virg. Georgic. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 2235.] I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing here a passage from Cowper descriptive of trees whose peculiar beauties and properties have scarcely been noticed by other poets:

"No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some
And of a wannish grey; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long surviving oak;
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech, of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours; nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright."
Cowper's Task. JOHN WARTON.

The straw, as first I said, was laid below:
Of chips and sere-wood was the second row; 2250
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,
And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array,
In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay. 2254
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fired; the smouldering flames arise:
This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her swound,
I want the wit in moving words to dress;
But by themselves the tender sex may guess. 2260
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;
And some their shields, and some their lances threw,
And gave their warrior's ghost a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood, 2265
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound:
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain, 2270
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again:
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering shields;
The women mix their cries; and clamour fills the fields.
The warlike wakes continued all the night,
And funeral games were play'd at new returning light; 2275
Who naked wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.
I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd, 2280
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:
When by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament:
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be freed; 2285
Reserving homage to the Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and, placed on high, 2290
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:

Ver. 2263. *And some their shields,' and some their lances threw,*]

"Hinc alii spolia occisis direpta Latinis
Conjiciunt igni, galeas, ensesque decoros,
Frenasque, ferventesque rotas, pars munera nota,
Ipsorum clypeos, et non felicia tela."—Virg. Æn. xi.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 2267. ——— *and hungry lick the food.*] An expression borrowed from the Scripture.

"Then the fire of the lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench."—1 Kings, chap. xviii., v. 38. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 2268. *Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around*]

"Ter circum accensos, cincti fulgentibus armis,
Decurrere rogos; ter mœstum funeris ignem
Lustravere in equis, ululatusque ore dedere."
Virg. Æn. xi. JOHN WARTON

So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.
And first, soft whispers through the assembly went:
With silent wonder then they watch'd the event:
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his face.
At length he sigh'd; and having first prepared
The attentive audience, thus his will declared.
The Cause and Spring of motion, from above,
Hung down on earth the golden chain of Love:
Great was the effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air by this were bound,
And Love, the common link, the new creation crown'd.
The chain still holds; for though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:
The same first Mover certain bounds has placed,
How long those perishable forms shall last:
Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
By that all-seeing, and all-making mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never pass the appointed destiny.
So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.
Then since those forms begin, and have their end,
On some unalter'd cause they sure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole:
Who gives us life, and animating soul.
For nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give:
He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and different in degree;
Plants, beasts, and man; and, as our organs are,
We more or less of his perfection share.
But by a long descent, the ethereal fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:
As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,
And the same matter makes another mass:
This law the Omniscient Power was pleased to give,
That every kind should by succession live:
That individuals die, his will ordains;
The propagated species still remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the street,
And towns and towers their fatal periods meet:
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forsaken of their springs; and leave their channels dry.
So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,
And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and issuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own began:
Retchless of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne:
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
Some thus; but thousands more in flower of age:
For few arrive to run the latter stage.
Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whose command we perish, and we spring!
Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity;
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain:
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But served our friends, and well secured our fame;
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for fortune to dispose:
So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief
Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flower.
Then round our death-bed every friend shoul. run,
And joyous of our conquest early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
Or call untimely, what the gods decreed!
With grief as just, a friend may be deplored,
From a foul prison to free air restored.
Ought he to thank his kinsman or his wife,
Could tears recall him into wretched life!
Their sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost;
And worse than both, offends his happy ghost.
What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy!
To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and while we live, to live!
Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
And in one point the extremes of grief to join;
That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.

Ver. 2301. *Hung down on earth the golden chain of Love:*] Our author's philosophy is borrowed, as it is usually, from Boethius. L. 2. Met. 8.

"Hanc rerum seriem ligat,
Terras ac pelagus regens,
Et cælo imperitans, amor.

Tyrwhitt. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 2310. *Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd*]

"—— Did he not all create
To die again? all ends that was begun,
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date."

Spens. 1. 9, 47. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 2338. *So wears the paving pebble in the street,*] From Lucretius; but possibly my reader will not be displeased with the whole context:

"Quin etiam, multis solis redeuntibus annis,
Annulus in digito subtertenuatur habendo:
Stillicidi casus lapidem cavat: uncus aratri
Ferreus occulte decrescit vomer in arvis:
Strataque jam vulgi pedibus detrita viarum
Saxea conspicimus: tum, portas propter, aenea
Signa manus dextras ostendunt attenuari
Sæpe salutantum tactu, præterque meantum."

Lib. i. l. 312. JOHN WARTON

ropose that Palamon shall be 2390
ıge join'd with beauteous Emily;
h already I have gain'd the assent
ee people in full parliament.
e to her has borne the faithful knight,
deserved, had Fortune done him right:
to mend her fault; since Emily 2401
e's death from former vows is free:
ir sister, ratify the accord,
him for your husband, and your lord,
ishonour to confer your grace 2405
lescended from a royal race:
e he less, yet years of service past
ıteful souls exact reward at last;
eaven's and your's; nor can she find
so soft as in a woman's mind. 2410
she blush'd; and as o'eraw'd by might,
o give Theseus what she gave the knight.
ning to the Theban thus he said;
uments are needful to persuade
aper to comply with my command; 2415
ıking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
'enus, to behold her own true knight
ıe conquest, though he lost the fight;
s'd with nuptial bliss the sweet laborious
ght.
l Anteros, on either side, 2420
l the bridegroom, and one warm'd the
ide;
And long-attending Hymen, from above,
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day discolour'd with domestic strife; 2425
No jealousy, but mutual truth believed,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceived.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.
So may the Queen of love long duty bless, 2430
And all true lovers find the same success.

Ver. 2430. *So may the Queen*]

"Such was old Chaucer, such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each estate and age
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand pourtraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land."

Dr. Akenside wrote these lines to be placed under a statue of Chaucer, at Woodstock, and they are in the true simple taste of ancient inscriptions. Dr. J. WARTON.

THE COCK AND THE FOX;

OR, THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST.

ved, as authors tell, in days of yore,
somewhat old, and very poor:
a cell her cottage lonely stood,
tch'd, and under covert of a wood.
rager, on whom my tale I found, 5
t she laid her husband in the ground,
sober life, in patience, led,
but just enough to buy her bread;
wifing the little Heaven had lent,
paid a groat for quarter rent; 10
ch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
the year about with much ado.
ıttle in her homestead were three sows.
call'd Mally, and three brinded cows.
our-window stuck with herbs around, 15
Of savoury smell; and rushes strew'd the ground.
A maple-dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made;
For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat;
According to her cloth she cut her coat: 20
No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat,
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat:
A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped, 25
And never went by candle-light to bed:
With exercise she sweat ill humours out,
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad; her heart content,
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
Of wine she never tasted through the year, 31
But white and black was all her homely cheer:
Brown bread, and milk, (but first she skimm'd her bowls)
And rashers of singed bacon on the coals.

and three following verses, a deviation from the

l sooty was hire boure, and eke hire halle."
ıage Dryden has omitted, which is taken from

assiduâ postes fuligine nigri."—Ecl. vii. 5. 50.
contains a lively picture of the homely furniture
ow's cottage.
ith has added many natural strokes:
"Imagination fondly stoops to trace—"
author who deserves to be better known, Cunningham, has adopted one of these images in a little pleasing song, called "Content:"

"Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept modestly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door."

JOHN WARTON

On holy days an egg, or two at most;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.
A yard she had with pales enclosed about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead lived, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer;
So hight her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the matin-bell was rung,
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost, and sung:
For when degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall;
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet:
White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glittering like the burnish'd gold.
This gentle cock, for solace of his life,
Six misses had, besides his lawful wife;
Scandal, that spares no king, though ne'er so good,
Says, they were all of his own flesh and blood,
His sisters both by sire and mother's side;
And sure their likeness show'd them near allied.
But make the worst, the monarch did no more,
Than all the Ptolemys had done before:
When incest is for interest of a nation,
'Tis made no sin by holy dispensation.
Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common ugliness are known.
But passing this as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the sovereign of his heart:
Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a day:
And she, that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet, and debonair,
Resolved the passive doctrine to fulfil,
Though loth; and let him work his wicked will:
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage-vow did bind,
And as the Church's precept had enjoin'd.
Ev'n since she was a se'nnight old, they say,
Was chaste and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to disobey.
By this her husband's heart she did obtain;
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!
She was his only joy, and he her pride;
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his side;
If, spurning up the ground, he sprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was borne.
But oh! what joy it was to hear him sing
In summer, when the day began to spring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
Solus cum sola, then was all his note.
For in the days of yore, the birds of parts
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the liberal arts.
It happ'd that perching on the parlour-beam
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn; and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,
As every breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cried
For help from gods and men; and sore aghast
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last.
Dear heart, said she, for love of Heaven declare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, Sir, ever since the morning-light,
As something had disturb'd your noble spright.
And, Madam, well I might, said Chanticleer,
Never was Shrove-tide cock in such a fear.
Ev'n still I run all over in a sweat,
My princely senses not recover'd yet.
For such a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be shent:
It bodes I shall have wars and woful strife,
Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life.
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breast,
That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
That on my body would have made arrest.
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow:
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
Were black; and much unlike his other hairs:
The rest, in shape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a sharper snout:
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with surprise.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.
Now fie for shame, quoth she, by Heaven above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He must be bold by day, and free by night:
Our sex desires a husband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend;
Wise, hardy, secret, liberal of his purse:
A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse:
No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight.
How dar'st thou talk of love, and dar'st not fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art affear'd?
Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard?
If aught from fearful dreams may be divined,
They signify a cock of dunghill kind.
All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred;
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood:
And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish fancies you have had to-night,
Are certain symptoms (in the canting style)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall that in your stomach floats,
Engenders all these visionary thoughts.
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons, and red beasts, in sleep we view,
For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
And wasps and hornets with their double wings.
Choler adust congeals our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppress'd, we sink in rivers drown'd.
More I could say, but thus conclude my theme,
The dominating humour makes the dream.
Cato was in his time accounted wise,
And he condemns them all for empty lies.
Take my advice, and when we fly to ground
With laxatives preserve your body sound,
And purge the peccant humours that abound.

Ver. 140. —— *as in old Galen*] Even Euripides has been blamed for making his Hecuba talk much too philosophically. What shall we say of the knowledge our Chanticleer displays in physics and metaphysics? Dr. J. Warton.

e loth to lay you on a bier;
gh there lives no 'pothecary near,
once prescribe for your disease,
long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees. 170
ereign herbs, which I by practice know,
at hand (for in our yard they grow)
f my soul shall rid you wholly
choler, and of melancholy:
both purge and vomit; but obey, 175
e love of Heaven make no delay.
and dry in your complexion join,
e sun when in a vernal sign;
he mounts exalted in the Ram,
finds your body in a flame, 180
ith choler, I dare lay a groat,
ague is at least your lot.
fever (which the gods forefend)
your youth to some untimely end:
fore, Sir, as you desire to live, 185
wo before your laxative,
three worms, nor under nor above,
e gods unequal numbers love.
estives prepare you for your purge;
ry, centaury, and spurge, 190
ound-ivy add a leaf or two,
within our yard or garden grow.
and be, my lord, of better cheer:
er's son was never born to fear.
quoth he, gramercy for your care, 195
whom you quoted, you may spare:
a wise and worthy man he seems,
ou say) gave no belief to dreams:
men of more authority,
e immortal powers, as wise as he, 200
with sounder sense, that dreams fore-
le;
r plainly says they come from God.
said it: but some modern fool
n Cato's name on boys at school.
me, Madam, morning dreams foreshow
s of things, and future weal or woe: 205
hs are not by reason to be tried,
ve sure experience for our guide.
t author, equal with the best,
is tale of dreams among the rest. 210
ends or brothers, with devout intent,
ar pilgrimage together went.
d so that, when the sun was down,
arrived by twilight at a town:
had been the baiting of a bull, 215
feast, and every inn so full,
oid room in chamber, or on ground,
ne sorry bed was to be found;
so little it would hold but one,
ll this hour they never lay alone. 220
they forced to part; one stay'd behind,
sought what lodging he could find:
found a stall where oxen stood,
he rather chose than lie abroad.
farther yard without a door; 225
is ease, well litter'd was the floor.
ow, who the narrow bed had kept,
y, and without a rocker slept:
snored; but, in the dead of night,
t his friend appear'd before his sight, 230

Because the gods unequal] One of his many and involuntary imitations of Virgil.
umero Deus impare gaudet.' —Virg. Ecl. viii.
JOHN WARTON.

Who, with a ghastly look and doleful cry,
Said, Help me, brother, or this night I die:
Arise, and help, before all help be vain,
Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.
Roused from his rest he waken'd in a start, 235
Shivering with horror, and with aching heart;
At length to cure himself by reason tries;
'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but lies?
So thinking changed his side, and closed his eyes.
His dream returns; his friend appears again: 240
The murderers come, now help, or I am slain:
'Twas but a vision still, and visions are but vain.
He dreamt the third; but now his friend appear'd
Pale, naked, pierced with wounds, with blood besmear'd:
Thrice warn'd, awake, said he; relief is late, 245
The deed is done; but thou revenge my fate:
Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning day arise:
Take to the western gate thy ready way,
For by that passage they my corpse convey: 250
My corpse is in a tumbril laid, among
The filth and ordure, and enclosed with dung.
That cart arrest, and raise a common cry;
For sacred hunger of my gold I die:
Then show'd his grisly wounds: and last he drew 255
A piteous sigh; and took a long adieu.
The frighted friend arose by break of day,
And found the stall where late his fellow lay.
Then of his impious host inquiring more,
Was answer'd that his guest was gone before: 260
Muttering he went, said he, by morning-light,
And much complain'd of his ill rest by night.
This raised suspicion in the pilgrim's mind;
Because all hosts are of an evil kind,
And oft to share the spoil with robbers join'd. 265
His dream confirm'd his thought; with troubled look
Straight to the western gate his way he took;
There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
That carried compost forth to dung the ground.
This when the pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his throat, 270
And cried out murder with a yelling note.
My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead,
Vengeance and justice on the villain's head;
You, magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,
On you I call to punish this offence. 275
The word thus given; within a little space,
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the place.
All in a trice they cast the cart to ground,
And in the dung the murder'd body found;
Though breathless, warm, and reeking from the wound. 280
Good Heaven, whose darling attribute we find
Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
Abhors the cruel; and the deeds of night
By wondrous ways reveals in open light:
Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time, 285
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels,
The hue and cry of Heaven pursues him at the heels,
Fresh from the fact; as in the present case,
The criminals are seized upon the place: 290
Carter and host confronted face to face.
Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
On engines they distend their tortured joints:

So was confession forced, the offence was known,
And public justice on the offenders done.
Here may you see that visions are to dread;
And in the page that follows this, I read
Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
Induced in partnership to cross the main:
Waiting till willing winds their sails supplied,
Within a trading-town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a haven's side.
One evening it befel, that looking out,
The wind they long had wish'd was come about:
Well pleased they went to rest; and if the gale
Till morn continued, both resolved to sail.
But as together in a bed they lay,
The younger had a dream at break of day.
A man he thought stood frowning at his side:
Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,
Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.
I come, thy genius, to command thy stay;
Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
And death unhoped attends the watery way.
The vision said: and vanish'd from his sight:
The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright:
Then pull'd his drowsy neighbour, and declared
What in his slumber he had seen and heard.
His friend smiled scornful, and with proud contempt
Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt.
Stay, who will stay: for me no fears restrain,
Who follow Mercury the god of gain;
Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
I wait, not I, till you have better dreams.
Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad:
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths received,
And the man dreams but what the boy believed.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day;
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.

Ver. 325—339. These lines are not in the original. It is probable that our author had been reading, perhaps translating, Lucretius.

"Et quoi quisque ferè studio devinctus adhæret,
Aut quibus in rebus multum sumus antè morati;
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens;
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.
* * * *
Et quicunque dies multos ex ordine ludis
Assiduas dederint operas: plerumque videmus,
Quum jam destiterint ea sensibus usurpare,
Reliquas tamen esse vias in mente patentes,
Quà possint eadem rerum simulachra venire.
Permultos itaque illa dies eadem obversantur
Ante oculos, etiam vigilantes ut videantur
Cernere saltantes, et mollia membra moventes;
Et citharæ liquidum carmen, chordasque loquentes,
Auribus accipere, et consessum cernere eundem
Scenaique simul varios splendere decores.
Usque adeo magni refert studium atque voluntas;
Et quibus in rebus consuerint esse operati
Non homines solum, sed vero animalia cuncta.
* * * *
Venantumque canes in molli sæpe quiete
Jactant crura tamen subito, vocesque repente
Mittunt, et crebras reducunt naribus auras,
Ut vestigia si teneant inventa ferarum——"

JOHN WARTON.

In short the farce of dreams is of a piece,
Chimeras all; and more absurd, or less:
You, who believe in tales, abide alone;
Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.
Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting crew
That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
The vessel went before a merry gale,
And for quick passage put on every sail:
But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open day,
The mischief overtook her in the way:
Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overset with wind,
Or that some rock below her bottom rent;
But down at once with all her crew she went:
Her fellow-ships from far her loss descried;
But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.
By this example you are taught again,
That dreams and visions are not always vain:
But if, dear Partlet, you are still in doubt,
Another tale shall make the former out.
Kenelm, the son of Kenulph, Mercia's king,
Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,
Warn'd in a dream, his murder did foretel
From point to point as after it befel:
All circumstances to his nurse he told,
(A wonder from a child of seven years old:)
The dream with horror heard, the good old wife
From treason counsell'd him to guard his life;
But close to keep the secret in his mind,
For a boy's vision small belief would find.
The pious child, by promise bound, obey'd,
Nor was the fatal murder long delay'd:
By Quenda slain, he fell before his time,
Made a young martyr by his sister's crime.
The tale is told by venerable Bede,
Which, at your better leisure, you may read.
Macrobius too relates the vision sent
To the great Scipio, with the famed event:
Objections makes, but after makes replies,
And adds, that dreams are often prophecies.
Of Daniel you may read in holy writ,
Who, when the king his vision did forget,
Could word for word the wondrous dream repeat.
Nor less of patriarch Joseph understand,
Who by a dream enslaved the Egyptian land,
The years of plenty and of dearth foretold,
When, for their bread, their liberty they sold.
Nor must the exalted butler be forgot,
Nor he whose dream presaged his hanging lot.
And did not Crœsus the same death foresee,
Raised in his vision on a lofty tree?
The wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
Dreamt of his death the night before he died;
Well was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
But men to death decreed are warn'd in vain:
He dared the dream, and by his fatal foe was slain.
Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
For see the ruddy day begins to break;
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity:
But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
They only serve to make the well-man sick:
Of these his gain the sharp physician makes,
And often gives a purge, but seldom takes:
They not correct, but poison all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good.

, trade, trinkets, I defy them all;
r work of 'pothecary's hall.
ncholy matters I forbear:
tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
I view the beauties of thy face, 410
leath, nor dangers, nor disgrace:
r soul have bliss, as when I spy
red about thy partridge eye,
art constant to thy own true knight,
art mine, and I am thy delight, 415
s at thy presence take their flight.
is, as in principio,
hominis confusio.
e meaning of this Latin is,
n is to man his sovereign bliss. 420
y night I feel your tender side,
r the narrow perch I cannot ride,
such a solace in my mind,
y boding cares are cast behind;
lready I forget my dream: 425
d downward flew from off the beam.
ht now began apace to spring,
to whistle, and the lark to sing.
ng clapp'd his wings, the appointed call,
is wives together in the hall. 430
he widow had unbarr'd the door,
icleer went strutting out before,
courage, and with heart so light,
he scorn'd the visions of the night.
ng in the yard, he spurn'd the ground,
o Partlet the first grain he found. 435
feather'd her with wanton play,
er twenty times ere prime of day:
y turns and gave so much delight,
pined with envy at the sight. 440
l again, when other corns he found,
ly deign'd to set a foot to ground.
r'd like a lord about his hall,
ven wives came running at his call.
ow the month in which the world
n, 445
eheld the first created man:)
the vernal equinox, the sun,
velve degrees, or more, had run;
ng up his eyes against the light,
th, and day, and hour he measured
t; 450
nore truly than the Ephemeris:
y err, but nature cannot miss.
umbering times and seasons in his
st,
crowing the third hour confess'd.
ng, said to Partlet, See, my dear, 455
nature has adorn'd the year;
ale primrose and blue violet spring,
essay their throats disused to sing:
re ours; and I with pleasure see
ing on two legs, and aping me: 460
ed creature, of a lumpish frame,
ith fewer particles of flame;
sits cowering o'er a kitchen fire,
h air, and nature's works admire:
his day in more delight abound, 465
e I was an egg, I ever found.
e shall come when Chanticleer shall
unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss:
d bird shall by experience know,
not him his masterpiece below; 470
the latter end of joy is woe.
The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.
Ye wise, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves that oft the proud by flattery fall: 475
The legend is as true I undertake
As Tristran is, and Launcelot of the Lake:
Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
As if in Book of Martyrs it were told.
A fox full-fraught with seeming sanctity, 480
That fear'd an oath, but, like the devil, would lie;
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer;
This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs, but when he could; 485
Had pass'd three summers in the neighbouring wood:
And musing long, whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent:
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste. 490
The plot contrived, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way;
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet fearing to be seen, within a bed 495
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head;
Then sculk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime.
O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy! 500
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemagne!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Didst thou forsake the safety of thy bower:
Better for thee thou hadst believed thy dream, 505
And not that day descended from the beam!
But here the doctors eagerly dispute:
Some hold predestination absolute:
Some clerks maintain, that Heaven at first foresees,
And in the virtue of foresight decrees. 510
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill;
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or its eternal prescience may be vain:
As bad for us as prescience had not been: 515
For first, or last, he 's author of the sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming man
Say worse ev'n of the devil, if he can.
For how can that eternal power be just
To punish man, who sins because he must? 520
Or how can he reward a virtuous deed,
Which is not done by us; but first decreed?
I cannot bolt this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardin and holy Austin can;

Ver. 473. *And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.*] An allusion to Homer's allegory of the two urns. Δυοὶ γὰρ τε πίθοι, Iliad 24, l. 527. used by Achilles in consolation to the afflicted Priam. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 511. *If this be so, then prescience binds the will,*]

"—— reason'd high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."
Milton, Par. Lost, B. 2. 558.

JOHN WARTON.

If prescience can determine actions so 525
That we must do, because he did foreknow,
Or that foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not forced to sin by strict necessity;
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is conditional. 530
The first so binds the will, that things foreknown
By spontaneity, not choice, are done.
Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar,
Content to work, in prospect of the shore;
But would not work at all if not constrain'd before. 535
That other does not liberty constrain,
But man may either act, or may refrain.
Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
And forced it not, though he foresaw the will.
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race, 540
And prescience only held the second place.
If he could make such agents wholly free,
I not dispute, the point's too high for me;
For Heaven's unfathom'd power what man can sound,
Or put to his omnipotence a bound? 545
He made us to his image, all agree;
That image is the soul, and that must be,
Or not the Maker's image, or be free.
But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to sin, 550
I waive, for fear of splitting on a rock.
The tale I tell is only of a cock;
Who had not run the hazard of his life,
Had he believed his dream, and not his wife:
For women, with a mischief to their kind, 555
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he lived; and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin. 560
For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presumed to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass?
But I myself presume, and let it pass.
Silence in times of suffering is the best, 565
'Tis dangerous to disturb an hornet's nest.
In other authors you may find enough,
But all they say of dames is idle stuff.
Legends of lying wits together bound,
The wife of Bath would throw 'em to the ground; 570
These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour dames, and think their sex divine.
Now to continue what my tale begun;
Lay Madame Partlet basking in the sun,
Breast-high in sand: her sisters, in a row, 575
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below.
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea:
And so befel, that as he cast his eye
Among the coleworts on a butterfly, 580
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low:
I need not swear he had no list to crow:
But cried, cock, cock, and gave a sudden start,
As sore dismay'd and frighted at his heart.
For birds and beasts, inform'd by Nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe. 585
So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.
But the false loon, who could not work his will
By open force, employ'd his flattering skill; 590
I hope, my lord, said he, I not offend:
Are you afraid of me, that am your friend
I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have loved and honour'd you so long:
Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a false alarm, 595
For on my soul I never meant you harm.
I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,
To learn the secrets of your soft recess:
Far be from Reynard so profane a thought,
But by the sweetness of your voice was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard 600
The song as of an angel in the yard;
A song that would have charm'd the infernal gods,
And banish'd horror from the dark abodes:
Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere, 605
So much the hymn had pleased the tyrant's ear,
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the husband there.
My lord, your sire familiarly I knew,
A peer deserving such a son as you:
He, with your lady-mother, (whom Heaven rest) 610
Has often graced my house, and been my guest:
To view his living features does me good,
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood;
And in my cottage should be proud to see
The worthy heir of my friend's family. 615
But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the ground
One like your father for a silver sound.
So sweetly would he wake the winter-day, 620
That matrons to the church mistook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play.
And he to raise his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to please the fair?)
On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength, 625
And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length:
And while he strain'd his voice to pierce the skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That the sound striving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail to mend the note. 630
By this, in song, he never had his peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's muse, who sung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a swan.
Your ancestors proceed from race divine: 635
From Brennus and Belinus is your line;
Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
That ev'n the priests were not excused from arms.
Besides, a famous monk of modern times
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes, 640
That of a parish priest the son and heir,
(When sons of priests were from the proverb clear)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lamed his legs, or struck him blind;
For which the clerk his father was disgraced, 645
And in his benefice another placed.
Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity;
Make hills, and dales, and earth, and heaven rejoice
And emulate your father's angel-voice. 650
The cock was pleased to hear him speak so fair
And proud beside, as solar people are;
Nor could the treason from the truth descry,
So was he ravish'd with this flattery:

more, as from a little elf,
h opinion of himself;
ly, slender, and not large of limb,
ll the world was made for him.
s, raised by poets to the gods,
der'd up in lying odes,
every flattering knave's report,
y a Reynard lurking in the court;
l be received with more regard,
to, than modest truth is heard.
ticleer, of whom the story sings,
upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;
h'd his neck, and wink'd with both
es,
s he sought the Olympic prize.
e pain'd himself to raise his note,
rd rush'd, and caught him by the
t.
back he laid the precious load,
his wonted shelter of the wood;
ade his way, the mischief done,
ded, and pursued by none.
t stay is there in human state,
shun inevitable fate?
as written, the decree was pass'd,
dations of the world were cast!
ugh the sun exalted stood,
lanet to procure his good;
was his mortal foe, and he,
sed, opposed the same degree:
th good and bad, of equal power,
ing other, made a mingled hour.
y morn he dreamt this direful
n,
worthy native, in his scheme!
Venus, goddess of delight,
t thou suffer thy devoted knight
day to fall by foe oppress'd,
f all the world who served thee best?
o love, was all for recreation,
l not the work of propagation.
o could'st so well in rhyme complain
f Richard with an arrow slain,
t I thy muse, or thou my heart,
heavy dirge with equal art!
thee on Friday might complain;
day was Cœur de Lion slain.
cries, when Ilium was in flames,
o heaven by woful Trojan dames,
us toss'd on high his burnish'd blade,
Priam to his father's shade,
e cock the widow'd poultry made.
first, when he was borne from sight,
eign shrieks bewail'd her captive
t:
han the Carthaginian wife,
bal her husband lost his life,
eheld the smouldering flames ascend,
Punic glories at an end:
the fires she plunged her head,
r ease than others seek their bed.
ghast the matrons of renown,
t Nero burn'd the imperial town,
the downfal in a doleful cry,
their guiltless lords were doom'd to

y story I return again:
ng widow, and her daughters twain,
ackling cry with horror heard,
tracted damsels in the yard:
And starting up, beheld the heavy sight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight.
And cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was borne.
The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry;
Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh:
The vicar first, and after him the crew,
With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand:
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of pursuing dogs;
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the terror of the day.
The ducks, that heard the proclamation cried,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,
Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.
The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London-stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
Not when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew:
Not when the welkin rung with "one and all;"
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall:
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and heaven above to fall.
With might and main they chased the murderous fox,
With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds,
Nor wanted horns to inspire sagacious hounds.
But see how Fortune can confound the wise,
And when they least expect it, turn the dice.
The captive-cock, who scarce could draw his breath,
And lay within the very jaws of death;
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear supplied him with this happy thought:
Your's is the prize, victorious prince, said he,
The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey
Call back their mongrel curs, and cease their cry.
See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die,
He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone.
'Tis well advised, in faith it shall be done;
This Reynard said: but as the word he spoke,
The prisoner with a spring from prison broke:
Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighbouring maple wing'd his flight.
Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
He cursed the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd;

Ver. 724. *The fox, the wicked fox,*] In the fables of all ages the fox makes a conspicuous figure. The fable of the Fox and the Grapes has been by severe critics thought unnatural. Mr. Dodsley, in his sensible Dissertation on Fable, has mentioned it as such; because this is an animal that does not prey on this sort of fruit: but this is a mistake; for Hasselquist describes the foxes destroying the vineyards in his travels; they are mentioned as hurting vineyards in Solomon's Songs; and in the first Idyllium of Theocritus, in that beautiful description of the vessel (not cup, as it is called,) and which is one of the most picturesque descriptions in any author, ancient or modern whatever and far beyond Virgil's cup. Dr. J. Warton.

Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime; 775
Yet mastering both, the artificer of lies
Renews the assault, and his last battery tries.
Though I, said he, did ne'er in thought offend,
How justly may my lord suspect his friend?
The appearance is against me, I confess, 780
Who seemingly have put you in distress:
You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
May think I broke all hospitable laws,
To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
And put your noble person in a fright: 785
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though Heaven can witness, with no bad intent
I practised it, to make you taste your cheer
With double pleasure, first prepared by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their prince, 790
Forced (for his good) to seeming violence,
Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.
Descend; so help me Jove, as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind.
Nay, quoth the cock; but I beshrew us both,
If I believe a saint upon his oath: 795
An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be cozen'd twice:
Once warn'd is well bewared; no flattering lies
Shall soothe me more to sing with w
eyes,
And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,
When he should see, has he deserved to sw
Better, sir Cock, let all contention cease,
Come down, said Reynard, let us tr
peace.
A peace with all my soul, said Chanticleer;
But, with your favour, I will treat it here:
And lest the truce with treason should be
'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt.

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you the effect may see
Of negligence, and fond credulity:
And learn besides of flatterers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too
The cock and fox, the fool and knave imply
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
Who spoke in parables, I dare not say;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound sense, by plain example, to convey.
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleasure with instruction should be jo
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF:*

OR, THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A Vision.

Now turning from the wintry signs, the sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run,
And whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus, and the lightsome realms of love:
Where Venus from her orb descends in showers, 5
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with
flowers:
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the
year:
Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains, 10
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then, at their call, embolden'd out they com
And swell the gems, and burst the narrow r
Broader and broader yet, their blooms displ
Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the d
Then from their breathing souls the sweets
To scent the skies, and purge the unwholeson
Joy spreads the heart, and, with a general s
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months
In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my weary side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of
Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For love had never enter'd in my breast;
I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dried away the balmy dew:
Seas would be pools, without the brushing

* It is singularly strange that our author, enumerating the different pieces of Chaucer that he has versified, should not say a syllable of this exquisite and elegant vision, which of all his compositions is perhaps the most perfectly melodious. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 7.

When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year:]

"Inque novos soles audent se gramina tuto
Credere, nec metuit surgentes pampinus Austros."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 11. *Make the green blood to dance within their veins:*] An expression perfectly Ovidian.

"Omnia tunc florent: tunc est nova temporis ætas:
Et nova de gravido palmite gemma tumet.
Et modo formatis amicitur vitibus arbos:
Prodit et in summum seminis herba solum."
Ovid's Fasti, lib. i, 150. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 19. *Spring issues out,*] Lucretius was rather eye than his original.

"It Ver et Venus," &c.
JOHN WA

Ver. 30.]
"By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she m
Its own revolvency upholds the world," &c.
Cowp

"The heavens themselves run continually round,

To curl the waves; and sure some little care
Should weary nature so, to make her want repair.
When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,
Scorning the scorner sleep, from bed I sprung;
And dressing, by the moon, in loose array, 35
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree, 40
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace:
And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green. 45
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.
Both eyes and ears received a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire; 50
And listen'd for the queen of all the quire;
Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.
Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path, but scarcely printed, lay; 55
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd, as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wand'ring I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought:
At last it led me where an arbour stood, 60
The sacred receptacle of the wood:
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
In all my progress I had never seen:
And seized at once with wonder and delight,
Gazed all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen, 65
The thick young grass arose in fresher green:
The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass;
The well-united sods so closely lay; 70
And all around the shades defended it from day,
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
And so the fragrant briar was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
That nature seem'd to vary the delight, 75
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.
The master workman of the bower was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon; 79
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell:
For none but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade; 85
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons placed within it could espy:
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was placed between.
'Twas border'd with a field; and some was plain 90
With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain.
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight: 95
And the fresh eglantine exhaled a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
Even though brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe; 100
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.
Thus as I mused, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough: 105
A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the dew:
Sufficed at length, she warbled in her throat, 110
And tuned her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleased my ear.
Her short performance was no sooner tried,
When she I sought, the nightingale, replied: 115
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung:
And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
I stood intranced, and had no room for thought,
But all o'erpower'd with ecstasy of bliss, 120
Was in a pleasing dream of paradise;
At length I waked, and looking round the bower
Search'd every tree, and pried on every flower,
If any where by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody: 125
For still methought she sung not far away:
At last I found her on a laurel spray.

riseth and sets, the moon increaseth and decreaseth, stars and planets keep their constant motions, the air is still tossed by the winds, the waters ebb and flow to their conservation no doubt, to teach us that we should ever be in action."—Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 265, ed. 1651 JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 40. —— *every tree,*
At distance planted in a due degree,]

"In which were okes great, streight as a line,
Under the which the grasse so fresh of hew
Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine
Every tree well fro his fellow grew,
With branches brode, lade with leves new,
That sprongen out ayen the sunne shene,
Some very red, and some, a glad light grene."
Chaucer, Fl. and L. st. 5.

"Omnia sint paribus numeris dimensa viarum,
Non animum modo uti pascat prospectus inanem:
Sed quia non aliter vires dabit omnibus æquas
Terra, neque in vacuum poterunt se extendere rami."
Georg. ii. 284.

"Quid enim illo quincunce speciosius est, qui in quamcunque partem spectaveris rectus est?"
Cic. de Senect. 17.

"Not distant far, a length of colonnade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns; and in their shaded walks
And long protracted bowers, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
* * * *
Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice,
That yet a remnant of your race survives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The chequer'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment every spot."—Cowper.
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 79. —— *built for Oberon;*] Perhaps this anticipation, which is a deviation from the original, is not so judicious. JOHN WARTON.

Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line, against her opposite;
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twined; 130
And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.
On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song:)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove. 135
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And every note I fear'd would be the last.
My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass, 140
The sweet possession of the fairy place;
Single, and conscious to myself alone
Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown;
Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground. 145
Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard the approaching sound
Of vocal music on the enchanted ground:
An host of saints it seem'd so full the quire; 150
As if the bless'd above did all conspire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there issued from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind.
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell, 155
Seduced the sons of heaven to rebel.
I pass their form, and every charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase:
But their attire, like liveries of a kind,
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind. 160
In velvet, white as snow, the troop was gown'd,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around:
Their hoods and sleeves the same; and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
Of eastern pomp: their long descending train, 165
With rubies edged, and sapphires, swept the plain:
High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles, all the quire was graced
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads placed.
Of laurel some, of woodbine many more; 171
And wreaths of Agnus castus others bore;
These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,
Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.
They danced around; but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien; 175
By stature, and by beauty, mark'd their sovereign queen.
She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servants' eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And as she moved or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursued. 180
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest was her attire. 185
A crown of ruddy gold inclosed her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show;
A branch of Agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command);
Admired, adored by all the circling crowd, 190
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she danced, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She raised her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At every close she made, the attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat. 210
Thus dancing on, and singing as they danced,
They to the middle of the mead advanced,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near, 215
But somewhat awed, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.
Not long I had observed, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war; 220
The neighing coursers, and the soldiers' cry,
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky:
I saw soon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train, 225
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain:
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky. 230
So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.
To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song:
To purchase but the tenth of all their store, 235
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The trumpets issued in white mantles dress'd:

Ver. 132. *On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long;*
(Sitting was more convenient for the song:)]

A deviation from the original, arising from the want of a rhyme, or his habitual carelessness. The original lines are—

"——— for as for mine entent,
The birdis song was more convenient,
And more pleasant to me by many fold
Than mete or drink, or any other thing."

The design of her walking in the grove was to hear the nightingale, according to the notion expressed in Milton's elegant sonnet:

"O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 142. *Single, and conscious to myself alone*
Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown;]

This is an improvement on the original. So Burton:

"By a brook side or wood so greene,
Unheard, unsought-for, and unseene."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 148. *All suddenly I heard the approaching sound*
Of vocal music on the enchanted ground:]

"Till, suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 195. *The fawns came scudding*]

"Jam vero in numerum faunosque, ferasque videres
Ludere, jam rigidas motare cacumina quercus."
JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 226. ——— *Persian monarch poor.* A judicious improvement from

"——— I trow the large wonis
Of Preter John, ne all his tresory
Might not unneth have bought the tenth party."
JOHN WARTON.

troop, and all their heads around
ts green of cerrial oak were crown'd,[230]
trumpet was a banner bound:
ng in the wind display'd at large
rs' coat of arms, and knightly charge.
the banners, and of snowy hue,
the silk-worm never drew. [235]
out their necks the scutcheons wore,
pearls and jewels powder'd o'er:
their collars too, and every one
ut with many a costly stone.
of kings at arms a goodly train [240]
ray came prancing o'er the plain:
were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,
ls green around their temples roll'd:
were on their royal scutcheons placed,
res, diamonds, and with rubies graced:
trumpets their appearance made, [245]
habits were alike array'd;
pace more sober, and more slow;
, rank in rank, they rode a-row.
ants came next, in number more; [250]
e heralds each his scutcheon bore:
te velvet all their troop they led,
n oaken chaplet on his head.
l knights in equal rank succeed,
r mounted on a fiery steed; [255]
rmour glorious to behold;
f their arms were nail'd with gold.
ats of white ermine fur were made;
of gold between, that cast a glittering
e.
gs of their steeds were of the same; [260]
fringe even set the ground on flame,
precious trail: a crown divine
d about their temples twine.
achmen were for every knight assign'd,
livery clad, and of a kind; [265]
t, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,
ithin his hand a truncheon bore:
st held a helm of rare device;
ansom would not pay the price.
bore the buckler of his knight, [270]
f cornel-wood a spear upright,
h piercing steel, and polish'd bright.
r lords their equipage was seen,
eir foreheads crown'd with garlands
n.
these came arm'd with spear and shield
great as cover'd all the field: [275]
ir foreheads, like the knights before,
s evergreen were shaded o'er,
ther leaves of lasting kind,
f the stem, and firm against the wind. [280]
ir hands, beside the lance and shield,
of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
s for their mystic emblems took,
laurel, or of cerrial oak.
ing to the trumpet's lofty sound, [285]
wo lines adverse they wheel'd around,
middle meadow took their ground.

The golden fringe even set the ground on flame,] himself, in Palamon and Arcite. JOHN WAR-

—— *leaves of lasting kind,*
Tenacious of the stem,]
"Flos apprima tenax."—Virg.
and with reference to the moral. JOHN

Among themselves the tourney they divide,
In equal squadrons ranged on either side.
Then turn'd their horses' heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed opposed, the jousts began. [291]
They lightly set their lances in the rest,
And, at the sign, against each other press'd:
They met. I sitting at my ease beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field. [295]
Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and man,
And round the field the lighten'd coursers ran.
An hour and more, like tides, in equal sway
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the day:
At length the nine (who still together held) [300]
Their fainting foes to shameful flight compell'd,
And with resistless force o'er-ran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the warlike train, [305]
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:
Till to the fair assembly they advanced,
Who near the secret arbour sung and danced.
The ladies left their measures at the sight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight, [310]
And each with open arms embraced her chosen knight.
Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood:
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat:
Her leafy arms with such extent were spread, [316]
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there:
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far [320]
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war;
From heaven's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching heat:
A hundred knights might there at ease abide;
And every knight a lady by his side: [325]
The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.
The lords and ladies here, approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeisance made;
And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade. [330]
These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue,
With songs of love, and mix with measures new;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.
I cast my sight upon the farther field, [335]
And a fresh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the West I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appear'd;
Of knights and ladies mix'd a jolly band, [339]
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.

Ver. 316. *Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,*]
"—— Such as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar and Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between:
There oft the Indian herdsman, *shunning heat,*
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade."

That our author had this passage of Milton in view is, I presume, evident. The circumstance of the sheep is not in Chaucer; nor the notion of the odoriferous Moluccan breeze, which was suggested to him by Milton's passage. JOHN WARTON.

The ladies dress'd in rich symars were seen
Of Florence satin, flower'd with white and green,
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row; 345
And every damsel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland blended white and red.
Attired in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratified the view with cheerful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies' colours were, 350
Composed of white and red, to shade their shining hair.
Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd;
All in their masters' liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore. 355
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind:
The sawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daisies on a flowery lay 360
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way;
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay: 365
And still at every close she would repeat
The burden of the song, The daisy is so sweet.
The daisy is so sweet, when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continued on.
The consort and the voice so charmed my ear,
And soothed my soul, that it was heaven to hear. 371

But soon their pleasure pass'd: at noon of day,
The sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky; 375
Then droop'd the fading flow'rs (their beauty fled)
And closed their sickly eyes, and hung the head,
And rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire;
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire; 380
The fainty knights were scorch'd, and knew not where
To run for shelter, for no shade was near;
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain:
And lightning flash'd betwixt: the field and flowers, 385
Burnt up before, were buried in the showers.
The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather and the wintry sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,
And through their thin array received the rain;
While those in white, protected by the tree, 391
Saw pass in vain the assault, and stood from danger free,
But as compassion moved their gentle minds,
When ceased the storm, and silent were the winds,
Displeased at what, not suffering they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green: 396
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand;
So did the knights and dames, with courtly grace,
And with behaviour sweet their foes embrace. 400
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your woe;
Nor shall be wanting aught within my power
For your relief in my refreshing bower.
That other answer'd with a lowly look, 405
And soon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courtesy was used by all in white,
Each dame a dame received, and every knight a knight. 410
The laurel champions with their swords invade
The neighbouring forests, where the jousts were made,
And serewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire 415
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dried their wet attire.
Refresh'd with heat, the ladies sought around
For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground
They squeezed the juice, and cooling ointment made,
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks, and their chapt skins they laid: 420
Then sought green salads, which they bade them eat,
A sovereign remedy for inward heat.

The Lady of the Leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the Lady of the Flower her guest:
When, lo! a bower ascended on the plain, 425
With sudden seats ordain'd, and large for either train.
This bower was near my pleasant arbour placed,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:
The ladies sat with each a knight between,
Distinguish'd by their colours, white and green;
The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd, 430
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Meantime the minstrels play'd on either side,
Vain of their art, and for the mastery vied:
The sweet contention lasted for an hour, 435
And reach'd my secret arbour from the bower.

The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky.
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of the ensuing May, 440
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white;

Ver. 378.] Dryden uses the expression *rivell'd;* as Pope does in the Rape of the Lock, c. ii. 132. Some editions read *shrivell'd:* but Pope follows Dryden, as Mr. Wakefield has observed. TODD.

Ver. 380. *The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire;*] A conceit introduced for the sake of the rhyme JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 414. *And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:*] A circumstance, his own, founded on the line of Virgil—

"—— primus silici scintillam excudit Achates."

The verb *provoke* is his own, and simple, strong, and expressive. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 425.] Here I must, agreeably to my plan, make a small deviation from the original, in which there is no mention of the bower or the banquet. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 437. *The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply*
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky.]

"The sun was sunk, and after him the star of Hesperus."
Milton, ix. 46.

JOHN WARTON.

ing sat familiar on her hand,
asician, and increased the band.
dfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat, 445
ged the medlar for a safer seat,
n bushes 'scaped the bitter shower,
h'd upon the Lady of the Flower;
r songster holding out their throats,
ng up their wings, renew'd their notes:
lay, preluding to the fight, 451
had rehearsed, to sing by night.
uet ended, and the battle done,
ced by star-light and the friendly moon:
a they were to part, the laureate queen
with steeds the lady of the green, 456
her train conducting on the way,
a to follow, and avoid the day.
hen I saw, inquisitive to know
t moral of the mystic show, 460
from my shade, in hopes to find
nph to satisfy my longing mind:
y fair adventure fell, I found
l in white, with laurel crown'd,
ed the rear, and softly paced along, 465
; to herself the former song.
respect my body I inclined,
e being of superior kind,
e my court according to the day,
her queen and her a happy May. 470
nks, my daughter, with a gracious bow,
and I, who much desired to know
e she was, yet fearful how to break
, adventured humbly thus to speak:
night I presume and not offend, 475
he stars and shining moon attend
tly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell,
nphs they were who mortal forms excel,
t the knights who fought in listed fields
well.
e dame replied: Fair daughter, know,
t you saw was all a fairy show: 481
ose airy shapes you now behold
man bodies once, and clothed with
rthly mould,
, not yet prepared for upper light,
sday wander in the shades of night; 485
holiday of all the year,
eged in sunshine may appear:
gs and dance we celebrate the day,
due honours usher in the May.
times we reign by night alone, 490
ing through the skies pursue the moon:
the moon arises, none are found;
Demogorgon walks the round,
finds a fairy lag in light,
the wretch before, and lashes into night.
rteous are by kind; and ever proud 496
ndly offices to help the good.
land we have a larger space
t is known to you of mortal race:

And posting through the skies pursue the moon:] will not be displeased at the following citation er whose chief excellence does not consist in ut who shows from the following passage much ne and real poet or maker.

jam Nox jungit equos, currumque sequuntur
s lascivo sidera fulva choro,
venit tacitus fuscis circumdatus alis
us, et incerto somnia nigra pede."

Tibullus, lib. ii. Eleg. 1. line 87.

JOHN WARTON.

Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers, 500
And even this grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther, every lady clothed in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
Are servants to the Leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myself am one. 505
Saw you not her so graceful to behold,
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold?
The sovereign lady of our land is she,
Diana call'd, the queen of chastity:
And, for the spotless name of maid she bears, 51
That Agnus castus in her hand appears;
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblamed virginity renown'd;
But those the chief and highest in command
Who bear those holy branches in their hand: 515
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are they,
Whom death nor danger ever could dismay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey:
Who, while they lived, in deeds of arms excell'd,
And after death for deities were held. 520
But those who wear the woodbine on their brow,
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow;
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.
The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear, 525
As true as Tristram and Isotta were.
But what are those, said I, the unconquer'd nine,
Who crown'd with laurel wreaths in golden armour shine?
And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain? 530
Why both the bands in worship disagree,
And some adore the flower, and some the tree?
Just is your suit, fair daughter, said the dame:
Those laurell'd chiefs were men of mighty fame;
Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites, 535
Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian knights.
These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,
As they the foremost rank of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd:
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still renew;
For deathless laurel is the victor's due: 541
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemagne:
For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour and of victory. 545
Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their state;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince:
Unchanged by fortune, to their sovereign true, 550
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
These, of the Garter call'd, of faith unstain'd
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the honours which they gain'd.
The laurel wreaths were first by Cæsar worn, 555
And still they Cæsar's successors adorn:
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth than all the world can buy.
One doubt remains, said I, the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen? 560
Flora commands, said she, those nymphs and knights,
Who lived in slothful ease and loose delights;
Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue:
Who, nursed in idleness, and train'd in courts, 565
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports,

Till death behind came stalking on unseen,
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of their green.
These, and their mates, enjoy their present hour,
And therefore pay their homage to the Flower. 570
But knights in knightly deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were;
Continue, and proceed in honour's fair career.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
From good to better they should urge their way. 575
For this with golden spurs the chiefs are graced,
With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste.
For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound;
For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground: 580
From winter winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May.
Even when the vital sap retreats below,
Even when the hoary head is hid in snow,
The life is in the leaf, and still between 585
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.
Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,
A short-lived good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble stem is driven,
Weak to sustain the storms, and injuries of heaven.
Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head, 591
But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed;
In summer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden decay'd.
With humble words, the wisest I could frame
And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame;
That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
The secret meaning of this moral show.
And she, to prove what profit I had made
Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the Leaf or Flower I would obey?
I chose the Leaf; she smiled with sober cheer,
And wish'd me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
Against ill tongues that scandal innocence:
But I, said she, my fellows must pursue,
Already past the plain, and out of view.
We parted thus: I homeward sped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
And met the merry crew who danced about the May.
Then late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
The visionary vigils of the night.
Blush, as thou may'st, my little book with shame,
Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame;
For such thy maker chose; and so design'd
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

HER TALE.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown;
The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gamboll'd on heaths, and danced on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round, 5
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the silver light
Of Phœbe served to guide their steps aright,
And with their tripping pleased, prolong the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd, 10
No longer than she shed her horns they staid,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revell'd half the year. 15
I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mints is dress'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest, 20
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests with prayers, and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear;
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars that through the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls:
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the parish now is seen,
The midnight parson, posting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday next,
With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer to country-girl betwixt,
From fiends and imps he sets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near:
For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both even-song and morn.
It so befel in this king Arthur's reign,
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.

ı'd as he rode, a damsel gay
robes to market took her way:
the girl he cast an amorous eye,
ıt she walk'd, and on her pasterns high:
her behind he liked her pace,
ıing short, he better likes her face.
in haste, and, full of youthful fire,
accomplish'd his obscene desire:
e, away he rode, not unespied,
ming at his back the country cried:
in view they never lost the sight
d, and pinion'd brought to court the
ıight.
courts of kings were held in high renown,
e the common brothels of the town:
rgins honourable vows received,
te as maids in monasteries lived;
himself, to nuptial ties a slave,
example to his poets gave:
y, not bad, but in a vicious age,
to please the prince, debauch'd the stage.
what should Arthur do? He loved the
ıight,
reign monarchs are the source of right;
y the damsel's tears and common cry,
ı'd the brutal ravisher to die.
Geneura rose in his defence,
y'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
his queen the king the offender gave,
it in her power to kill or save:
cious act the ladies all approve,
ıught it much a man should die for love;
ı their mistress join'd in close debate,
g their kindness with dissembled hate;)
free him, to prolong his fate.
greed, they call'd him by consent
ıe queen and female parliament;
fair speaker, rising from the chair,
the judgment of the house declare.
ight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet still
tiny depends upon my will:
thou other surety than the grace
to thee from our offended race.
ur kind is of a softer mould,
not blood without a sigh behold,
hee life; reserving still the power
the forfeit when I see my hour:
hy answer to my next demand
thee free from our avenging hand.
stion, whose solution I require,
the sex of women most desire?
lispute thy judges are at strife;
for on thy wit depends thy life.
, surprised, unknowing what to say,
mn thyself) we give thee farther day:
thine to wander at thy will;
n from others, if thou want'st the skill.
to hold our proffer'd turn in scorn,
reties will we have for thy return;
the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
hy pledge's peril keep thy day.
vas the knight at this severe command;
he knew 'twas bootless to withstand:
as accepted, as the fair ordain,
n bail for his return again,
mised answer at the day assign'd,
, with Heaven's assistance, he could find.
ave thus taken, on his way he went
vy heart, and full of discontent,
ting much, and fearful of the event.

'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went; still anxious more and more,
Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at every door;
Inquired of men; but made his chief request
To learn from women what they loved the best.
They answer'd each according to her mind
To please herself, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place;
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.
The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed;
The wanton maids were all for sport a-bed.
Some said the sex were pleased with handsome lies,
And some gross flattery loved without disguise:
Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win,
Who flatters well; for that's our darling sin.
But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
Will work even with the wisest of the kind.
One thought the sex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:
Their pleasures, hours, and actions all their own,
And uncontroll'd to give account to none.
Some with a husband-fool; but such are curst,
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst:
All women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our spouses see, but with our eyes;
For fools will prate; and though they want the wit
To find close faults, yet open blots will hit;
Though better for their ease to hold their tongue,
For woman-kind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And some men say, that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and secresy:
And constant in one purpose still to dwell;
And not our husband's counsels to reveal.
But that's a fable: for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold:
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.
Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endow'd with asses' ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
(As monarchs' vices must not be reveal'd)
For fear the people have 'em in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:
Nor apt to think from heaven their title springs,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew; and durst communicate
To none but to his wife his ears of state:
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
To this sagacious confessor he went,
And told her what a gift the gods had sent:
But told it under matrimonial seal,
With strict injunction never to reveal.
The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
(And sacred sure is every woman's oath)
The royal malady should rest unknown,
Both for her husband's honour and her own
But ne'ertheless she pined with discontent;
The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing she knew she was obliged to hide;
By interest and by oath the wife was tied;
But, if she told it not, the woman died.
Loth to betray a husband and a prince,
But she must burst, or blab, and no pretence
Of honour tied her tongue from self-defence.

A marshy ground commodiously was near, 185
Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
Lest if a word she spoke of any thing,
That word might be the secret of the king.
Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
Griped all the way, and longing for a vent; 190
Arrived, by pure necessity compell'd,
On her majestic marrow-bones she kneel'd:
Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
To thee alone, O lake, she said, I tell, 195
(And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal,)
Beneath his locks the king my husband wears
A goodly royal pair of asses' ears:
Now I have eased my bosom of the pain,
Till the next longing fit return again. 200
Thus through a woman was the secret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
But to my tale; the knight with heavy cheer,
Wand'ring in vain, had now consumed the year:
One day was only left to solve the doubt, 205
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
But home he must, and as the award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this despairing state he happ'd to ride,
As fortune led him, by a forest side: 210
Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
Brown with the shade of a religious wood:
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The moon was up, and shot a gleamy light)
He saw a quire of ladies in a round 215
That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground:
Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.
At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
In hope where many women were, at least 220
Some one by chance might answer his request.
But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.
One only hag remain'd; but fouler far
Than grandame apes in Indian forests are; 225
Against a wither'd oak she lean'd her weight,
Propp'd on her trusty staff, not half upright,
And dropp'd an awkward court'sy to the knight.
Then said, What makes you, Sir, so late abroad
Without a guide, and this no beaten road? 230
Or want you aught that here you hope to find,
Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
The last I guess; and if I read aright,
Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight;
Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage,
Then tell your pain; for wisdom is in age. 235
To this the knight: Good mother, would you know
The secret cause and spring of all my woe!
My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
Unless I tell what women most desire. 240
Now could you help me at this hard essay,
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay;
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest 245
Well satisfied of what they love the best.
Plight me thy faith, quoth she, that what I ask,
Thy danger over, and perform'd thy task,
That thou shalt give for hire of thy demand;
Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand; 250
I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and wife.
More words there needed not to move the knight,
To take her offer, and his truth to plight. 254
With that she spread a mantle on the ground,
And, first inquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the way,
At court he should arrive ere break of day;
His horse should find the way without a guide.
She said: with fury they began to ride, 260
He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well:
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight
How he should answer the demand aright. 265
To court they came; the news was quickly spread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women in the town:
The queen sat lord chief justice of the hall, 270
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appear'd; and silence they proclaim:
Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:
And, after forms of law, was last required
To name the thing that women most desired. 275
The offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel order'd what to say,
Thus bold began: My lady liege, said he,
What all your sex desire is, Sovereignty.
The wife affects her husband to command; 280
All must be hers, both money, house, and land
The maids are mistresses even in their name,
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This, at the peril of my head, I say,
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway, 285
You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey.
There was not one, or widow, maid or wife,
But said the knight had well deserved his life.
Even fair Geneura, with a blush, confess'd
The man had found what women love the best. 290
Up starts the beldam, who was there unseen,
And, reverence made, accosted thus the queen:
My liege, said she, before the court arise,
May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
To grant my just request: 'twas I who taught 295
The knight this answer, and inspired his thought;
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women, what we most affect.
But first I swore him on his knightly troth
(And here demand performance of his oath), 300
To grant the boon that next I should desire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:

Ver. 194. *And, as a bittour bumps, &c.*] The mugient noise of the *bittor*, (to use the words of Sir Thomas Brown) by putting its bill into a reed, as most believe, which we term *bumping*, is not so easily made out. See *Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, b. iii., ch. 27. The paraphrase of an old commentator on the passage in Chaucer, to which the lines before us correspond, is, for the sake of an harmless laugh, worth citing:—"She, (the wife of Midas) who had solemnly vowed never to disclose what he had recommended to her trust; both to keep her oath, and yet disgorge her stomach of that secret which lay so petting and frying on her, as she must needs be delivered of it; resolved one day to go down to a marrish near adjoyning, far remote from the sight or search of man; where, just like as a bittern puts his beak in a reed, and through the hollowness of the cane makes a shrill and sharp sound, so lay Midas' wife with her mouth to the water, using these words:—*Dost thou hear, thou marrish? my husband has a pair of asse's ears. This is a secret; none but myself know of it; I would not for a world impart it. So, now my heart is eased: my lace would have broke, if I had not disclosed it!*" Comment upon two Tales of Chaucer, &c., 12mo. London, 1665, p. 161. TODD.

nise is fulfill'd: I saved his life,
im his debt, to take me for his wife.
ght was ask'd, nor could his oath deny, 305
ed they would not force him to comply.
men, who would rather wrest the laws,
t a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
ges on the bench more gracious are,
re attent to brothers of the bar) 310
ne and all, the suppliant should have right,
the grandame hag adjudged the knight.
in he sigh'd, and oft with tears desired.
asonable suit might be required.
l the crone was constant to her note; 315
re he spoke, the more she stretch'd her
hroat.
he proffer'd all his goods, to save
y destined to that living grave.
norish hag rejects the pelf with scorn;
thing but the man would serve her turn. 320
the wealth of eastern kings, said she,
ower to part my plighted love, and me:
d and ugly as I am, and poor,
er will I break the faith I swore;
e thou art by promise, during life, 325
hy loving and obedient wife.
ve! nay rather my damnation thou,
: nor am I bound to keep my vow;
d thy sire hath sent thee from below,
w couldst thou my secret sorrows know?
, old witch, for I renounce thy bed: 331
en may take the forfeit of my head,
of my race so foul a crone shall wed.
ard, the judge pronounced against the
night;
he married in his own despite: 335
day after hid him as an owl,
e to sustain a sight so foul.
the reader thinks I do him wrong,
the marriage feast, and nuptial song:
ere was none, the man was à-la-mort, 340
le courage had to make his court.
they went, the bridegroom and the bride:
er such an ill-pair'd couple tied:
he toss'd, and tumbled to and fro,
l'd, and wriggled further off, for woe. 345
d old wife lay smiling by his side,
ght him in her quivering arms, and cried,
ou my ravish'd predecessor saw,
re not then become this man of straw;
been such, you might have 'scaped the law.
he custom of King Arthur's court? 351
round-table knights of such a sort?
ber I am she who saved your life,
ving, lawful, and complying wife:
s you swore in your unhappy hour, 355
r this return employ'd my power.
of need I was your faithful friend;
I since, nor ever will offend.
me, my loved lord, 'tis much unkind;
ry has possess'd your alter'd mind? 360
my wedding night—without pretence—
urn this way, or tell me my offence.
our wife, let reason's rule persuade;
ut my fault, amends shall soon be made.
ds! nay, that 's impossible, said he, 365
ange of age or ugliness can be?
l Medea's magic mend thy face,
t descended from so mean a race,
ver knight was match'd with such dis-
race.

What wonder, madam, if I move my side, 370
When, if I turn, I turn to such a bride?
And is this all that troubles you so sore?
And what the devil couldst thou wish me more?
Ah, Benedicite! replied the crone:
Then cause of just complaining have you none. 375
The remedy to this were soon applied,
Would you be like the bridegroom to the bride:
But, for you say a long descended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
Make gentlemen, and that your high degree 380
Is much disparaged to be match'd with me;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind. 385
The King of Heaven was in a manger laid,
And took his earth but from an humble Maid;
Then what can birth, or mortal men, bestow!
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow.
We, who for name and empty honour strive, 390
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride,
And vast estates to mighty titles tied,
Did not your honour, but their own, advance;
For virtue comes not by inheritance. 395
If you tralineate from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard kind?
Do as your great progenitors have done,
And, by their virtues, prove yourself their son.
No father can infuse or wit or grace; 400
A mother comes across, and mars the race.
A grandsire or a grandame taints the blood
And seldom three descents continue good.
Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Could never villanise his father's fame: 405
But, as the first, the last of all the line,
Would, like the sun, even in descending, shine.
Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house
Betwixt King Arthur's court and Caucasus;
If you depart, the flame shall still remain, 410
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain:
Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
By nature form'd on things combustible to prey.
Such is not man, who, mixing better seed
With worse, begets a base degenerate breed: 415
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
The father sinks within his son, we see,
And often rises in the third degree;
If better luck a better mother give, 420
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
Such as our atoms were, even such are we,
Or call it chance, or strong necessity:
Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free.
And thus it needs must be: for seed conjoin'd 425
Lets into nature's work the imperfect kind;
But fire, the enlivener of the general frame,
Is one, its operation still the same.
Its principle is in itself: while ours
Works, as confederates war, with mingled powers;
Or man or woman, which soever fails: 431
And, oft, the vigour of the worse prevails.
Æther with sulphur blended alters hue,
And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
Thus, in a brute, their ancient honour ends, 435
And the fair mermaid in a fish descends:

The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known, 440
And a long trail of light, to thee descending down.
If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine;
But infamy and villanage are thine.
Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
The true nobility proceeds from God: 445
Nor left us by inheritance, but given
By bounty of our stars, and grace of Heaven.
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius rose,
Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose:
Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe, 450
Whose noble hands had exercised the plough.
From hence, my lord, and love, I thus conclude,
That though my homely ancestors were rude.
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
To make you father of a generous race: 455
And noble then am I, when I begin,
In virtue clothed, to cast the rags of sin.
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in Heaven, there was a time
When he, the great controller of our fate, 460
Deign'd to be man, and lived in low estate;
Which he who had the world at his dispose,
If poverty were vice, would never choose.
Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
That a glad poverty 's an honest thing. 465
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treasure find.
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods on his gold, and, griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he 's poor. 470
The ragged beggar, though he want relief,
Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.
Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood:
Yet many things, impossible to thought, 475
Have been by need to full perfection brought:
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives; 480
For even that indigence, that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and Him above, to know.
A good which none would challenge, few would choose,
A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
If I am old and ugly, well for you,
No lewd adulterer will my love pursue.
Nor jealousy, the bane of married life,
Shall haunt you for a wither'd homely wife.
For age and ugliness, as all agree,
Are the best guards of female chastity.
Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
I 'll do my best to further your content.
And therefore of two gifts in my dispose,
Think ere you speak, I grant you leave to choose:
Would you I should be still deform'd and old,
Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold;
On this condition to remain for life
A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
In all I can contribute to your ease,
And not in deed, or word, or thought displease;
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your share?
Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
And how can you depend upon my truth?
Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliss,
And thank yourself, if aught should fall amiss.
Sore sigh'd the knight, who this long sermon heard;
At length considering all, his heart he cheer'd;
And thus replied: My lady, and my wife,
To your wise conduct I resign my life;
Choose you for me, for well you understand
The future good and ill, on either hand:
But if an humble husband may request,
Provide, and order all things for the best;
Yours be the care to profit, and to please:
And let your subject servant take his ease.
Then thus in peace, quoth she, concludes the strife,
Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife:
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign;
Forgive if I have said or done amiss,
And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss:
I promised you but one content to share,
But now I will become both good and fair.
No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease;
The business of my life shall be to please:
And for my beauty, that, as time shall try,
But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye.
He look'd, and saw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd, and seized her ivory arm,
And, like Pygmalion, found the statue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embraced,
And their first love continued to the last:
One sunshine was their life, no cloud between;
Nor ever was a kinder couple seen.
And so may all our lives like theirs be led;
Heaven send the maids young husbands from the bed:
May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man.
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

Ver. 439. *Nobility of blood is but renown*
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long trail of light, to thee descending down.]

A great deal of this reasoning is copied from Boethius de Consol. l. iii. p. 6. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 473. *Want is a bitter and a hateful good,*] * In this commendation of poverty, our author seems plainly to have had in view the following passage of a fabulous conference between the Emperor Adrian and Secundus the philosopher, reported by Vincent of Beauvais, Spec. His. l. x., c. 71. 'Quid est Paupertas? Odibile bonum; sanitatis mater; remotio curarum; sapientiæ repertrix; negotium sine damno; possessio absque calumniâ; sine sollicitudine felicitas.' "—Tyrwhitt.

To which I beg to add, that Savage seems to have had this passage in his mind:

"By woe, *the soul to daring* action swells;
By woe, in plaintless patience it excels;
From patience, prudent dear experience springs,
And traces knowledge through the course of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown; whate'er men covet and caress."

The last couplet is inferior to the original.

"Poverte a spectakle is, as thinketh me,
Thurgh which he may his veray frendes see."

Down to "friend" the lines are nervous and simple.
JOHN WARTON.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

priest was of the pilgrim train;
, reverend, and religious man.
diffused a venerable grace,
ity itself was in his face.
his soul, though his attire was poor; 5
had clothed his own ambassador;)
on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
rears he seem'd; and well might last
nore, but that he lived too fast;
imself to soul, to curb the sense; 10
e almost a sin of abstinence.
his aspect nothing of severe,
a face as promised him sincere.
reserved or sullen was to see:
t regards; and pleasing sanctity: 15
his accent, and his action free.
quence innate his tongue was arm'd;
arsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd.
ıg down the golden chain from high,
his audience upward to the sky; 20
with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears:
more melodious than the spheres.)
d left him, when he went to rest,
and after him he sung the best.
ıis great commission in his look: 25
etly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he
oke.
h'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell;
n'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
ternal mercy loved to dwell.
t the gospel rather than the law; 30
ed himself to drive; but loved to draw.
but freezes minds; but love, like heat,
he soul sublime, to seek her native seat.

For letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:]

ent allusion to the allegory of the golden chain in
ın of Homer's eighth book of the Iliad, which
a penetration, which is commended by the acute
, explains as descriptive of the superior attrac-
of the sun, whereby he continues unmoved, and
he rest of the planets towards him. JOHN WAR-

-37.

quondam et Aquilo, uter foret valentior,
tigabant: domum iter qui carperet,
inem videntes: in eum vires, inquiunt,
ssim nostras experiri quid vetat?
unt, ut, ipsi pallium qui excusserit,
re merito sese victorem ferat.
primus Aquilo flatibus horrisonis furit:
viator contra vim venti arctius
dvit: ergo, postquam profecit nihil
lo, calentem Sol emolitur facem,
imque radios, insinuando per cutem
oris agit. Ille mox exæstuat;
et gravi humeros pallio sponte exuit.
m vi repellunt homines plerumque; ast eos,
vult, volentes pertrahit benignitas."

Fab. Æsop. Desb. Fab. I, lib. iii.

JOHN WARTON.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepared; 35
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before the Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear; 40
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.
The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took;
But never sued, or cursed with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong; but offering none:
Since every man is free to lose his own. 45
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
And praised a priest contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had some to spare, 50
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord; 55
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store:
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judged himself accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his parish; not contracted close 60
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick; to succour the distress'd:
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night. 65
All this the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spared his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold, 70
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold.
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey;
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd. 75
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squared:
That all might see the doctrine which they heard. 80
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest:
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impress'd:)
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust, 85
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate, for his holy life he prized;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despised,

His Saviour came not with a gaudy show ;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below. 90
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of Church and Churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn :
In purple he was crucified, not born. 95
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor ;
The holy father holds a double reign, 100
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be plain.
Such was the saint ; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd ;
And his own work, as in creation, bless'd. 105
The tempter saw him too with envious eye ;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was deposed,
And high and low with happy Harry closed.
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood : 110
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own :
The title stood entail'd had Richard had a son.

Conquest, an odious name, was laid asid
Where all submitted, none the battle tried
The senseless plea of right by providence
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since ;
And lasts no longer than the present sway
But justifies the next who comes in play.
The people's right remains ; let those wl
Dispute their power, when they the judge
He join'd not in their choice, because h
Worse might, and often did from change e
Much to himself he thought ; but little sp
And, undeprived, his benefice forsook.
Now, through the land, his cure of s stretch'd ;
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
Still cheerful ; ever constant to his call ;
By many follow'd ; loved by most ; admi all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he relie
And gave the charities himself received.
Gave while he taught ; and edified the mo
Because he show'd, by proof, 'twas easy to b
He went not with the crowd to see a sh
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were :
This brilliant is so spotless and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own light.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOCCACE.

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.*

WHILE Norman Tancred in Salerno reign'd,
The title of a gracious prince he gain'd ;
Till turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,
He lost the lustre of his former praise.

* This story was translated into Latin by one of the first restorers of literature, and entitled, Libellus de Duobus Amantibus Guiscardo et Sigismundâ, Tancredi Filiâ, in Latinum ex Boccatio convertit Leonardus Aretinus, 1475. Dryden says he would not have translated the story of Sigismunda if he had recollected the resemblance it bore to the argument of the Wife of Bath's tale, the preferring virtue to nobility of blood and titles. Surely he could not think this ludicrous tale of Chaucer equal to the striking and pathetic story of Sigismunda. Dr. J. WARTON.

The story of these lovers has often employed the pens of poets and narrators. Witness the following productions :

" Esopi Fabelle translate è greco à Laurentio Vallensi. Subnectitur Boccatii Hist. de *Guiscardi* et *Sigismondi* Amore, à Leon. Aretino in latinum sermonem converso s. l. aut a. 4to.

Le Livre des deux Amans, *Guisgard* et *Sigismond* de Tancredus ; trad. du latin de Léonard Arétin françoise, par Jehan Fleury, dit Floridus. Paris

La piteuse et lamentable Histoire du vaillant et Chevalier *Guiscard*, et *Gismunde* Princesse de Lyon, 1520, 16mo.

Fabula *Tancredi*, ex Boccatio in Latinum versa Beroaldo, in lib. intitul. De fide Concubinarum Psaffos, 4to. s. l. 1501. sign. G. 3.

See also Mémoires Historiques sur la Maison de sur la véritable aventure de la *Dame de Fiziel*, &c. De Belloy, 8vo. Paris, 1770.

There is Il Tancredi, Tragedia di Ridolfo Casque Bologna, 1614. Sir Henry Wotton, as we are informed Isaac Walton, wrote a tragedy entitled *Tancredi* does not appear to have been published. Thomson know, has given us a tragical drama of Tancred and munda ; founded, however, not on the story, which theme of Dryden's fable, but on an interesting narr Gil Blas.

See also Certaine worthye manuscript Poems

Ver. 1. *While Norman*] Barretti, in his positive and dogmatical manner, has the assurance to attack the style of Boccacio, against the established opinion of all his countrymen, in his View of Italy, a book daringly full of weak justifications of all the absurdities of Popery. I wonder he did not applaud Sextus V. for the speech he made in defending the murder of Henry III. by Jaques Clement, a Dominican friar ; which speech was printed at Paris in 1589, and there is a copy of it in Lord Somers's Tracts. Dr. J WARTON.

om the bright meridian where he stood 5
ling, dipp'd his hands in lovers' blood.
ince, of Fortune's favour long possess'd,
s with one fair daughter only bless'd;
ss'd he might have been with her alone:
! how much more happy had he none! 10
s his care, his hope, and his delight,
his thought, and ever in his sight:
ay beyond his life, he held her dear;
d by him, and now he lived in her.
s, when ripe for marriage, he delay'd 15
ptial bands, and kept her long a maid,
ying any else should share a part
t was his, and claiming all her heart.
th, as public decency required,
his vassals eagerly desired, 20
ind averse, he rather underwent
ple's will, than gave his own consent.
she torn, as from a lover's side,
ade almost in his despite a bride.
t were her marriage joys; for, in the
prime 25
h, her lord expired before his time;
her father's court in little space
d anew, she held a higher place;
ved, and more exalted into grace.
incess, fresh and young, and fair and wise,
rshipp'd idol of her father's eyes, 31
her sex in every grace exceed,
d more wit beside than women need.
h, health, and ease, and most an amorous
mind,
nd nuptials had her thoughts inclined: 35
rmer joys had left a secret sting behind.
odigal in every other grant,
e left unsupplied her only want;
e, betwixt her modesty and pride,
hes, which she could not help, would hide.
lved at last to lose no longer time, 41
t to please herself without a crime,
t her eyes around the court, to find
hy subject suiting to her mind,
in holy nuptials to be tied, 45
ing widow, and a secret bride.
the train of courtiers, one she found
ll the gifts of bounteous nature crown'd,
le blood; but one whose niggard fate
t him far below her high estate; 50
rd his name was call'd, of blooming age,
quire to Tancred, and before his page:
, the choice of all the shining crowd,
art the noble Sigismonda vow'd.
hitherto she kept her love conceal'd, 55
ith those graces every day beheld
aceful youth; and every day increased
ging fires that burn'd within her breast;
ecret charm did all his acts attend,
hat his fortune wanted, hers could mend;

Till, as the fire will force its outward way, 61
Or, in the prison pent, consume the prey;
So long her earnest eyes on his were set,
At length their twisted rays together met;
And he, surprised with humble joy, survey'd 65
One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid:
Not well assured, while doubtful hopes he nurs'd,
A second glance came gliding like the first;
And he, who saw the sharpness of the dart,
Without defence received it in his heart. 70
In public, though their passion wanted speech,
Yet mutual looks interpreted for each;
Time, ways, and means of meeting were denied;
But all those wants ingenious love supplied.
The inventive god, who never fails his part, 75
Inspires the wit, when once he warms the heart.
When Guiscard next was in the circle seen,
Where Sigismonda held the place of queen,
A hollow cane within her hand she brought,
But in the concave had enclosed a note; 80
With this she seem'd to play, and, as in sport,
Toss'd to her love, in presence of the court;
Take it, she said; and when your needs require,
This little brand will serve to light your fire.
He took it with a bow, and soon divined 85
The seeming toy was not for nought design'd:
But when retired, so long with curious eyes
He view'd his present, that he found the prize.
Much was in little writ; and all convey'd
With cautious care, for fear to be betray'd 90
By some false confident, or favourite maid.
The time, the place, the manner how to meet,
Were all in punctual order plainly writ:
But since a trust must be, she thought it best
To put it out of laymen's power at least; 95
And for their solemn vows prepared a priest.
Guiscard (her secret purpose understood)
With joy prepared to meet the coming good;
Nor pains nor danger was resolved to spare,
But use the means appointed by the fair. 100
Next the proud palace of Salerno stood
A mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood.
Through this a cave was dug with vast expense:
The work it seem'd of some suspicious prince,
Who, when abusing power with lawless might,
From public justice would secure his flight. 105
The passage made by many a winding way,
Reach'd ev'n the room in which the tyrant lay.
Fit for his purpose, on a lower floor,
He lodged, whose issue was an iron door; 110
From whence, by stairs descending to the ground,
In the blind grot a safe retreat he found.
Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
With brambles, choked by time, and now unknown.
A rift there was, which from the mountain's height 115
Convey'd a glimmering and malignant light,
A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
The tyrant's den, whose use, though lost to fame,
Was now the apartment of the royal dame; 120
The cavern only to her father known,
By him was to his darling daughter shown.
Neglected long she let the secret rest,
Till love recall'd it to her labouring breast,
And hinted as the way by heaven design'd 125
The teacher, by the means he taught, to blind.
What will not women do, when need inspires
Their wit, or love their inclination fires?

ie, reserved long in the Studie of a Northfolke
an, and now first published by J. S., containing,
ely Tragedy of *Guistard* and *Sismond*; the Northern
s Blessing, &c. 12mo. 1597. TODD.

6. ——— *her lord expired before his time;*] Mallet,
ame simple expression, gives considerable interest
arration of Margaret's death, in his celebrated

"But love had, like the canker worm,
Consumed her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time."

TODD.

Though jealousy of state the invention found,
Yet love refined upon the former ground. 130
That way, the tyrant had reserved, to fly
Pursuing hate, now served to bring two lovers nigh.
The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,
Bold by desire, explored the secret way;
Now tried the stairs, and, wading through the night 135
Search'd all the deep recess, and issued into light.
All this her letter had so well explain'd,
The instructed youth might compass what remain'd;
The cavern's mouth alone was hard to find,
Because the path, disused, was out of mind: 140
But in what quarter of the copse it lay,
His eye by certain level could survey:
Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he knew)
A frock of leather o'er his limbs he drew;
And thus provided, search'd the brake around,
Till the choked entry of the cave he found. 146
Thus, all prepared, the promised hour arrived,
So long expected, and so well contrived:
With love to friend, the impatient lover went,
Fenced from the thorns, and trod the deep descent. 150
The conscious priest, who was suborn'd before,
Stood ready posted at the postern door;
The maids in distant rooms were sent to rest,
And nothing wanted but the invited guest.
He came, and knocking thrice without delay, 155
The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key;
At once invaded him with all her charms,
And the first step he made was in her arms:
The leathern outside, boisterous as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her strict embrace: 160
On either side the kisses flew so thick,
That neither he nor she had breath to speak.
The holy man, amazed at what he saw,
Made haste to sanctify the bliss by law;
And mutter'd fast the matrimony o'er, 165
For fear committed sin should get before.
His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
Because he knew he could not go too soon;
His presence odious, when his task was done.
What thoughts he had beseems me not to say; 170
Though some surmise he went to fast and pray,
And needed both to drive the tempting thoughts away.
The foe once gone, they took their full delight;
'Twas restless rage, and tempest all the night;
For greedy love each moment would employ, 175
And grudged the shortest pauses of their joy.
Thus were their loves auspiciously begun,
And thus with secret care were carried on.
The stealth itself did appetite restore,
And look'd so like a sin, it pleased the more. 180
The cave was now become a common way,
The wicket, often open'd, knew the key:
Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.
But as extremes are short, of ill and good, 185
And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.
Tancred, who fondly loved, and whose delight
Was placed in his fair daughter's daily sight, 190
Of custom, when his state affairs were done,
Would pass his pleasing hours with her alone;
And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
Without attendance of the officious crowd.
It happen'd once, that when in heat of day 195
He tried to sleep, as was his usual way,
The balmy slumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forced him, in his own despite, to rise:
Of sleep forsaken, to relieve his care,
He sought the conversation of the fair; 200
But with her train of damsels she was gone,
In shady walks the scorching heat to shun:
He would not violate that sweet recess,
And found besides a welcome heaviness,
That seized his eyes; and slumber, which forgot, 205
When call'd before, to come, now came unsought.
From light retired, behind his daughter's bed,
He for approaching sleep composed his head;
A chair was ready, for that use design'd,
So quilted, that he lay at ease reclined; 210
The curtains closely drawn, the light to screen,
As if he had contrived to lie unseen:
Thus cover'd with an artificial night,
Sleep did his office soon, and seal'd his sight.
With Heaven averse, in this ill-omen'd hour 215
Was Guiscard summon'd to the secret bower,
And the fair nymph, with expectation fired,
From her attending damsels was retired:
For, true to love, she measured time so right,
As not to miss one moment of delight. 220
The garden, seated on the level floor,
She left behind, and locking every door,
Thought all secure; but little did she know,
Blind to her fate, she had enclosed her foe.
Attending Guiscard, in his leathern frock, 225
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated knock:
Thrice with a doleful sound the jarring grate
Rung deaf and hollow, and presaged their fate.
The door unlock'd, to known delight they haste,
And, panting in each other's arms embraced, 230
Rush to the conscious bed, a mutual freight,
And heedless press it with their wonted weight.
The sudden bound awaked the sleeping sire,
And show'd a sight no parent can desire;
His opening eyes at once with odious view 235
The love discover'd, and the lover knew:
He would have cried; but hoping that he dreamt,
Amazement tied his tongue, and stopp'd the attempt.
The ensuing moment all the truth declared,
But now he stood collected, and prepared, 240
For malice and revenge had put him on his guard.
So like a lion that unheeded lay,
Dissembling sleep, and watchful to betray,
With inward rage he meditates his prey.
The thoughtless pair, indulging their desires, 245
Alternate, kindled, and then quench'd their fires;
Nor thinking in the shades of death they play'd,
Full of themselves, themselves alone survey'd,
And, too secure, were by themselves betray'd.
Long time dissolved in pleasure thus they lay, 250
Till nature could no more suffice their play;
Then rose the youth, and through the cave again
Return'd; the princess mingled with her train.

Ver. 149. *With love to friend,*] An expression from Spenser, Faer. Qu. iii. iii. 14.

"Untill the hardy Mayd (with *Love to frend*)
First entering," &c. Todd.

ed his unripe vengeance to defer,
l spy, when now the coast was clear, 255
ot the garden, but retired unseen,
l in secret on his gather'd spleen,
hodise revenge: to death he grieved;
he saw the crime, had scarce believed.
ointment for the ensuing night he heard;
efore in the cavern had prepared 261
wny yeomen of his trusty guard.
had unwary Guiscard set his foot
he foremost entrance of the grot,
ese in secret ambush ready lay, 265
hing on the sudden seized the prey:
er'd with his frock, without defence,
prize, they led the prisoner thence,
commanded, brought before the prince.
my sire, too sensible of wrong, 270
his rage in words, restrain'd his tongue,
y said, Thus servants are preferr'd,
sted, thus their sovereigns they reward.
t seen, had not these eyes received
r a proof, I could not have believed. 275
used and choked the rest. The youth
ho saw
it life abandon'd to the law,
e the accuser, and the offence to him
d both power and will to avenge the
rime.
defence prepared; but thus replied: 280
ts of love by love are justified:
resisted might the monarch reigns,
s mountains, and he raises plains;
t regarding difference of degree,
your daughter, and exalted me. 285
old return with seeming patience heard,
oner was remitted to the guard.
en tyrant slept not all the night,
ely walking by a winking light,
wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd
reast, 290
ld not violate his daughter's rest;
g expecting lay, for bliss prepared,
g for noise, and grieved that none she
eard;
, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
accused her lover of delay; 295
s'd the tedious hours in anxious thoughts
way.
orrow came; and at his usual hour
cred visited his daughter's bower;
ek (for such his custom was) he kiss'd,
less'd her kneeling, and her maids dis-
iss'd. 300
al dignity thus far maintain'd,
t in private, he no longer feign'd;
t once his grief and rage appear'd,
ds of tears ran trickling down his beard.
smonda, he began to say: 305
e began, and thrice was forced to stay,
ds, with often trying, found their way:
t, O Sigismonda (but how blind
nts' eyes, their children's faults to find!)

.
ice he began, and thrice was forced to stay,
words with often trying found their way:]
a feeble imitation of Milton's fallen archangel,
1. 619.
he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
s, interwove with sighs, found out their way."
TODD

Thy virtue, birth, and breeding were above 310
A mean desire, and vulgar sense of love:
Nor less than sight and hearing could convince
So fond a father, and so just a prince,
Of such an unforeseen, and unbelieved offence.
Then what indignant sorrow must I have, 315
To see thee lie subjected to my slave!
A man so smelling of the people's lee,
The court received him first for charity;
And since with no degree of honour graced,
But only suffer'd, where he first was placed: 320
A grovelling insect still; and so design'd
By nature's hand, nor born of noble kind:
A thing, by neither man nor woman prized,
And scarcely known enough to be despised.
To what has Heaven reserved my age? Ah! why
Should man, when nature calls, not choose to die,
Rather than stretch the span of life, to find
Such ills as fate has wisely cast behind,
For those to feel, whom fond desire to live
Makes covetous of more than life can give! 330
Each has his share of good; and when 'tis gone,
The guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon.
But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
Protracting life, have lived a day too long.
If yesterday could be recall'd again, 335
Even now would I conclude my happy reign:
But 'tis too late, my glorious race is run,
And a dark cloud o'ertakes my setting sun.
Hadst thou not loved, or loving saved the shame,
If not the sin, by some illustrious name, 340
This little comfort had relieved my mind,
'Twas frailty, not unusual to thy kind:
But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood,
Shows downward appetite to mix with mud:
Thus not the least excuse is left for thee, 345
Nor the least refuge for unhappy me.
For him I have resolved: whom by surprise
I took, and scarce can call it, in disguise;
For such was his attire, as, with intent
Of nature, suited to his mean descent: 350
The harder question yet remains behind,
What pains a parent and a prince can find
To punish an offence of this degenerate kind.
As I have loved, and yet I love thee, more
Than ever father loved a child before; 355
So that indulgence draws me to forgive:
Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee live.
But, as a public parent of the state,
My justice, and thy crime, requires thy fate.
Fain would I choose a middle course to steer; 360
Nature's too kind, and justice too severe:
Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
On either side the father and the king.
Heaven knows, my heart is bent to favour thee;
Make it but scanty weight, and leave the rest to me.
Here stopping with a sigh, he pour'd a flood 365
Of tears, to make his last expression good.
She, who had heard him speak, nor saw alone
The secret conduct of her love was known,
But he was taken who her soul possess'd, 370
Felt all the pangs of sorrow in her breast:
And little wanted, but a woman's heart,
With cries and tears, had testified her smart;
But inborn worth, that fortune can control,
New strung, and stiffer bent her softer soul; 375
The heroine assumed the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and fortified her face:
Why should she beg, or what could she pretend,
When her stern father had condemn'd her friend?

Her life she might have had; but her despair
Of saving his, had put it past her care;
Resolved on fate, she would not lose her breath,
But, rather than not die, solicit death.
Fix'd on this thought, she not, as women use,
Her fault by common frailty would excuse;
But boldly justified her innocence,
And, while the fact was own'd, denied the offence:
Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
She met his glance mid-way, and thus undaunted spoke:
Tancred, I neither am disposed to make
Request for life, nor offer'd life to take;
Much less deny the deed; but least of all
Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.
My words to sacred truth shall be confined,
My deeds shall show the greatness of my mind.
That I have loved, I own; that still I love,
I call to witness all the powers above:
Yet more I own: to Guiscard's love I give
The small remaining time I have to live;
And if beyond this life desire can be,
Not fate itself shall set my passion free.
This first avow'd; nor folly warp'd my mind,
Nor the frail texture of the female kind
Betray'd my virtue: for, too well I knew
What honour was, and honour had his due:
Before the holy priest my vows were tied,
So came I not a strumpet, but a bride.
This for my fame, and for the public voice:
Yet more, his merits justified my choice:
Which had they not, the first election thine,
That bond dissolved, the next is freely mine;
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny)
Had parents power even second vows to tie,
Thy little care to mend my widow'd nights,
Has forced me to recourse of marriage rites,
To fill an empty side, and follow known delights.
What have I done in this, deserving blame?
State-laws may alter: nature's are the same;
Those are usurp'd on helpless woman-kind,
Made without our consent, and wanting power to bind.
Thou, Tancred, better shouldst have understood,
That as thy father gave thee flesh and blood,
So gavest thou me: not from the quarry hew'd,
But of a softer mould, with sense endued;
Even softer than thy own, of suppler kind,
More exquisite of taste, and more than man refined.
Nor need'st thou by thy daughter to be told,
Though now thy sprightly blood with age be cold.
Thou hast been young: and canst remember still,
That when thou hadst the power, thou hadst the will;
And from the past experience of thy fires,
Canst tell with what a tide our strong desires
Come rushing on in youth, and what their rage requires.
And grant thy youth was exercised in arms,
When love no leisure found for softer charms,
My tender age in luxury was train'd,
With idle ease and pageants entertain'd;
My hours my own, my pleasures unrestrain'd.
So bred, no wonder if I took the bent
That seem'd even warranted by thy consent,
For, when the father is too fondly kind,
Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.
Blame then thyself, as reason's law requires,
(Since nature gave, and thou foment'st my fires;)
If still those appetites continue strong,
Thou may'st consider I am yet but young:
Consider too that, having been a wife,
I must have tasted of a better life,
And am not to be blamed, if I renew
By lawful means the joys which then I knew.
Where was the crime, if pleasure I procured,
Young, and a woman, and to bliss inured!
That was my case, and this is my defence:
I pleased myself, I shunn'd incontinence,
And, urged by strong desires, indulged my sense.
Left to myself, I must avow, I strove,
From public shame to screen my secret love,
And, well acquainted with thy native pride,
Endeavour'd, what I could not help, to hide;
For which a woman's wit an easy way supplied.
How this, so well contrived, so closely laid,
Was known to thee, or by what chance betray'd,
Is not my care; to please thy pride alone,
I could have wish'd it had been still unknown.
Nor took I Guiscard by blind fancy led,
Or hasty choice, as many women wed;
But with deliberate care, and ripen'd thought,
At leisure first design'd, before I wrought:
On him I rested, after long debate,
And not without considering, fix'd my fate:
His flame was equal, though by mine inspired;
(For so the difference of our birth required;)
Had he been born like me, like me his love
Had first begun, what mine was forced to move:
But thus beginning, thus we persevere;
Our passions yet continue what they were,
Nor length of trial makes our joys the less sincere.
At this my choice, though not by thine allow'd,
(Thy judgment herding with the common crowd)
Thou takest unjust offence; and, led by them,
Dost less the merit, than the man esteem.
Too sharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
Hast thou against the laws of kind inveigh'd:
For all the offence is in opinion placed,
Which deems high birth by lowly choice debased.
This thought alone with fury fires thy breast,
(For holy marriage justifies the rest)
That I have sunk the glories of the state,
And mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate;
In which I wonder thou shouldst oversee
Superior causes, or impute to me
The fault of fortune, or the fates' decree.
Or call it Heaven's imperial power alone,
Which moves on springs of justice, though unknown.
Yet this we see, though order'd for the best,
The bad exalted, and the good oppress'd;
Permitted laurels grace the lawless brow,
The unworthy raised, the worthy cast below.
But leaving that: search we the secret springs,
And backward trace the principles of things;
There shall we find, that when the world began,
One common mass composed the mould of man;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moist'ning blood.
The same almighty power inspired the frame
With kindled life, and form'd the souls the same:
The faculties of intellect and will
Dispensed with equal hand, disposed with equal skill,
Like liberty indulged, with choice of good or ill:
Thus born alike, from virtue first began
The difference that distinguish'd man from man:

no title from descent of blood,
ich made him noble, made him good:
h more particles of heavenly flame,
his upward flight, and soar'd to
; 515
nain'd below, a tribe without a name.
though custom now diverts the course,
institute, is yet in force;
, though disused; and he, whose mind
is alone of noble kind; 520
r in fortune, of celestial race;
mits the crime who calls him base.
the line; and measure all thy court
irtue, not external port;
nom justly to prefer above 525
whom my judgment placed my love:
u see his parts and person shine;
mpared, the rest a base degenerate line.
when I first survey'd thy court,
or his virtues, on report; 530
what I ought to trust alone
thy eyes, and not my own;
(and thine was then the public voice)
mended Guiscard to my choice:
us by thee, I look'd, and found 535
ought deserving to be crown'd;
father pointed to my sight,
uspicuous by his native light;
is mien, the features of his face,
l the rest of human race: 540
thy thoughts, and thou could'st judge
t,
made a jaundice in thy sight;
grant thou didst not rightly see,
wert first deceived, and I deceived by
shalt allege, through pride of mind, 545
with one of base condition join'd,
or 'tis not baseness to be poor;
augments thy crime the more;
y justice with the scant regard
whom princes praise, they should
rd. 550
he kings entrusted by the crowd
, to be dispensed for common good?
sweat not for their king's delight,
pimp, or raise a parasite; 554
e toil; and he, who well has served
, has his country's wealth deserved.
monarchs oft are meanly born,
y birth to lowest rank return;
to the power of giddy chance,
can depress, or can advance: 560
bility is of the mind,
y chance, and not to chance resign'd.
aining doubt of thy decree,
olve, and how dispose of me,
cast that useless care aside, 565
will for myself provide.
ting and decrepit age,
stranger in thy youth to rage,
uel deeds to take delight,
my blood thy barbarous appetite; 570
le am disposed to pray
ould not cast a wish away.
, the offence is all my own;
Guiscard is already done,
e, is doom'd by thy decree, 575
executed first by thee,
person be perform'd by me.

Away, with women weep, and leave me here,
Fix'd, like a man, to die without a tear;
Or save, or slay us both this present hour; 580
'Tis all that fate has left within thy power.
She said; nor did her father fail to find,
In all she spoke, the greatness of her mind;
Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
Nor deem'd the death she promised was so
nigh: 585
Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
Resolved to spare her life, and save her shame;
But that detested object to remove,
To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.
Intent on this, a secret order sign'd 590
The death of Guiscard to his guards enjoin'd;
Strangling was chosen, and the night the time,
A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime:
His faithful heart, a bloody sacrifice,
Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes, 595
Closed the severe command: for (slaves to pay)
What kings decree, the soldier must obey:
Waged against foes; and when the wars are o'er,
Fit only to maintain despotic power:
Dangerous to freedom, and desired alone 600
By kings who seek an arbitrary throne.
Such were these guards; as ready to have slain
The prince himself, allured with greater gain;
So was the charge perform'd with better will,
By men inured to blood, and exercised in ill. 605
Now, though the sullen sire had eased his mind,
The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
A pomp prepared to grace the present he design'd.
A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
Of depth, and breadth, the precious pledge to
hold, 610
With cruel care he chose: the hollow part
Enclosed, the lid conceal'd, the lover's heart:
Then of his trusted mischiefs one he sent,
And bade him with these words the gift present:
Thy father sends thee this to cheer thy breast, 615
And glad thy sight with what thou lov'st the
best;
As thou hast pleased his eyes, and joy'd his mind,
With what he loved the most of human kind.
Ere this the royal dame, who well had weigh'd
The consequence of what her sire had said, 620
Fix'd on her fate, against the expected hour,
Procured the means to have it in her power;
For this, she had distill'd with early care
The juice of simples friendly to despair,
A magazine of death, and thus prepared, 625
Secure to die, the fatal message heard:
Then smiled severe; nor with a troubled look,
Or trembling hand the funeral present took:
Ev'n kept her countenance, when the lid removed
Disclosed the heart, unfortunately loved; 630
She needed not be told, within whose breast
It lodged; the message had explain'd the rest.
Or not amazed, or hiding her surprise,
She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes:
Then thus: Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part, 635
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart:
But he did well to give his best; and I,
Who wish'd a worthier urn, forgive his poverty.
At this she curb'd a groan, that else had come,
And, pausing, view'd the present in the tomb; 640
Then to the heart adored devoutly glued
Her lips, and raising it, her speech renew'd:
Ev'n from my day of birth, to this, the bound
Of my unhappy being, I have found

My father's care and tenderness express'd; 645
But this last act of love excels the rest:
For this so dear a present, bear him back
The best return that I can live to make.
The messenger despatch'd, again she view'd
The loved remains, and sighing thus pursued: 650
Source of my life, and lord of my desires,
In whom I lived, with whom my soul expires,
Poor heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
Cursed be the hands that tore thee from thy seat!
The course is finish'd which thy fates decreed, 655
And thou from thy corporeal prison freed:
Soon hast thou reach'd the goal with mended pace,
A world of woes despatch'd in little space.
Forced by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
Thy friend, has lodged thee in a costly tomb. 660
There yet remain'd thy funeral exequies,
The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes,
And those, indulgent Heaven has found the way
That I, before my death, have leave to pay.
My father ev'n in cruelty is kind, 665
Or Heaven has turn'd the malice of his mind
To better uses than his hate design'd;
And made th' insult, which in his gift appears,
The means to mourn thee with my pious tears;
Which I will pay thee down, before I go, 670
And save myself the pains to weep below,
If souls can weep. Though once I meant to meet
My fate with face unmoved, and eyes unwet,
Yet since I have thee here in narrow room,
My tears shall set thee first afloat within thy tomb: 675
Then (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
To regions unexplored, secure to share
Thy state; nor hell shall punishment appear;
And heaven is double heaven, if thou art there.
She said: her brimful eyes, that ready stood, 681
And only wanted will to keep a flood,
Released their watery store, and pour'd amain,
Like clouds low hung, a sober shower of rain;
Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise, 685
Such as the majesty of grief destroys;
For, bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed
Seem'd by the posture to discharge her head,
O'er-fill'd before; and (oft her mouth applied
To the cold heart,) she kiss'd at once, and cried.
Her maids, who stood amazed, nor knew the cause 691
Of her complaining, nor whose heart it was;
Yet all due measures of her mourning kept,
Did office at the dirge, and by infection wept;
And oft enquired the occasion of her grief, 695
(Unanswer'd but by sighs) and offer'd vain relief.
At length, her stock of tears already shed,
She wiped her eyes, she raised her drooping head,
And thus pursued: Oh ever faithful heart,
I have perform'd the ceremonial part, 700
The decencies of grief; it rests behind,
That, as our bodies were, our souls be join'd;
To thy whate'er abode my shade convey,
And as an elder ghost, direct the way.
She said; and bade the vial to be brought, 7
Where she before had brew'd the deadly draught
First pouring out the med'cinable bane.
The heart, her tears had rinsed, she bathed again
Then down her throat the death securely throw
And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes. 7
This done, she mounts the genial bed, and then
(Her body first composed with honest care)
Attends the welcome rest; her hands yet hold
Close to her heart the monumental gold;
Nor farther word she spoke, but closed her sight
And quiet sought the covert of the night. 7
The damsels, who the while in silence mourn'd,
Not knowing, nor suspecting death suborn'd,
Yet, as their duty was, to Tancred sent:
Who, conscious of the occasion, fear'd the event.
Alarm'd, and with presaging heart, he came, 7
And drew the curtains, and exposed the dame
To loathsome light: then with a late relief
Made vain efforts to mitigate her grief.
She, what she could, excluding day, her eyes 7
Kept firmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies:
Tancred, restrain thy tears, unsought by me,
And sorrow unavailing now to thee:
Did ever man before afflict his mind
To see the effect of what himself design'd! 7
Yet, if thou hast remaining in thy heart
Some sense of love, some unextinguish'd part
Of former kindness, largely once profess'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd breast
Not to deny thy daughter's last request: 7
The secret love which I so long enjoy'd,
And still conceal'd to gratify thy pride,
Thou hast disjoin'd; but, with my dying breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our death;
Where'er his corpse by thy command is laid, 7
Thither let mine in public be convey'd;
Exposed in open view, and side by side,
Acknowledged as a bridegroom and a bride.
The prince's anguish hinder'd his reply:
And she, who felt her fate approaching nigh, 7
Seized the cold heart, and heaving to her breast,
Here, precious pledge, she said, securely rest:
These accents were her last; the creeping death
Benumb'd her senses first, then stopp'd her breath.
Thus she for disobedience justly died: 7
The sire was justly punish'd for his pride:
The youth, least guilty, suffer'd for the offence
Of duty violated to his prince;
Who, late repenting of his cruel deed,
One common sepulchre for both decreed; 7
Intomb'd the wretched pair in royal state,
And on their monument inscribed their fate.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.*

cities in Romanian lands,
and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
ancient times with arms and arts,
nhabitants, with generous hearts.
ore the brave, above the rest, 5
of fortune and of nature bless'd,
ost place for wealth and honour held,
feats of chivalry excell'd.
ole youth to madness loved a dame,
gree, Honoria was her name; 10
fairest, but of haughty mind,
r than became so soft a kind;
er birth; (for equal she had none;)
e scorn'd; but hated him alone;
is constant courtship, nothing gain'd; 15
e more he loved, the more disdain'd.
ith all the pomp he could devise,
l tournaments obtain'd the prize;
no favour in his lady's eyes:
as a rock, the lofty maid 20
to poison that he did or said:
rs, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
e;
ent backward; and, the more he strove
his suit, the farther from her love.
at length, and wanting remedy, 25
d oft, and oft resolved to die.
tood ready to prevent the blow,
ould die to gratify a foe?
us mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
l, his next endeavour was to hate. 30
that relief than all the rest,
hoped, with more desire possess'd;
l the siege, and would not yield his
st.
s the next, but change deceived his
;
a fairer, but found none so fair. 35
have worn her out by slow degrees,
fasting starve the untamed disease:
t love required a present ease.
feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
ring death, but looking not he dies. 40
chose the longest way to fate,
once his life and his estate.
ds beheld, and pitied him in vain,
dvice can ease a lover's pain?
e best expedient they could find, 45
the fortune, if not cure the mind:
they long proposed, but little gain'd,
uch pursuit, at length obtain'd.
may think it was to give consent,
ling with his own desires he went, 50

, entitled Theodore and Honoria, was acted in
Chiassi, a word corrupted and altered from
naval station, which, with the intermediate
rb, constituted the triple city of Ravenna.
ON

With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,
Confined within the purlieus of the court. 55
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolved to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove 60
Supplied with birds, the choristers of love,
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night;
There he discharged his friends; but not the expense
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence. 65
He lived as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have lived more free; but many a guest, 70
Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.
It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed,
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood: 75
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made. 80
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run, 85
And summon'd him to due repast at noon;
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immersed within the wood,

Ver. 88. *Whilst listening*] The next fifteen lines, which so strongly paint the sensations of a man upon the sudden approach of some strange, mysterious, and supernatural danger, may be produced, among many others, as a specimen of the high poetical improvements our author has given to the original story; for the passage that furnished this animated picture is only this in Boccacio, literally translated: "In this forest Theodore, walking on solitary, and musing all alone, had now wandered a mile's distance from his tents and company, entered into a grove of pine-trees, not regarding the time of the repast that was prepared for him, or any thing else but the unkind requital of his love. Suddenly he heard the voice of a woman seeming to make most mournful complaints, which breaking off his silent meditations, made him lift up his head, to discover the reason of this noise."—Boccacio, Nov. 8, First Day. Dr. J. Warton.

At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seized his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled;
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unused to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles choked, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He raised his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en those parts reveal'd,
Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood imbrued;
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side,
Mercy, O mercy, Heaven! she ran, and cried;
When Heaven was named, they loosed their hold again,
Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursued the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action roused his manly mind;
Moved with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolved to give her aid.
A sapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbade the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destined prey
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds, with superior speed,
Had reach'd the dame, and fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple died.
Stood Theodore surprised in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied.
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:
Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I loved this haughty maid;
Not less adored in life, nor served by me,
Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain!
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despised my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then loathing life, and plunged in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid
By Heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid.
And, as in unrepented sin she died,
Doom'd to the same bad place, is punish'd for her pride;
Because she deem'd I well deserved to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd:
That she, whom I so long pursued in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.
Nor lies she long, but as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is saved to-day, to-morrow to be slain.
This, versed in death, the infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and every several place
Conscious of her disdain, and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me.
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.
Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already closed the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorged with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

d the noble youth oppress'd with awe,
at the wondrous things he saw,
common faith, transgressing nature's 219
ave been asleep, and wish'd to wake;
, he knew, no long impression make,
ng at first; if vision, to what end,
must his future state portend?
damsel, and himself the fiend.
cting that it could not be 225
n, which cannot impious acts decree,
thin himself to shun the snare,
for his destruction did prepare;
better genius should direct,
cause to draw a good effect. 230
from Heaven, he homeward took his

is new design with long delay:
rain a trusty servant sent,
friends together at his tent.
and usual salutations paid, 235
premeditated thus he said:
ave often counsell'd, to remove
rsuit of unregarded love,
y sinking fortune to repair,
, yet is at last become my care: 240
all be my own; my vast expense
bounds, by timely providence;
require; invite for me
th her father's family, 244
, and mine; the cause I shall display,
next; for that 's the appointed day.
d were all his friends; the task was
;
mother, daughter, they invite;
dame was drawn to this repast;
olved, because it was the last. 250
s come, the guests invited came,
he rest, the inexorable dame:
pared with riotous expense,
more care, and most magnificence.
rdain'd was in that haunted grove, 255
revenging ghost pursued his love:
in a proud pavilion spread,
rs below, and tissue overhead:
rank, Honoria chief in place,
y contrived to set her face 260
e thicket, and behold the chase.
as served, the time so well forecast,
when the dessert and fruits were
ed,
alarm began; the hollow sound
leaves, the forest shook around, 265
d, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the
nd.
before the loud laments arise
ress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
the dame came rushing through the
d,
he famish'd hounds that sought their
, 270
her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws
lood.
the felon, on his sable steed,
his naked sword, and urged his dogs
peed.
d cried, her flight directly bent,
bidden) to the fatal tent, 275
of death, and place ordain'd for
shment.

Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursued the visionary maid; 280
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their fauchions brandish'd at the grisly spright;
High on his stirrups he provoked the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look, 285
And wither'd all their strength before he strook:
Back, on your lives, let be, said he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destined way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against the eternal doom of Providence: 290
Mine is the ungrateful maid by Heaven design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time, 295
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much-lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now the infernal minister advanced, 300
Seized the due victim, and with fury lanced
Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward as before the offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey. 305
The pale assistants on each other stared,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepared;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band 310
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their own.
So spread upon a lake, with upward eye, 315
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sousing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd the event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent. 320
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd;
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away. 325
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
Still on the table lay the unfinish'd cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
When on a sudden, re-inspired with breath, 330
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
The avenger took from earth the avenging sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he spurr'd: 335
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resumed her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.

Nor Theodore encouraged more the feast, 340
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd:
She thought herself the trembling dam who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd the infernal steed: 345
The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor graced with kind adieu.
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfal of her empire she divined; 350
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pined.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd,
Of the relentless dame to death pursued,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd. 354
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore;
Ev'n they who pitied most, yet blamed her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind: 360
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering for his prey.
Return'd she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast:
Awaked, she turn'd her side, and slept again; 365
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forced to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind, 370
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching spright behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd. 375
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind, 380
That desperate any succour else to find,
She ceased all further hope; and now began
To make reflection on the unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov
Proof to disdain, and not to be removed:
Of all the men respected and admired,
Of all the dames, except herself, desired:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love p
fess'd?
So had another been, where he his vows addres
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain
That once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a lowering leave; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal
Her sex's arts she knew, and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolved to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy;
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had beloved above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome message made, was soon received;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hoped, but scarce believed.
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present,
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embraced,
(As women, where they will, are all in haste,)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all, she changed her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

POETA LOQUITUR.

OLD as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflamed my soul, and still inspires my wit.
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine; 5
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge the offence,
He show'd the way, perverting first my sense:
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with some delight;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain

ches more in one explaining page,
the double meanings of the stage. 20
needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
at worst but wanton; he 's obscene.
y follows, nor myself excuse;
's the subject of the comic muse:
we write without it, nor would you 25
f only dry instruction view.
is always of a vicious kind,
o virtuous acts inflames the mind,
the sleepy vigour of the soul,
ushing o'er, adds motion to the pool. 30
udious how to please, improves our parts
lish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
t invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
ion measured, harmonised the chime;
l acts enlarged the narrow-soul'd, 35
the fierce, and made the coward bold:
ld, when waste, he peopled with increase,
ring nations reconciled in peace.
the first, and all the fair may find,
ne legend, to their fame design'd, 40
auty fires the blood, how love exalts the
ind.

---

weet isle where Venus keeps her court,
ry grace, and all the loves, resort;
ither sex is form'd of softer earth,
s the bent of pleasure from their birth; 45
ed a Cyprian lord, above the rest
althy, with a numerous issue bless'd;
o gift of fortune is sincere,
wanting in a worthy heir:
st born, a goodly youth to view, 50
the rest in shape and outward show,
his limbs with due proportion join'd,
heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
belied the features of his face;
as there, but beauty in disgrace. 55
sh mien, a voice with rustic sound,
id eyes that ever loved the ground.
l like nature's error, as the mind
y were not of a piece design'd,
for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.
ling rod, the father's forming care, 61
rcised in vain on wit's despair;
inform'd, the less he understood,
er sunk by floundering in the mud.
n'd of all, and grown the public shame, 65
le from Galesus changed his name,
on call'd, which signifies a brute;
is name did with his nature suit.
her, when he found his labour lost,
employ'd, that answer'd not the cost, 70
ungrateful object to remove,
ed to see what nature made him love;
country farm the fool confined;
k well suited with a rustic mind.
he wilds the sturdy Cymon went, 75
among the swains, and pleased with
nishment.

Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,]
"E meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan."
JOHN WARTON.

And stupid eyes that ever loved the ground.]
a leaden eye that loves the ground."—Milton.
JOHN WARTON.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair.
It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way; 80
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and used not much to pray.
His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought. 85
By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood: 90
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tired with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
The dame herself the goddess well express'd, 95
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And, ev'n in slumber, a superior grace:
Her comely limbs composed with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymar; 100
Her bosom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose; 105
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her repose.
The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight: 110
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known, 115
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierced the native night:
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd: 120
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumined heaven and earth, and roll'd around the year.
So reason in this brutal soul began:
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words, and wit, he found; 125
That sense of want prepared the future way
To knowledge, and disclosed the promise of a day.
What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart, 130
The best instructor, Love, at once inspired,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fired:

Ver. 132. *As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fired:*] An allusion to Virgil's Georgics.

"Sæpe etiam steriles incendere profuit agros
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis:
Sive inde occultas vires, et pinguia terræ
Pabula concipiunt."—Virg. Georg. JOHN WARTON

Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life;
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind;
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t'other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire:
As flies, allured by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees;
On several parts a several praise bestows,
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breast.
Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have waked her, but restrain'd his thought,
And love new-born the first good manners taught.
An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race:
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view:
So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.
At length awaking, Iphigene the fair,
(So was the beauty call'd, who caused his care.)
Unclosed her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.
The slavering cudden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she: What make you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known,
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face.)
But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
And in his breast received the envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleased amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust.
This to prevent, she waked her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confined.
The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully received, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth required, above the rest.
With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire;
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.
Thus the man-child advanced, and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd:
His brutal manners from his breast exiled,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he filed;
In every exercise of all admired,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspired;
Inspired by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenced, he moved with graceful ease,
More famed for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which choked in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by love.
Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refined,
The drowsy waked; and, as he went, impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire,
And though he loved perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And liked an error of the better hand;
Excused the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refined:
So Cymon, since his sire indulged his will,
Impetuous loved, and would be Cymon still;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd, and bishop'd by the fair.
To Cipseus by his friends his suit he moved,
Cipseus the father of the fair he loved:
But he was pre-engaged by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise:
And Iphigene, obliged by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better loved, he spoke too late to speed.
The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the bless'd above.

by love, by force she shall be mine,
if force should fail, shall finish my
ign.
d he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
trong, and well equipp'd for war. 265
t ship with chosen friends he stored;
to die, or conquer, went aboard.
he lay behind the Cyprian shore
he sail that all his wishes bore;
expected, for the following tide 270
he hostile ship and beauteous bride.
les the rival bark directly steer'd,
non sudden at her back appear'd,
p'd her flight: then standing on his
w,
y terms he thus defied the foe: 275
your sails at summons, or prepare
he last extremities of war.
'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
ere the vessels side by side,
tinate to save, and those to seize the
le. 280
n soon his crooked grapples cast,
th tenacious hold his foes embraced,
'd with sword and shield, amid the
ss he pass'd.
the fight, but hastening to his prey,
he furious lover freed his way: 285
one dispersed the Rhodian crew,
disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
quest for his following friends remain'd,
the field, and they but only glean'd.
ory confess'd, the foes retreat, 290
heir weapons at the victor's feet.
us he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I
ght
lone, nor other booty sought:
are safe; your vessel I resign,
your own, restoring what is mine: 295
e I claim my rightful due,
my rival, and detain'd by you:
mond a lawless bargain drove;
t could not sell the daughter's love;
uld, my love disdains the laws, 300
king by conquest gains his cause:
ns take place, all other pleas are vain;
ht me force, and force shall love main-
n.
by strength you could not keep, release,
easy ransom buy your peace. 305
the conquer'd side soon sign'd the
ord,
ene to Cymon was restored:
is arms the blushing bride he took,
g sadness she composed her look;
rce subjected to his will, 310
leased, dissembling, and a woman still.
he wept, he wiped her falling tears,
d her to dismiss her empty fears;
I am, he said, and have deserved
much better whom so long I served, 315
o whom your formal father tied
s, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
e he spoke, he seized the willing prey,
ore the Spartan spouse away. 319
e scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd
would be thought, than was distress'd.
w exults but Cymon in his mind?
s and empty joys of human kind,
he present, to the future blind!

Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea, 325
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measured hours was run,
When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake, by fits, and fill, the flagging sails; 330
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepared,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands, 335
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands;
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
Forced back and forwards, in a circle rides, 340
Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots
amain,
Till counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plunged from the height of heaven to deepest
hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possess'd, 345
Now cursed the more, the more he had been
bless'd;
More anxious for her danger, than his own,
Death he defies; but would be lost alone.
Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints; 350
Ev'n, if she could, her love she would repent,
But since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less, 355
Augments her anger, as her fears increase:
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing durst, in Heaven's despite,
Invade and violate another's right: 360
The Powers incensed a while deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain;
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprise she died;
Who rather not resisted than complied. 365
Then impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the offence,
Sex to the last. Meantime with sails declined
The wandering vessel drove before the wind;
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow, 370
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
The land before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore 375
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escaped; their force already spent:
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey; 380
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view;
And cursed the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Saved from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the
ground.
The frighted sailors tried their strength in vain,
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main; 386
But the stiff wind withstood the labouring oar,
And forced them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land

Yet still they might be safe, because unknown; 391
But as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore;
Known each, they know; but each with change of cheer; 395
The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made prisoners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and deprived of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms; 400
Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn, when, issuing on the guard, 405
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepared
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few; 410
But crowding on, the last the first impel;
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslaved, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast, 415
Deprived of day, and held in fetters fast:
His life was only spared at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had released:
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair; 420
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.
Her secret soul to Cymon was inclined,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal, 425
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleased; and love (concern'd the most)
Prepared the amends, for what by love he lost. 430
The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom, by promise tied,
A Rhodian beauty was the destined bride;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest 435
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd.
Lysimachus, who ruled the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate:
He loved Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his desire; 440
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapproved,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda loved:
So stood the affair: some little hope remain'd,
That should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.
Meantime young Pasimond his marriage press'd, 445
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepared the feast;
And frugally resolved (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief, 450
Received the news, and studied quick relief:
The fatal day approach'd; if force were used,
The magistrate his public trust abused;
To justice liable, as law required;
For when his office ceased, his power expired: 455
While power remain'd, the means were in his hand
By force to seize, and then forsake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free, 460
Made impotent by power, debased by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd: but after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.
Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds, 465
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and 'scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unpraised by me, though Heaven sometimes may bless
An impious act with undeserved success: 470
The great, it seems, are privileged alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed:
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed. 475
Resolved on force, his wit the prætor bent
To find the means that might secure the event;
Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought.
The example pleased: the cause and crime the same; 480
An injured lover, and a ravish'd dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dared,
The less he had to lose, the less he cared
To manage loathsome life when love was the reward.
This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent, 485
In depth of night he for the prisoner sent;
In secret sent the public view to shun,
Then with a sober smile he thus begun:
The Powers above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below, 490
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive:
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be tried:
These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd; 495
'Twas yours to improve the talent they bestow'd;
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the grosser parts; they gave you courage
To please, and courage to deserve the fair. 500
Thus far they tried you, and by proof they found
The grain entrusted in a grateful ground:
But still the great experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd;
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone: 505
And when restored, to them the blessing own.
Restored it soon will be; the means prepared,
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shared:
Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine. 510
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd.
Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine,
As much declared as Pasimond is thine:
To-morrow must their common vows be tied:
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

I have none, nor hast thou much to
lead; 520
, when done, must justify the deed:
perform'd, we next prepare for flight:
the losers talk in vain of right:
the fair will sail before the wind,
re grieved, I leave the laws behind. 525
y resolves: if now thy courage droop,
in prison, and abandon hope;
ou dar'st in arms thy love regain,
rty without thy love were vain;)
cond my design to seize the prey, 530
to second rape, for well thou know'st
e way.
ymon overjoy'd, Do thou propose
ns to fight, and only show the foes:
n the first, when love had fired my
ind,
I I left the care of life behind. 535
is the bold Lysimachus replied,
ven be neuter, and the sword decide;
usals are prepared, already play
strels, and provoke the tardy day:
the brides are waked, their grooms are
ress'd; 540
des is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
myself, the sole unbidden guest.
n though I am, I will be there,
n'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
hear the rest; when day resigns the
ght, 545
erful torches gild the jolly night,
y at my call; my chosen few
ns administer'd shall aid thy crew.
tering unexpected will we seize
ined prey, from men dissolved in ease; 550
disabled, unprepared for fight:
tening to the seas, suborn our flight:
s are ours, for I command the fort,
well mann'd expects us in the port:
or if their friends, the prize contest, 555
hall attend the man who dares resist.
ased: the prisoner to his hold retired,
p with equal emulation fired,
d to fight, and all their wonted work
equired. 559
arose; the streets were throng'd around,
ace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
ble bridegroom at the door attends
ected spouse, and entertains the friends;
eet, they lead to church, the priests in-
oke
wers, and feed the flames with fragrant
moke. 565
ne, they feast, and at the close of night
led torches vary their delight,
lead the lively dance, and those the
rimming bowls invite.
at the appointed place and hour assign'd,
uls resolved the ravishers were join'd: 570
ands are form'd; the first is sent before
ur the retreat, and guard the shore;
ond at the palace-gate is placed,
the lofty stairs ascend the last:
ful troop they seem with shining vests, 575
ts of mail beneath secure their breasts.
tless they enter, Cymon at their head,
l the feast renew'd, the table spread:
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof re-
bounds. 580
When, like the harpies, rushing through the hall
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own:
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace, 585
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.
But late is all defence, and succour vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain: 590
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchased prize in safety to the shore.
The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear:
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to
mend; 595
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.
Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent,
The blade return'd unbathed, and to the handle
bent.
Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two 600
His rival's head with one descending blow:
And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the point; the sword, inured to blood,
Bored his unguarded breast, which pour'd a
purple flood.
With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd pur-
sues, 605
The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corpse; the sprinkled gore
Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispersed at length the drunken squadron flies
The victors to their vessel bear the prize; 610
And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable
cries.
The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the quay
What should the people do when left alone? 615
The governor and government are gone.
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store; 620
They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grind their teeth, and cast a helpless view:
In vain with darts a distant war they try;
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy, 625
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost,
Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.
In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With generous wines their spirits they restore: 630
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides;
Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws:
Both parties lose by turns; and neither wins, 635
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show precede:
The term expired, from Candia they remove,
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love. 640

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD RADCLIFFE.*

My Lord,

These Miscellany Poems are by many titles yours. The first they claim from your acceptanc my promise to present them to you, before some of them were yet in being. The rest are de from your own merit, the exactness of your judgment in poetry, and the candour of your nat easy to forgive some trivial faults, when they come accompanied with countervailing beauties. after all, though these are your equitable claims to a dedication from other poets, yet I must ack ledge a bribe in the case, which is your particular liking of my verses. It is a vanity common t writers to overvalue their own productions; and it is better for me to own this failing in my than the world to do it for me. For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitab study? why am I grown old in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and applica which have made me a poet, might have raised me to any honours of the gown, which are often g to men of as little learning and less honesty than myself. No government has ever been, or ever be, wherein time-servers and blockheads will not be uppermost. The persons are only chan but the same jugglings in state, the same hypocrisy in religion, the same self-interest, and management, will remain for ever. Blood and money will be lavished in all ages, only for preferment of new faces, with old consciences. There is too often a jaundice in the eyes of g men; they see not those whom they raise in the same colours with other men. All whom affect, look golden to them, when the gilding is only in their own distempered sight. T considerations have given me a kind of contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I not ashamed to be little, when I see them so infamously great; neither do I know why the nam poet should be dishonourable to me, if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do any t that shall dishonour it. The notions of morality are known to all men: none can pretend ignor of those ideas which are in-born in mankind: and if I see one thing, and practise the contr I must be disingenuous, not to acknowledge a clear truth, and base, to act against the light of own conscience. For the reputation of my honesty, no man can question it, who has any of his o for that of my poetry, it shall either stand by its own merit, or fall for want of it. Ill writers usually the sharpest censors; for they (as the best poet and the best patron said)

> "When in the full perfection of decay,
> Turn vinegar, and come again in play."

Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic: I mean of a critic in the ge acceptation of this age; for formerly they were quite another species of men. They were defe of poets, and commentators on their works; to illustrate obscure beauties; to place some passag a better light; to redeem others from malicious interpretations; to help out an author's mod who is not ostentatious of his wit; and, in short, to shield him from the ill-nature of those fel who were then called Zoili and Momi, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of ce

* Prefixed to the Third Volume of Dryden's Miscellany Poems printed in 1693.

But neither Zoilus, nor he who endeavoured to defame Virgil, were ever adopted into the name of critics by the ancients: what their reputation was then, we know; and their successors in this age deserve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turned our enemies? are they, who at best are but wits of the second order, and whose only credit amongst readers is what they obtained by being subservient to the fame of writers, are these become rebels of slaves, and usurpers of subjects? or, to speak in the most honourable terms of them, are they from our seconds become principals against us? Does the ivy undermine the oak, which supports its weakness? What labour would it cost them to put in a better line, than the worst of those which they expunge in a true poet? Petronius, the greatest wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevailed upon his judgment to fall on Lucan, he fell himself in his attempt: he performed worse in his Essay of the Civil War, than the author of the Pharsalia; and avoiding his errors, has made greater of his own. Julius Scaliger would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him after the possession of three thousand years: has he succeeded in his attempt? He has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to human kind; but who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger? You see the same hypercritic, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of Claudian (a faulty poet, and living in a barbarous age), yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such verses of his own as deserve the ferula! What a censure has he made of Lucan, that he rather seems to bark than sing! Would any but a dog have made so snarling a comparison? One would have thought he had learned Latin as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off, with a *pace tuâ*, by your good leave, Lucan; he called him not by those outrageous names, of fool, booby, and blockhead: he had somewhat more of good manners than his successors, as he had much more knowledge. We have two sorts of those gentlemen in our nation: some of them proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretence of respect to the dramatic writers of the last age, only scorn and vilify the present poets, to set up their predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less than to do honour to any man, besides themselves. Horace took notice of such men in his age:

> "—— Non ingeniis favet ille sepultis;
> Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus odit."

It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the manes of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age: their declaration is one thing, and their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers, they would thrust out us their lawful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of reformation. If they could compass their intent, what would wit and learning get by such a change? If we are bad poets, they are worse; and when any of their woful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good writers, that there need no criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the writers of this age, they draw such monstrous figures of them, as resemble none of us: our pretended pictures are so unlike, that it is evident we never sat to them: they are all grotesque; the products of their wild imaginations, things out of nature, so far from being copied from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of insects, more venomous than the former. Those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our poetical Church and State, who allow nothing to their countrymen, either of this or of the former age; these attack the living by raking up the ashes of the dead; well knowing that if they can subvert their original title to the stage, we who claim under them must fall of course. Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson: none of the living will presume to have any competition with them: as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them, but (as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor) our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead; so we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards, to show that we succeed: if less in dignity, yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own janizaries. If I am the man, as I have reason to believe, who am seemingly courted, and secretly undermined; I think I shall be able to defend myself, when I am openly attacked: and to show besides that the Greek writers only gave us the rudiments of a stage which they never finished: that many of the tragedies in the former age amongst us were without comparison beyond those of Sophocles and Euripides. But at present, I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an undertaking. It is ill going to law for an estate with him who is

in possession of it, and enjoys the present profits, to feed his cause. But the *quantum mutatus* may be remembered in due time. In the meanwhile, I leave the world to judge, who gave the provocation.

This, my Lord, is, I confess, a long digression, from Miscellany Poems to modern tragedies; but I have the ordinary excuse of an injured man, who will be telling his tale unseasonably to his betters; though at the same time I am certain you are so good a friend as to take a concern in all things which belong to one who so truly honours you. And besides, being yourself a critic of the genuine sort, who have read the best authors in their own languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns, yet, I know, you judge for the English tragedies, against the Greek and Latin, as well as against the French, Italian, and Spanish, of these latter ages. Indeed there is a vast difference betwixt arguing like Perrault in behalf of the French poets, against Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the English poets their undoubted due of excelling Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For if we, or our greater fathers, have not yet brought the drama to an absolute perfection, yet at least we have carried it much farther than those ancient Greeks; who, beginning from a chorus, could never totally exclude it, as we have done; who find it an unprofitable incumbrance, without any necessity of entertaining it amongst us; and without the possibility of establishing it here, unless it were supported by a public charge. Neither can we accept of those lay-bishops, as some call them, who, under pretence of reforming the stage, would intrude themselves upon us, as our superiors, being indeed incompetent judges of what is manners, what religion, and, least of all, what is poetry and good sense. I can tell them in behalf of all my fellows, that when they come to exercise a jurisdiction over us, they shall have the stage to themselves, as they have the laurel. As little can I grant that the French dramatic writers excel the English: our authors as far surpass them in genius, as our soldiers excel theirs in courage. It is true, in conduct they surpass us either way; yet that proceeds not so much from their greater knowledge, as from the difference of tastes in the two nations. They content themselves with a thin design, without episodes, and managed by few persons. Our audience will not be pleased but with variety of accidents, an underplot, and many actors. They follow the ancients too servilely in the mechanic rules, and we assume too much license to ourselves in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our audience had their tastes, our poets could more easily comply with them, than the French writers could come up to the sublimity of our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a rule of practice on the stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good manners only excepted; and I care not much, if I give this handle to our bad illiterate poetasters, for the defence of their SCRIPTIONS, as they call them. There is a sort of merit in delighting the spectators; which is a name more proper for them than that of auditors; or else Horace is in the wrong, when he commends Lucilius for it. But these common-places I mean to treat at greater leisure: in the meantime, submitting that little I have said to your Lordship's approbation, or your censure, and choosing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your modesty with other commendations; which, though they are your due, yet would not be equally received in this satirical and censorious age. That which cannot without injury be denied to you, is the easiness of your conversation, far from affectation or pride; not denying even to enemies their just praises. And this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar commendation to your Lordship. Without flattery, my Lord, you have it in your nature to be a patron and encourager of good poets, but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than guessed by what you are at present. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtiness which generally attends too many of the nobility; and when you converse with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a king, who, amongst her other high perfections, has derived from him a charming behaviour, a winning goodness, and a majestic person. The Muses and the Graces are the ornaments of your family; while the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her voice: even the servants of the Muses have sometimes had the happiness to hear her, and to receive their inspirations from her.

I will not give myself the liberty of going farther; for it is so sweet to wander in a pleasing way, that I should never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myself from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly dedicate to your Lordship my own labours in this Miscellany; at the same time, not arrogating to myself the privi

of inscribing to you the works of others who are joined with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and you have done me the favour to hear me read my translations of Ovid, and you both seemed not to be displeased with them Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngest child, I know not; but they appear to me the best of all my endeavours in this kind. Perhaps this poet is more easy to be translated than some others, whom I have lately attempted; perhaps, too, he was more according to my genius. He is certainly more palatable to the reader than any of the Roman wits, though some of them are more lofty, some more instructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal to the best. But as his verse came easily, he wanted the toil of application to amend it. He is often luxuriant both in his fancy and expressions, and as it has lately been observed, not always natural. If wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety, Lucretius, Horace, and, above all, Virgil, are his superiors. I have said so much of him already in my preface to his Heroical Epistles, that there remains little to be added in this place. For my own part, I have endeavoured to copy his character what I could in this translation, even, perhaps, farther than I should have done; to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his opinion being, that a good poet is to be translated in that manner. I remember not the reason which he gives for it; but I suppose it is for fear of omitting any of his excellencies; sure I am, that if it be a fault, it is much more pardonable than that of those who run into the other extreme of a literal and close translation, where the poet is confined so straitly to his author's words, that he wants elbow-room to express his elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him prose, where he found him verse: and no better than thus has Ovid been served by the so much admired Sandys. This is at least the idea which I have remaining of his translation; for I never read him since I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praises which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again, and see (if they understand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry in his version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evaporated. But this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verse nor loved it; they were scholars, it is true, but they were pedants. And for a just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English.

If I flatter not myself, or if my friends have not flattered me, I have given my author's sense, for the most part, truly: for to mistake sometimes is incident to all men, and not to follow the Dutch commentators always, may be forgiven to a man who thinks them, in the general, heavy, gross-witted fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull poets. But I leave a farther satire on their wit, till I have a better opportunity to show how much I love and honour them. I have likewise attempted to restore Ovid to his native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and, as we call it, a run of verse, as like the original, as the English can come up to the Latin. As he seldom uses any Synalœphas, so I have endeavoured to avoid them, as often as I could: I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought, which I cannot say are inimitable, because I have copied them; and so may others, if they use the same diligence: but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have named the Synalœpha, which is the cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's Homer, which lies before me; for the benefit of those who understand not the Latin Prosodia. It is in the first line of the argument to the first Iliad:

"Apollo's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring," &c.

There we see he makes it not *the Argive*, but *th' Argive*, to shun the shock of the two vowels, immediately following each other; but, in his second argument, in the same page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

"Alpha the pray'r of Chryses sings:
The army's plague, the strife of kings."

In these words *the army's*, *the* ending with a vowel, and *army's* beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been *th' army's*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those words. I cannot say that I have everywhere observed the rule of the Synalœpha in my translation; but wheresoever I have not, it is a fault in sound: the French and the Italians have made

it an inviolable precept in their versification; therein following the severe example of the Latin poets. Our countrymen have not yet reformed their poetry so far, but content themselves with following the licentious practice of the Greeks; who, though they sometimes use Synalœphas, yet make no difficulty very often, to sound one vowel upon another; as Homer does, in the very first line of Alpha. Μῆνιν ἄειδε θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος. It is true, indeed, that in the second line, in these words μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς, and ἄλγε' ἔθηκε, the Synalœpha in revenge is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of Euphony, rather *Musas colere severiores*, with the Romans, than to give into the looseness of the Grecians.

I have tired myself, and have been summoned by the press to send away this Dedication, otherwise I had exposed some other faults, which are daily committed by our English poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For, after all, our language is both copious, significant, and majestical, and might be reduced into a more harmonious sound. But, for want of public encouragement, in this iron age, we are so far from making any progress in the improvement of our tongue, that in few years, we shall speak and write as barbarously as our neighbours.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship, that there are two fragments of Homer translated in this Miscellany; one by Mr. Congreve (whom I cannot mention without the honour which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him) and the other by myself. Both the subjects are pathetical, and I am sure my friend has added to the tenderness which he found in the original, and, without flattery, surpassed his author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to Homer, that he is much more capable of exciting the manly passions than those of grief and pity. To cause admiration, is indeed the proper and adequate design of an epic poem: and in that he has excelled even Virgil; yet, without presuming to arraign our master, I may venture to affirm, that he is somewhat too talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest, that it cannot be denied, in that little parcel which I have translated, perhaps too literally: there Andromache, in the midst of her concernment and fright for Hector, runs off her bias, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The devil was in Hector if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him; for she had been his bedfellow for many years together: and if he knew it, then it must be confessed, that Homer, in this long digression, has rather given us his own character, than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends, the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow of Andromache to occasion the remembrance of all the past; but others think that she had enough to do with that grief which now oppressed her, without running for assistance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted such a work of supererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence: for though he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excelled him in his admirable judgment. He drew the passion of Dido for Æneas in the most lively and most natural colours imaginable. Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has attempted twice on the same subject of Hector's death: first, when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpse, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the same persons again bewail his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the translator than the poet: for Homer, as I observed before, can move rage better than he can pity: he stirs up the irascible appetite, as our philosophers call it; he provokes to murther, and the destruction of God's images; he forms and equips those ungodly man-killers, whom we poets, when we flatter them, call heroes; a race of men who can never enjoy quiet in themselves till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation, and such as it is, the lovers of peace, or at least of more moderate heroism, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honour betwixt themselves, I am satisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wish Mr. Congreve had the leisure to translate him, and the world the good nature and justice to encourage him in that noble design, of which he is more capable than any man I know. The Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two of the best judges of our age, have assured me, that they could never read over the translation of Chapman without incredible pleasure and extreme transport. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself: for the translator has thrown him down as low as harsh numbers, improper English, and a monstrous length of verse could carry him. What, then, would he appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers, living in a much better age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the art of numbers: for in the drama we

t arrived to the pitch of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. But here, my Lord, I am forced to f abruptly, without endeavouring at a compliment in the close. This Miscellany is, without one of the best of the kind, which has hitherto been extant in our tongue. At least, as Sir Tuke has said before me, a modest man may praise what is not his own. My fellows have no any protection, but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deserves, to your e and acceptance, and all the rest to your forgiveness.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

s changed to various forms I sing:
from whence these miracles did spring,
ny numbers with celestial heat;
r long laborious work complete;
perpetual tenor to my rhymes, 5
from nature's birth to Cæsar's times.
the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
ven's high canopy, that covers all,
the face of nature, if a face;
rude and indigested mass: 10
s lump, unfashion'd, and unframed,
g seeds, and justly Chaos named.
was lighted up the world to view;
n did yet her blunted horns renew:
was earth suspended in the sky; 15
sed, did on her own foundations lie:
about the shores their arms had thrown;
h, and air, and water, were in one.
was void of light, and earth unstable,
er's dark abyss unnavigable. 20
in form on any was impress'd;
confused, and each disturb'd the rest.
and cold were in one body fix'd,
with hard, and light with heavy mix'd.
od, or Nature, while they thus contend, 25
intestine discords put an end.
rth from air, and seas from earth were riven,
ser air sunk from ethereal heaven.
embroil'd, they take their proper place;
of kin contiguously embrace; 30
are sunder'd by a larger space.
e of fire ascended first on high,
its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
toms from unactive earth retire. 35
ks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
rous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
r coasts unruly waters roar,
ng on a ridge, insult the shore.
en the God, whatever God was he, 40
d the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow. 45
He adds the running springs, and standing lakes
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes
Some part in earth are swallow'd up, the most
In ample oceans, disembogued, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains 50
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones the ethereal regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd:
The sun, with rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone: 55
The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt the extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, enclosing all, 60
Surround the compass of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The grosser near the watery surface move:
Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear, 65
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were those blustering brethren left at large,
On seas and shores their fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumscribed in place,
They rend the world, resistless, where they pass; 70
And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
(The regions of the balmy continent)
And eastern realms, where early Persians run, 75
To greet the blest appearance of the sun.
Westward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleased with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas with his offspring issues forth,
To invade the frozen waggon of the North; 80

While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere,
And rots, with endless rain, the unwholesome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer space for heaven design'd;
Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow, 85
Purged from the ponderous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the Power distinguish'd these, when straight
The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass, 90
And with diffusive light adorn the heavenly place.
Then, every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky:
New herds of beasts he sends, the plains to share;
New colonies of birds, to people air; 95
And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd:
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest: 100
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of nature did his soul inspire;
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant still, retain'd the etherial energy:
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste, 105
And, mix'd with living streams, the godlike image cast.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies. 110
From such rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphosed into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was first; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew;
And, with a native bent, did good pursue. 115
Unforced by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere:
Needless was written law, where none oppress'd;
The law of man was written in his breast:
No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd; 120
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore; 125
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confined their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound:
Nor swords were forged; but, void of care and crime, 130
The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed; 135
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
The flowers, unsown, in fields and meadows reign'd;
And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn ensued 140
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke,
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove. 145
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear,
And Spring was but a season of the year.
The sun his annual course obliquely made, 150
Good days contracted, and enlarged the bad.
Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
Sought shelter from the inclemency of heaven. 155
Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds,
With twining osiers fenced, and moss their beds.
Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this next came in course the brazen age: 160
A warlike offspring prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet ——

THE IRON AGE.

—— Hard steel succeeded then;
And stubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook: 165
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew;
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new:
Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain;
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the watery plain. 170
Then landmarks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone required to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share;
But greedy mortals, rummaging her store, 175
Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore;
Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid;
And that alluring ill to sight display'd;
Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold:
And double death did wretched man invade, 180
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
No rights of hospitality remain: 185
The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain:
The son-in-law pursues the father's life;
The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares;
The son inquires into his father's years. 190
Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns;
And Justice here oppress'd, to heaven returns.

THE GIANTS' WAR.

e the gods themselves more safe above;
eaguer'd heaven the giants move.
on hills, on mountains mountains lie, 195
eir mad approaches to the sky.
o longer patient, took his time
with thunder their audacious crime:
ng play'd along the firmament,
lemolish'd works to pieces rent. 200
the flames, and with the bolts trans-
e earth their blood the monsters mix'd;
indued with animating heat,
impregnate earth new sons beget:
the seed from which they sprung,
rsed, 205
gods immortal hatred nursed:
, arrogant, and cruel brood;
their original from blood.
n the king of gods beheld from high
olving in his memory, 210
imself had found on earth of late,
uilt, and his inhuman treat)
nor longer with his pity strove;
d to a wrath becoming Jove;
a general council of the gods; 215
mon'd, issue from their blest abodes,
e assembly with a shining train.
re is in heaven's expanded plain,
en the skies are clear, is seen below,
ls by the name of milky know. 220
dwork is of stars; through which the road
to the thunderer's abode.
of greater nations dwell around,
e right and left the palace bound;
ons where they can; the nobler sort, 225
ling doors wide open, front the court.
, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
all the Louvre of the sky.
were placed, in seats distinctly known,
eir father, had assumed the throne, 230
ivory sceptre first he leant,
k his head, that shook the firmament:
and seas, obey'd the almighty nod;
a general fear, confess'd the god.
with indignation, thus he broke 235
silence, and the powers bespoke.
t more concern'd in that debate
, when our universal state
o hazard, and the giant race
e skies were ready to embrace: 240
h the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
sprung from one original;
esoever ambient waters glide,
rupt, and all must be destroy'd.
is holy protestation make: 245
d hell's inviolable lake,
atever in the god-head lay;
ened members must he lopp'd away,
nobler parts are tainted to decay.
lls below a race of demigods, 250
s in waters, and of fauns in woods;
gh not worthy yet in heaven to live,
least enjoy that earth we give.

But grangrened] Jupiter talks like a surgeon
Dr. J. Warton.

Can these be thought securely lodged below,
When I myself, who no superior know, 255
I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?
At this a murmur through the synod went,
And with one voice they vote his punishment.
Thus, when conspiring traitors dared to doom 260
The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear,
All anxious for their earthly thunderer;
Nor was their care, O Cæsar, less esteem'd
By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was deem'd:
Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain 266
Their murmurs, then resumed his speech again.
The gods to silence were composed, and sate
With reverence due to his superior state.
Cancel your pious cares; already he 270
Has paid his debt to justice, and to me.
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and the oppressor's rage, 275
Had reach'd the stars; I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
Disguised in human shape, I travell'd round
The world, and more than what I heard, I found.
O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way, 280
By caverns infamous for beasts of prey.
Then cross'd Cyllene, and the piny shade,
More infamous by cursed Lycaon made:
Dark night had cover'd heaven and earth, before
I enter'd his unhospitable door. 285
Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign
That somewhat was approaching of divine.
The prostrate people pray; the tyrant grins
And, adding profanation to his sins,
I 'll try, said he, and if a god appear, 290
To prove his deity shall cost him dear.
'Twas late; the graceless wretch my death prepares,
When I should soundly sleep, oppress'd with cares:
This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove: 295
But first he had resolved to taste my power:
Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
Some legates sent from the Molossian state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh, 300
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish:
Some part he roasts; then serves it up so dress'd,
And bids me welcome to this human feast.
Moved with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd,
And with avenging flames the palace burn'd. 305
The tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains
The neighb'ring fields, and scours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,
But human voice his brutal tongue forsook.
About his lips the gather'd foam he churns, 310
And breathing slaughter, still with rage he burns,
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.
His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famish'd face he bears;
His arms descend, his shoulders sink away, 315
To multiply his legs for chase of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
And the same rage in other members reigns.
His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space,
His jaws retain the grin, and violence of his face.
This was a single ruin, but not one 320
Deserves so just a punishment alone.

Mankind 's a monster, and the ungodly times,
Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
All are alike involved in ill, and all
Must by the same relentless fury fall.
Thus ended he; the greater gods assent,
By clamours urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember man;
And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
They ask, when those were lost of human birth,
What he would do with all his waste of earth?
If his dispeopled world he would resign
To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
If none were left to worship and invoke.
To whom the father of the gods replied:
Lay that unnecessary fear aside:
Mine be the care new people to provide.
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.
Already had he toss'd the flaming brand,
And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand;
Preparing to discharge on seas and land:
But stopp'd for fear, thus violently driven,
The sparks should catch his axletree of heaven.
Remembering, in the Fates, a time, when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
And all the inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment:
Concludes to pour a watery deluge down;
And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.
The Northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
The South he loosed, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two streams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy mists are lowering on his brow.
Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist,
He squeezed the clouds; the imprison'd clouds resist:
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound;
And showers enlarged come pouring on the ground.
Then clad in colours of a various die,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply
To feed the clouds: impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.
Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down:
Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The watery tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves, their moist abodes;
And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will.
Small exhortation needs; your powers employ;
And this bad world (so Jove requires) destroy.
Let loose the reins to all your watery store:
Bear down the dams, and open every door.
The floods by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,
And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the ground:
With inward trembling earth received the wound;
And rising streams a ready passage found.
The expanded waters gather on the plain.
They float the fields, and overtop the grain;
Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and labouring hinds away.
Nor safe their dwellings were; for, sapp'd by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a watery wall.
Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his corn.
Others o'er chimney-tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below:
Or downward driven, they bruise the tender vine,
Or toss'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropp'd the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks they browse,
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now swims among the sheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The stag swims faster than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction know,
And levell'd nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood,
The small remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt the Athenian and Bœotian lands,
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were human kind.
The mountain-nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere and holy woman, she.
When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That, where so many millions lately lived,
But two, the best of either sex, survived,
He loosed the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.

n bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
e waves the signal to retire.
shell he takes, whose narrow vent
grees into a large extent; 455
it breath; the blast, with doubling
l,
de circuit of the world around.
t heard it, in his early East,
rattling echoes in the West.
listening to the trumpet's roar, 460
mmons, and forsake the shore.
cumference of land appears;
but not at once, her visage rears,
pon the seas from upper grounds:
s, but just contain'd within their
ds, 465
rees into their channels crawl;
creases as the waters fall.
ne the tops of trees appear,
on their dishonour'd branches bear.
the world was all restored to view, 470
, and of a sickly hue:
ld herself, and stood aghast,
sert, and a silent waste.
en Deucalion, with a piteous look,
vept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke: 475
sister, oh of all thy kind
l only creature left behind,
love, and now by dangers join'd;
es, who breathed the common air,
ain; a species in a pair; 480
seas have swallow'd; nor have we
wretched life a certainty.
are still above; and, while I speak,
luge o'er our heads may break.
snatch'd from hence, and thou re-
485
ief, or partner of thy pain,
t thou such a wretched life sustain?
left, and thou be lost, the sea,
her I loved, should bury me.
r father his old arts inspire, 490
ne heir of his informing fire,
ight abolish'd man retrieve,
l people in new souls might live!
is pleased, nor ought we to complain,
e examples of mankind, remain. 495
e careful couple join their tears,
voke the gods, with pious prayers.
otion having eased their grief,
l oracles they seek relief:
nisus' brook their way pursue: 500
was troubled, but the ford they
.
waters in the fountain bred,
le first their garments, and their head,
he way which to the temple led.
ere all defiled with moss and mire, 505
ltars void of solemn fire.
radual prostrate they adored,
ent kiss'd; and thus the saint im-
d.
Themis, if the powers above
re bent to pity, and to love; 510
series can move their mind;
can forgive, and yet be kind;
may restore, by second birth,
d people desolated earth.
he gracious goddess, nodding, said: 515
with your vestments veil your head:
And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty
mother's bones.
Amazed the pair, and mute with wonder, stand,
Till Pyrrha first refused the dire command. 520
Forbid it Heaven, said she, that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepuchre.
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sense; and long they sought in
vain.
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow, 525
And said: The dark enigma will allow
A meaning, which, if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command:
This earth our mighty mother is, the stones
In her capacious body are her bones: 530
These we must cast behind. With hope, and fear,
The woman did the new solution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to try.
Descending from the mount, they first unbind 535
Their vests, and, veil'd, they cast the stones
behind:
The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigour of their kind expel,
And suppled into softness as they fell; 540
Then swell'd, and, swelling, by degrees grew
warm;
And took the rudiments of human form;
Imperfect shapes, in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains, 545
Without the rising muscles, and the veins.
The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use:
Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment:
The rest, too solid to receive a bent, 550
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little space,
What the man threw assumed a manly face;
And what the wife, renew'd the female race. 555
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear,
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.
The rest of animals from teeming earth,
Produced in various forms, received their birth.
The native moisture, in its close retreat, 560
Digested by the sun's ethereal heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
Then swell'd, and quicken'd by the vital seed.
And some in less, and some in longer space, 564
Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face.
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd,
And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:
These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants
find: 570
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.
For heat and moisture, when in bodies join'd,
The temper that results from either kind, 575
Conception makes; and fighting, till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars.
From hence the surface of the ground with mud
And slime besmear'd (the fæces of the flood) 581

Received the rays of heaven; and sucking in
The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of several sorts produced before;
But of new monsters earth created more. 585
Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
Thee, Python, too, the wondering world to fright,
And the new nations, with so dire a sight.
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
Did his vast body and long train embrace: 590
Whom Phœbus basking on a bank espied,
Ere now the god his arrows had not tried
But on the trembling deer, or mountain-goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.
Though every shaft took place, he spent the store 595
Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before
The expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore.
Then to preserve the fame of such a deed,
For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed,
Where noble youths for mastership should strive,
To quoit, to run, and steeds and chariots drive. 601
The prize was fame, in witness of renown,
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumphs borne,
But every green alike by Phœbus worn 605
Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks adorn.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

The first and fairest of his loves was she,
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forced him to desire:
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire. 610
Swell'd with the pride that new success attends,
He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him: Thou lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ?
Know, such achievements are my proper claim; 615
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late,
In such a feather'd death, has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;
With that the feeble souls of lovers fry. 620
To whom the son of Venus thus replied:
Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside;
But mine on Phœbus: mine the fame shall be
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee.
He said, and soaring swiftly wing'd his flight; 625
Nor stopp'd but on Parnassus' airy height.
Two different shafts he from his quiver draws;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.
One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold: 630
One blunt, and tipp'd with lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the nymph he dress'd,
But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast.
The enamour'd deity pursues the chase; 635
The scornful damsel shuns his loathed embrace;
In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs;
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare,
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair. 640
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd virginity maintains.
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys she never tried.
On wilds and wood she fixes her desire: 645
Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
Her father chides her oft: Thou ow'st, says he,
A husband to thyself, a son to me.
She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed:
She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head.
Then, casting round his neck her tender arms, 651
Soothes him with blandishments, and filial charms:
Give me, my lord, she said, to live and die
A spotless maid, without the marriage-tie.
'Tis but a small request; I beg no more 655
Than what Diana's father gave before.
The good old sire was soften'd to consent;
But said her wish would prove her punishment:
For so much youth, and so much beauty join'd,
Opposed the state which her desires design'd. 660
The god of light, aspiring to her bed,
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed;
And is by his own oracles misled.
And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns, 665
Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the god, consuming in desire,
And feeding in his breast the fruitless fire:
Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was bare) 670
And on her shoulders her dishevell'd hair:
Oh, were it comb'd, said he, with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!
He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shone;
He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone, 675
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;
He praises all he sees, and for the rest,
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.
Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay: 680
Stay, nymph, he cried, I follow, not a foe:
Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;
Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes,
And from pursuing falcons fearful doves; 684
Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god that loves.
Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou should'st fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly; 690
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey;
These hands the Patareian sceptre sway. 695
The king of gods begot me: what shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.

Ver. 610. *Daphne her name,*] I shall not disturb and disgust the reader, in these notes, by a series of mythological tales, and histories of the heathen gods, but in humble imitation of Addison in his remarks subjoined to his translations of Ovid, from time to time endeavour to point out his beauties and blemishes, especially the mixture of false wit and false brilliancy so conspicuous in this hasty and fertile writer. And though we may frequently praise him, cannot possibly assent to an outrageous paradox advanced by Dryden, "that Ovid excels Virgil in the pathetic, and particularly in describing the effects of the passion of love." Dr. J Warton.

invention of the charming lyre;
, and heavenly numbers I inspire.
bow, unerring is my dart; 700
re deadly his, who pierced my heart!
mine; what herbs and simples grow
l forests, all their powers I know;
great physician call'd below.
elds and forests can afford 705
s to heal their love-sick lord!
pains of love, no plant avails;
n physic the physician fails.
l not half, so furiously she flies,
ear the imperfect accent dies. 710
er wings; and as she fled, the wind
spread her flowing hair behind;
r legs and thighs exposed to view;
e the god more eager to pursue.
s young, and was too hotly bent 715
time in empty compliment:
love, and fired by such a sight,
y pursued his near delight.
the impatient greyhound, slipt from
r the glebe, to course the fearful 720
speed does all her safety lay;
n double speed pursues the prey;
r at the fitting turn, and licks
n vain, and blows upon the flix:
and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
shelter, doubts if yet she lives: 725
gs with great we may compare,
e god, and such the flying fair:
by fear, her feet did swiftly move,
e swiftly, who was urged by love. 730
ground upon her in the chase;
es upon her hair, with nearer pace;
fastening on the wish'd embrace.
grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
the labour of so long a flight; 735
spairing, cast a mournful look
reams of her paternal brook:
e cried, in this extremest need,
s are deities indeed:
, and this unhappy wretch entomb: 740
y form whence all my sorrows come!
he finish'd, when her feet she found
ith cold, and fasten'd to the ground:
l about her body grows,
leaves, her arms extend to boughs: 745
is all into a laurel gone,
ness of her skin remains alone.
loves her still, and casting round
arms, some little warmth he found.
ll panted in the unfinish'd part, 750
vegetive, and heaved her heart.
lips upon the trembling rind;
aside, and his embrace declined.
e god: Because thou canst not be
, I espouse thee for my tree: 755
prize of honour and renown;
ss poet, and the poem, crown.
the Roman festivals adorn,
oets, be by victors worn.
returning Cæsar's triumph grace; 760
s shall in a long procession pass:
n the post before his palace wait;
sacred guardian of the gate:
thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
the immortal powers above: 765
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleased with what he said,
And shook the shady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO AN HEIFER.

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows, 770
Which Tempe's pleasant valley does enclose:
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his course,
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force:
Mists from the river's mighty fall arise,
And deadly damps enclose the cloudy skies: 775
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood,
And sounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood.
Deep in a rocky cave he makes abode;
A mansion proper for a mourning god.
Here he gives audience; issuing out decrees 780
To rivers, his dependent deities.
On this occasion hither they resort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court;
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate. 785
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears;
Then old Apidanus came, crown'd with years:
Enipeus turbulent, Amphrysos tame;
And Æas last, with lagging waters, came.
Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
Condole his loss, and bring their urns along. 791
Not one was wanting of the watery train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own; 795
For his dear Io, whether stray'd, or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
He sought her through the world, but sought in vain;
And, nowhere finding, rather fear'd her slain.
Her just returning from her father's brook, 800
Jove had beheld, with a desiring look;
And, Oh, fair daughter of the flood, he said,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy, whoever shall those charms possess!
The king of gods (nor is thy lover less) 805
Invites thee to yon cooler shades, to shun
The scorching rays of the meridian sun.
Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone without a guide; thy guide is Jove.
No puny power, but he, whose high command 810
Is unconfined, who rules the seas and land,
And tempers thunder in his awful hand.
Oh, fly not; for she fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's pastures: he pursued the chase
Along the shades of the Lyrcæan plain. 815
At length the god, who never asks in vain,
Involved with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth; and then suppress'd her flight,
And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full delight.
Meantime the jealous Juno, from on high, 820
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd that the mist should overrun
The face of daylight, and obscure the sun.

No natural cause she found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marshy lowlands, to produce the fogs: 825
Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
Her faithless husband; but no Jove was there.
Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury she precipitates her flight, 830
Dispels the shadows of dissembled night,
And to the day restores his native light.
The almighty lecher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
Transforms his mistress in a trice; and now 835
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.
So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
E'en Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival of her love;
And what she was, and whence, inquired of Jove: 840
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The god, half-caught, was forced upon a lie;
And said she sprung from earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What should he do? 'twas equal shame to Jove
Or to relinquish, or betray his love: 845
Yet to refuse so slight a gift, would be
But more to increase his consort's jealousy:
Thus fear, and love, by turns his heart assail'd;
And stronger love had sure at length prevail'd, 850
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
The cautious goddess, of her gift possess'd,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast;
As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove, 855
And justly fear'd some new relapse of love:
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the fair.
The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred eyes. 860
But two by turns their lids in slumber steep;
The rest on duty still their station keep;
Nor could the total constellation sleep.
Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, though behind. 865
In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and tied her to the stall.
On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed, 870
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed;
So hardly lodged: and to digest her food,
She drank from troubled streams, defiled with mud.
Her woful story fain she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold. 875
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She strove to speak; she spoke not, but she low'd.
Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seem'd to inquire the author of the sound.
Once on the banks where often she had play'd, 880
(Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd
Her alter'd visage, and her branching head;
And, starting, from herself she would have fled.
Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise. 885
Ev'n Inachus himself was ignorant;
And in his daughter did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company:
They stroke her neck; the gentle heifer stands, 890
And her neck offers to their stroking hands.
Her father gave her grass; the grass she took;
And lick'd his palms, and cast a piteous look;
And in the language of her eyes she spoke.
She would have told her name, and ask'd relief. 895
But, wanting words, in tears she tells her grief:
Which with her foot she makes him understand;
And prints the name of Io in the sand.
Ah, wretched me! her mournful father cried;
She, with a sigh, to wretched me replied: 900
About her milk-white neck his arms he threw,
And wept, and then these tender words ensue.
And art thou she, whom I have sought around
The world, and have at length so sadly found!
So found, is worse than lost: with mutual words 905
Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue affords:
But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy breast;
And speech denied by lowing is express'd.
Unknowing, I prepared thy bridal bed;
With empty hopes of happy issue fed. 910
But now the husband of a herd must be
Thy mate, and bellowing sons thy progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief!
But now my godhead but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see, 915
And makes me curse my immortality.
More had he said, but fearful of her stay,
The starry guardian drove his charge away,
To some fresh pasture; on a hilly height
He sat himself, and kept her still in sight. 920

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED INTO A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her sufferings bear:
But call'd in haste his airy messenger,
The son of Maïa, with severe decree
To kill the keeper, and to set her free.
With all his harness soon the god was sped; 5
His flying hat was fasten'd on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the snaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, shoot him on the ground. 10
Before he came in sight, the crafty god
His wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his rod:
That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes took,
But made it seem to sight a shepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats control; 15
Which by the way he met, and slily stole.
Clad like a country swain, he piped, and sang;
And, playing, drove his jolly troop along.
With pleasure Argus the musician heeds;
But wonders much at those new vocal reeds. 20
And, Whosoe'er thou art, my friend, said he,
Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
This hill has browse for them, and shade for thee.
The god, who was with ease induced to climb,
Began discourse to pass away the time; 25

betwixt, his tuneful pipe he plies;
ı'd his hour, to close the keeper's eyes.
h ado, he partly kept awake;
ing all his eyes repose to take:
the stranger, who did reeds invent, 950
ıce began so rare an instrument.

TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

lermes thus: A nymph of late there was,
avenly form her fellows did surpass.
and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
y deities, adored by swains: 955
r name, by Sylvans oft pursued,
did the lustful gods delude:
and the woodland powers disdain'd;
ıthia hunted, and her rites maintain'd;
be clad, e'en Phœbe's self she seems. 960
straight, such well-proportion'd limbs:
t eye did no distinction know,
the goddess bore a golden bow:
sh'd thus, the sight she cheated too.
ng from Lycæus, Pan admires 965
chless nymph, and burns with new desires.
of pine upon his head he wore;
began her pity to implore.
e thus began, she took her flight
she was already out of sight: 970
d to hear the courtship of the god;
her course to Ladon's gentle flood:
the river stopp'd, and, tired before,
m water-nymphs her prayers implore.
hile the lustful god, with speedy pace, 975
ıght to strain her in a strict embrace,
his arms with reeds, new rising on the
ace.
e he sighs his ill success to find,
er canes were shaken by the wind;
thed a mournful air, unheard before; 980
uch surprising Pan, yet pleased him
ore.
this new music, Thou, he said,
st not be the partner of my bed,
halt be the consort of my mind;
n, often, to my lips be join'd. 985
d the reeds, proportion'd as they are:
in their length, and wax'd with care,
l retain the name of his ungrateful fair.
Hermes piped, and sung, and told his
le,
er's winking eyes began to fail, 990
sy slumber on the lids to creep;
e watchman was at length asleep.
n the god his voice and song suppress'd;
his powerful rod confirm'd his rest:
delay his crooked fauchion drew, 995
e fatal stroke the keeper slew.
m the rock fell the dissever'd head,
its eyes in death, and falling bled;
k'd the passage with a crimson trail:
us lies in pieces, cold and pale; 1000
is hundred eyes, with all their light,
d at once in one perpetual night.
These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.
Impatient to revenge her injured bed, 1005
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;
With furies frights her from her native home,
And drives her gadding round the world to roam:
Nor ceased her madness and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian shore. 1010
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down: and, leaning on her knees,
Invoked the cause of all her miseries:
And cast her languishing regards above, 1015
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd; 'twas all she could;
And with unkindness seem'd to tax the god.
Last, with an humble prayer, she begg'd repose,
Or death at least to finish all her woes. 1020
Jove heard her vows, and with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke.
He cast his arms about her neck, and said:
Dame, rest secure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear, 1025
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.
The goddess was appeased; and at the word
Was Io to her former shape restored.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay, 1030
Though not so large; her crooked horns decrease;
The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease:
Her hoofs to hands return, in little space;
The five long taper fingers take their place;
And nothing of the heifer now is seen, 1035
Beside the native whiteness of her skin.
Erected on her feet she walks again,
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue, her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when she speaks:
A goddess now through all the Egyptian state;
And served by priests, who in white linen wait.
Her son was Epaphus, at length believed
The son of Jove, and as a god received.
With sacrifice adored, and public prayers, 1045
He common temples with his mother shares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaëton
Like honour claims, and boasts his sire the Sun.
His haughty looks, and his assuming air, 1050
The son of Isis could no longer bear:
Thou tak'st thy mother's word too far, said he,
And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree.
Go, base pretender to a borrow'd name!
Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger, and with shame; 1055
But shame repress'd his rage: the daunted youth
Soon seeks his mother, and inquires the truth:
Mother, said he, this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus on you, and me your son.
He spoke in public, told it to my face; 1060
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace:
Ev'n I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrain'd by shame, was forced to hold my tongue.
To hear an open slander, is a curse;
But not to find an answer, is a worse. 1065

Ver. 1024. Dame, *rest*] A vulgar form indeed, unworthy of the god. Dr. J. Warton.

If I am heaven-begot, assert your son
By some sure sign; and make my father known;
To right my honour, and redeem your own.
He said, and saying cast his arms about
Her neck, and begg'd her to resolve the doubt.
'Tis hard to judge if Clymené were moved
More by his prayer, whom she so dearly loved,
Or more with fury fired, to find her name
Traduced, and made the sport of common fame.
She stretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the skies;
Now by those beams, said she, whose holy fires
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires;
By him who sees us both, and cheers our sight,
By him, the public minister of light,
I swear that Sun begot thee: if I lie,
Let him his cheerful influence deny:
Let him no more this perjured creature see,
And shine on all the world but only me.
If still you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himself your parentage may know.
With joy the ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager for the journey soon prepared.
He longs the world beneath him to survey;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day:
From Meroë's burning sands he bends his course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force;
His travel urging, till he came in sight,
And saw the palace by the purple light.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection to the former Story.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was imposed on them by Minos, king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digression to the story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most inartificial connections in all the Metamorphoses: for he only says, that Theseus obtained such honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourse to him in their necessities; and, amongst others, Calydon, though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

From him the Calydonians sought relief;
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief.
The cause, a boar, who ravaged far and near,
Of Cynthia's wrath the avenging minister.
For Œneus, with autumnal plenty bless'd,
By gifts to heaven his gratitude express'd:
Cull'd sheafs, to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine;
To Pan, and Pales, offer'd sheep and kine;
And fat of olives to Minerva's shrine.
Beginning from the rural gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:
Each deity in every kind was bless'd,
Till at Diana's fane the invidious honour ceased.
Wrath touches ev'n the gods; the queen of night
Fired with disdain, and jealous of her right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,
Not unrevenged that impious act shall be.
Swift as the word, she sped the boar away,
With charge on those devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls the Ægyptian pastures feed,
And none so large Sicilian meadows breed:
His eye-balls glare with fire, suffused with blood;
His neck shoots up a thick-set thorny wood;
His bristled back a trench impaled appears,
And stands erected, like a field of spears.
Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,
And part he churns, and part befoams the ground.
For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves; the scorching blast invades
The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades:
Or, suffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the year.
In vain the barns expect their promised load,
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd abroad:
In vain the hinds the threshing-floor prepare,
And exercise their flails in empty air.
With olives ever green the ground is strow'd,
And grapes ungather'd shed their generous blood.
Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep
Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can keep.
From fields to walls the frighted rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the town:
Till Meleagrus, and his chosen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue.
Fair Leda's twins, (in time to stars decreed)
One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery steed;
Then issued forth famed Jason after these,
Who mann'd the foremost ship that sail'd the seas;
Then Theseus, join'd with bold Pirithous, came,
A single concord, in a double name:
The Thestian sons, Idas who swiftly ran,
And Cæneus, once a woman, now a man.
Lynceus, with eagle's eyes, and lion's heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring dart;
Acastus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion,
Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son;
Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong;
With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but young.
Laërtes active, and Ancæus bold;
Mopsus the sage, who future things foretold;
And t' other seer yet by his wife unsold.
A thousand others of immortal fame;
Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods: a diamond buckle bound
Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the ground,
And show'd her buskin'd legs; her head was bare,
But for her native ornament of hair;
Which in a simple knot was tied above,
Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
Her sounding quiver on her shoulder tied,
One hand a dart, and one a bow supplied.
Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
The Calydonian chief at once the dame
Beheld, at once his heart received the flame.
With heavens averse. Oh happy youth, he cried;
For whom thy fates reserve so fair a bride!

and had no leisure more to say;
r call'd his eyes another way,
d him to pursue the now neglected
y.
ood a forest on the mountain's brow,
rlook'd the shaded plains below. 85
ng axe presumed those trees to bite;
h the world, a venerable sight.
s there arrived, some spread around
ome search the footsteps on the ground,
the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
ager, and intent on thought, 91
their honourable danger sought:
ood below; the common drain
from above, and falling rain:
m was a moist and marshy ground, 95
es were with bending osiers crown'd;
y bulrush next in order stood,
thin of reeds a trembling wood.
ence the boar was roused, and sprung
main,
ing sudden, on the warrior-train; 100
m the trees before him, shakes the
d,
echoes to the crackling sound;
fierce youth, and clamours ring around.
with their protended spears prepared,
d steel heads the brandish'd weapons
ed. 105
impetuous with his tusks aside
cing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
their mouth aloft, but none abide.
ew the first, but miss'd his mark,
his boar-spear on a maple's bark. 110
n; and his javelin seem'd to take,
with over-force, and whizz'd above his
k.
s next; but, ere he threw, address'd
s thus: O patron, help thy priest;
and ever have adored 115
r divine, thy present aid afford;
y reach the beast. The god allow'd
, and, smiling, gave him what he could:
the savage, but no blood he drew;
n'd the javelin as it flew. 120
fed the boar; his nostrils flames expire,
d eyeballs roll with living fire.
m a sling, or from an engine thrown,
e foes, so flies a mighty stone,
e beast; the left wing put to flight, 125
o'erborne, he rushes on the right.
s and Pelagon he laid
d next to death, but for their fellows' aid.
fared worse, prepared to fly;
ang drove deep within his thigh, 130
e nerves; the nerves no more sustain
the bulk unpropp'd falls headlong on
plain.
ad fail'd the fall of Troy to see,
g on his lance, he vaulted on a tree; 134
ering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
ht his monstrous foe was still too near.
tump his tusk the monster grinds,
sharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
ting to his arms, young Othrys found,
'd his hips with one continued wound.
's twins, the future stars, appear; 141
e their habits, white their horses were;
s both, and both in act to throw,
bling lances brandish'd at the foe:

Nor had they miss'd; but he to thickets fled, 145
Conceal'd from aiming spears, not pervious to the
steed.
But Telamon rush'd in; and happ'd to meet
A rising root, that held his fasten'd feet;
So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound. 150
Meantime the virgin-huntress was not slow
To expel the shaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the fasten'd arrow stood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She blush'd for joy: but Meleagrus raised 155
His voice with loud applause, and the fair archer
praised.
He was the first to see, and first to show
His friends the marks of the successful blow.
Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,
He said; a virtuous envy seized the crew. 160
They shout; the shouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging darts;
But out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes frustrate the design.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes 165
And flourishes his double-biting axe:
Then forward to his fate, he took a stride
Before the rest, and to his fellows cried,
Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man; 170
The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beast defend.
Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on tiptoe stood,
Secure to make his empty promise good.
But the more wary beast prevents the blow, 175
And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Rush out, and clotted blood distains the ground.
Pirithous, no small portion of the war,
Press'd on, and shook his lance; to whom from far,
Thus Theseus cried: O stay, my better part, 181
My more than mistress; of my heart, the heart:
The strong may fight aloof: Ancæus tried
His force too near, and by presuming died:
He said, and, while he spake, his javelin threw;
Hissing in air the unerring weapon flew; 186
But on an arm of oak, that stood betwixt
The marksman and the mark, his lance he fix'd.
Once more bold Jason threw, but fail'd to wound
The boar, and slew an undeserving hound; 190
And through the dog the dart was nail'd to
ground.
Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent,
With equal force, but various in the event:
The first was fix'd in earth, the second stood
On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his
blood. 195
Now while the tortured salvage turns around,
And flings about his foam, impatient of the wound;
The wound's great author close at hand provokes
His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed dart
Explores the nearest passage to his heart. 201
Quick and more quick he spins in giddy gyres,
Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.
This act with shouts heaven-high the friendly band
Applaud, and strain in theirs the victor's hand. 205
Then all approach the slain with vast surprise,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, scarce secure, reach out their spears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partner-
ship of war.

But he, the conquering chief, his foot impress'd 210
On the strong neck of that destructive beast;
And gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
Accept, said he, fair Nonacrine, my prize;
And, though inferior, suffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praise, with thine: 215
At this presents her with the tusky head
And chine, with rising bristles roughly spread.
Glad, she received the gift; and seem'd to take
With double pleasure, for the giver's sake.
The rest were seized with sullen discontent, 220
And a deaf murmur through the squadron went:
All envied; but the Thestian brethren show'd
The least respect, and thus they vent their spleen aloud:
Lay down those honour'd spoils, nor think to share,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war: 225
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.
Trust not thy beauty; but restore the prize,
Which he, besotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us. At this, inflamed with spite, 230
From her they snatch the gift, from him the giver's right.
But soon the impatient prince his fauchion drew,
And cried, Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the difference, at your proper cost,
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boast. 235
At this advanced, and, sudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' bosom plunged the sword:
Toxeus amazed, and with amazement slow
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he stood, 240
Received the steel bathed in his brother's blood.
Pleased with the first, unknown the second news,
Althæa to the temples pays their dues
For her son's conquest; when at length appear
Her grisly brethren stretch'd upon the bier: 245
Pale, at the sudden sight, she changed her cheer,
And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cause, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her soul; at last 'twas rage alone; 250
Which burning upwards in succession dries
The tears that stood considering in her eyes.
There lay a log unlighted on the earth:
When she was labouring in the throes of birth
For the unborn chief, the fatal sisters came, 255
And raised it up, and toss'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a scanty measure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;
And turning sung, To this red brand and thee,
O new-born babe, we give an equal destiny: 260
So vanish'd out of view. The frighted dame
Sprung hasty from her bed, and quench'd the flame:
The log, in secret lock'd, she kept with care,
And that, while thus preserved, preserved her heir.
This brand she now produced; and first she strows 265
The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
Thrice heaved her hand, and heaved, she thrice repress'd:
The sister and the mother long contest,
Two doubtful titles in one tender breast;
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow, 270
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now lowering looks presage approaching storms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Resolved, she doubts again; the tears, she dried
With blushing rage, are by new tears supplied; 275
And as a ship, which winds and waves assail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both opposite, and neither long prevail,
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
The imperious tempest, and the impetuous seas: 280
So fares Althæa's mind; first she relents
With pity, of that pity then repents:
Sister and mother long the scales divide,
But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud; 285
But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To please her brother's ghosts, her son should bleed;
And when the funeral flames began to rise,
Receive, she said, a sister's sacrifice: 290
A mother's bowels burn: high in her hand,
Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal brand;
Then thrice before the kindled pile she bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invoked aloud:
Come, come, revenging sisters, come and view 295
A sister paying her dead brothers' due;
A crime I punish, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death is fit:
Great crimes must be with greater crimes repaid,
And second funerals on the former laid. 300
Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all.
Shall fate to happy Œneus still allow
One son, while Thestius stands deprived of two?
Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go. 305
Take then, dear ghosts, (while yet, admitted now
In hell, you wait my duty) take your due;
A costly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.
Ah! whither am I hurried? Ah! forgive, 310
Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live;
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.
Then shall the unpunish'd wretch insult the slain,
Triumphant live? not only live, but reign? 315
While you, thin shades, the sport of winds are toss'd
O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coast.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;
Perish this impious, this detested son;
Perish his sire, and perish I withal; 320
And let the house's heir, and the hoped kingdom fall.
Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains with which ten months I strove!
Ah! hadst thou died, my son, in infant years,
Thy little hearse had been bedew'd with tears. 325
Thou liv'st by me; to me thy breath resign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.

Ver. 295. *Come, come, revenging sisters,*] Ovid seems here to imitate Catullus:

"Quare, facta virum multantes vindice pœnâ
Eumenides, quibus anguineo redimita capilla
Frons expirantis præportat pectoris iras,
Huc, huc adventate, meas audite querelas."

JOHN WARTON.

Ibid. *Come come,*] Here are six admirable lines.

DR. J. WARTON.

by double title I require;
en at birth, and once preserved from
e:
der pay, or add one murder more, . 330
to them who fell by thee restore.
d, but cannot: my son's image stands
y sight; and now their angry hands
ers hold, and vengeance these exact,
ds compassion, and repents the fact. 335
ads in vain, and I pronounce his doom:
ers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
ıg paid their injured ghosts their due,
requires my death, and mine shall his
ırsue.
for the last time she lifts her hand, 340
er eyes, and half unwilling drops the
and.
d, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
themselves but faintly lick'd their
ey,
hed their impious food, and would have
runk away. 345
en the hero cast a doleful cry,
ıose absent flames began to fry:
l contagion raged within his veins;
ith manly patience bore his pains;
not fate, but only grieved to die 350
an honest wound, and by a death so
y.
ncæus, thrice aloud he cried,
at becoming fate in arms he died!
l'd his brothers, sisters, sire, around,
to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
his mother; a long sigh he drew, 355
voice failing, took his last adieu:
e flames augment, and as they stay
full height, then languish to decay,
, and sink by fits; at last they soar 360
ight blaze, and then descend no more:
is inward heats, at height, impair,
ast burning breath shoots out the soul
air.
ofty Calydon in ruins lies;
all degrees, unsluice their eyes; 365
ven and earth resound with murmurs,
oans, and cries.
and maidens beat their breasts, and
ear
oits, and root up their scatter'd hair.
ched father, father now no more,
row sunk, lies prostrate on the floor, 370
his hoary locks with dust obscene,
es age, and loathes a life prolong'd with
in.
her stubborn soul his mother freed,
sh'd on herself her impious deed.
ıundred tongues, a wit so large 375
their hundred offices discharge;
bus all his Helicon bestow'd,
streams inspiring all the god;
ngues, that wit, those streams, that god
vain
fer to describe his sisters' pain: 380
ıt their breasts with many a bruising
ow,
turn livid, and corrupt the snow.
se they cherish, while the corpse re-
ains,
cise and rub with fruitless pains;
And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away, 385
They kiss the bed on which the body lay:
And when those funeral flames no longer burn,
(The dust composed within a pious urn)
Ev'n in that urn their brother they confess,
And hug it in their arms, and to their bosoms
press. 390
His tomb is raised; then, stretch'd along the
ground,
Those living monuments his tomb surround:
Ev'n to his name, inscribed, their tears they
pay,
Till tears and kisses wear his name away.
But Cynthia now had all her fury spent, 395
Not with less ruin, than a race, content:
Excepting Gorge, perish'd all the seed,
And her whom Heaven for Hercules decreed.
Satiate at last, no longer she pursued
The weeping sisters; but with wings indued, 400
And horny beaks, and sent to flit in air;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks
repair.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, pursuing the deeds of Theseus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the river god, to stay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was changed into an island by Neptune, at his request. Pirithous, being an atheist, derides the legend, and denies the power of the gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theseus, to confirm the story of Achelous, relates another metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon into trees; of which he was partly an eye-witness.

THUS Achelous ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and, admiring, fear
The powers of heaven; except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the gods, believed in none;
He shook his impious head, and thus replies: 5
These legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
To think they give us forms, and take away.
The rest, of better minds, their sense declared
Against this doctrine, and with horror heard. 10
Then Lelex rose, an old experienced man,
And thus with sober gravity began:
Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and sea,
The manufacture mass, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian
ground 15
Two neighb'ring trees, with walls encompass'd
round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place and them, by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's govern-
ment. 20
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their deities:

One laid aside his thunder, one his rod; 25
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
At last an hospitable house they found,
An homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together bound. 31
There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there
Had lived long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their store,
Inured to want, their poverty they bore, 35
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd. 40
From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest. 45
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and, lest they should expire, 50
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire:
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees. 55
The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone)
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-water'd spot);
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best 60
She cull'd, and then with handy care she dress'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon seized it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one: 65
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plunged without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat, 70
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
Before their guests; in this they bathed their feet, 75
And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
This done, the host produced the genial bed;
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread;
But coarse old garments, yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holidays. 81
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame, 85
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd mint;
A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen 90
The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order served,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserved:
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory: 95
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were served to board;
And, next in place, an earthen pitcher, stored 100
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnish'd with wax without, and lined within. 105
By this the boiling kettle had prepared,
And to the table sent the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savoury bit, that served to relish wine:
The wine itself was suiting to the rest, 110
Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
The second course succeeds like that before;
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintry store,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set
In canisters, to enlarge the little treat: 115
All these a milk-white honeycomb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crown'd.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face;
In all they did, you might discern with ease 120
A willing mind, and a desire to please.
Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often emptied, were observed to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danced about the board. 125
Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increased;
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
One goose they had ('twas all they could allow) 130
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and, limping, they pursued:
Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent, 135
And would not make her master's compliment;
But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He, with a gracious ear, the suppliant heard,
And saved her life; then what he was declared,
And own'd the god. The neighbourhood, said he,
Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accursed; and to the mountain's height 145
Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight.
They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop; 150
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle remains: 155
Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours' fate, and country now no more.

shed, scarce large enough for two,
the ground increased, in height and
to grow.
mple shoots within the skies:
ts of their cot in columns rise: 160
nt polish'd marble they behold,
vith sculpture graced, the spires and
of gold.
s the sire of gods, with looks serene,
lesire, thou only just of men;
) woman, only worthy found 165
such a man in marriage bound.
ey whisper; then, to Jove address'd,
hus prefers their joint request:
serve before your sacred shrine,
your altars rites divine: 170
ot any action of our life
olluted with domestic strife,
hour of death; that neither she
v's tears may live to bury me,
g I, with wither'd arms, may bear 175
ss Baucis to the sepulchre.
eads sign their suit. They run their

tenor all the appointed space;
their hour was come, while they
e
adventures at the temple-gate, 180
is by old Philemon seen
vith sudden leaves of sprightly green:
look'd where old Philemon stood,
s lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:
their fasten'd feet begin to bind, 185
s stiffen in a rising rind:
he bark above their shoulders grew,
nd take at once their last adieu;
rewell, oh faithful spouse, they said;
encroaching rinds their closing lips
de. 190
ancient Tyanæan shows
oak, that near a linden grows;
ourhood confirm the prodigy,
not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
If the garlands on their boughs, 195
hung for gifts of granted vows;
g fresher up, with pious prayer,
aid I, are God's peculiar care,
honour Heaven shall heavenly honour
e.

THE

OF IPHIS AND IANTHE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

VID'S METAMORPHOSES.

of this, perhaps, through Crete had
n;
had newer wonders of her own,
anged; for near the Gnossian bounds,
port the miracle resounds)
dwelt a man of honest blood, 5
born, and not so rich as good;
nd loved by all the neighbourhood:
Who to his wife, before the time assign'd
For childbirth came, thus bluntly spoke his mind:
If Heaven, said Lygdus, will vouchsafe to hear, 10
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a son and heir.
Girls cost as many throes in bringing forth;
Beside, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to sustain 15
Their share of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature shalt produce,
Of so great charges, and so little use,
(Bear witness, Heaven, with what reluctancy)
Her hapless innocence I doom to die. 20
He said, and tears the common grief display,
Of him who bade, and her who must obey.
Yet Telethusa still persists, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
To extend his wishes to a larger scope, 25
And in one vessel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And she her heavy load could scarcely bear;
When slumbering, in the latter shades of night,
Before the approaches of returning light, 30
She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Isis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead placed,
And yellow sheaves her shining temples graced:
A mitre, for a crown, she wore on high; 35
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by;
Osiris, sought along the banks of Nile;
The silent god; the sacred crocodile;
And, last, a long procession moving on,
With timbrels, that assist the labouring moon. 40
Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice that thus distinctly spake:
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to save whate'er the gods will send.
Delude with art thy husband's dire decree: 45
When danger calls, repose thy trust on me;
And know thou hast not served a thankless deity.
This promise made, with night the goddess fled;
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed:
Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high, 50
And prays the Powers their gift to ratify.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did disclose.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With secrecy, to shun the father's sight. 55
The indulgent mother did her care employ,
And pass'd it on her husband for a boy.
The nurse was conscious of the fact alone:
The father paid his vows as for a son;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name, 60
Which either sex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandsire was: the wife was pleased,
Of half the fraud by fortune's favour eased:
The doubtful name was used without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat. 65
The habit show'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceness mingled female grace.
Now thirteen years of age were swiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of settling in the world his only son. 70
Ianthe was his choice; so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare:
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bless'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They soon espoused: for they with ease were join'd, 75
Who were before contracted in the mind.

Their age the same, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one school they grew.
Thus, fatally disposed to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires. 80
Equal their flame, unequal was their care:
One loved with hope, one languish'd in despair.
The maid accused the lingering days alone:
For whom she thought a man, she thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief: 85
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
E'en her despair adds fuel to her fire:
A maid with madness does a maid desire.
And, scarce refraining tears, Alas! said she,
What issue of my love remains for me! 90
How wild a passion works within my breast!
With what prodigious flames am I possess'd!
Could I the care of Providence deserve,
Heaven must destroy me, if it would preserve.
And that 's my fate, or sure it would have sent 95
Some usual evil for my punishment:
Not this unkindly curse; to rage and burn,
Where Nature shows no prospect of return.
Nor cows for cows consume with fruitless fire:
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares desire:
The father of the fold supplies his ewes; 101
The stag through secret woods his hind pursues;
And birds for mates the males of their own species choose.
Her females nature guards from female flame.
And joins two sexes to preserve the game: 105
Would I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, famed for monsters, wanted of her store,
Till my new love produced one monster more.
The daughter of the Sun a bull desired,
And yet e'en then a male a female fired: 110
Her passion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes she took a different shape; 115
Yet still she gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dædalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy? 120
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And re-collect thy reason for thy aid;
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive these golden wishes from thy thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain; 125
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.
And yet no guards against our joys conspire;
No jealous husband hinders our desire:
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss. 130
All things concur to prosper our design:
All things to prosper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair:
'Tis past the power of Heaven to grant my prayer.
Heaven has been kind, as far as Heaven can be; 135
Our parents with our own desires agree;
But Nature, stronger than the gods above,
Refuses her assistance to my love;
She sets the bar that causes all my pain:
One gift refused makes all their bounty vain. 140
And now the happy day is just at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: thus accursed
In midst of water I complain of thirst.
Why com'st thou, Juno, to these barren rites,
To bless a bed defrauded of delights?
And why should Hymen lift his torch on high,
To see two brides in cold embraces lie?
Thus love-sick Iphis her vain passion mourn
With equal ardour fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To speed the work, and haste the happy hour.
She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
And strives to interpose some new delay:
Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
But having done whate'er she could devise,
And emptied all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next ensuing day
The fatal secret must to light betray.
Then Telethusa had recourse to prayer,
She and her daughter with dishevell'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Isis they adored,
Embraced her altar, and her aid implored:
Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt smile,
Who sway'st the sceptre of the Pharian isle,
And sevenfold falls of disemboguing Nile;
Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,
A suppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, goddess, thou wert present to my sight;
Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light:
I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,
With all thy marks of awful majesty:
The glorious train that compass'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy sound.
Thy words I noted, which I still retain;
Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myself am free
From shame, and punishment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counsel saved us, let thy power defend.
Her tears pursued her words, and while she spoke,
The goddess nodded, and her altar shook:
The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns, that bind
The brows of Isis, cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring sound.
Some hopes these happy omens did impart;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully satisfied;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride:
The whiteness of her skin forsook her face:
Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace:
Her features and her strength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her sparkling eyes with manly vigour shone;
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into man.
The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inscription wear:
Iphis, the man, has to the goddess paid
The vows that Iphis offer'd when a maid.
Now when the star of day had shown his face,
Venus and Juno with their presence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Descended to complete their happy love;
The gods of marriage lend their mutual aid,
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

LION AND THE STATUE.

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF

ID'S METAMORPHOSES.

es, for their impudent behaviour, being tone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, vomen for their sake, and resolved never to falls in love with a statue of his own ch is changed into a maid, whom he marries. scendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha: r incestuously loves her own father, for changed into a tree which bears her name. ories immediately follow each other, and are ell connected.

oathing their lascivious life,
womankind, but most a wife:
ose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
l to want a consort of his bed:
idleness, the nurse of ill, 5
exercised his happy skill;
in ivory such a maid, so fair,
uld not with his art compare,
work; but in her own defence,
er pattern here, and copy hence. 10
his idol, he commends, admires,
l last, the thing adored desires.
n in her face was seen,
e moved, a living maid had been:
have thought she could have stirr'd;
trove 15
ty, and was ashamed to move.
h art, so well perform'd the cheat,
e carver with his own deceit:
is madness, yet he must adore,
more he knows it, loves the more: 20
what so seems, he touches oft,
so smooth, that he believes it soft.
this thought, at once he strain'd the
t,
lips a burning kiss impress'd.
e harden'd breast resists the gripe, 25
l lips return a kiss unripe:
etiring back, he look'd again,
ivory was a thought too mean:
lieve she kiss'd, and courting more,
aced her naked body o'er; 30
g hard the statue, was afraid
d made a dint, and hurt the maid:
r, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
ipe had left a livid mark behind:
now he seeks her mind to move, 35
h gifts, the powerful bribes of love:
her closet first; and fills
l shelves with rarities of shells:
pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
sparkling stones of various hue: 40
imitating human tongue,
birds in silver cages hung;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were sorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
Rich, fashionable robes her person deck, 45
Pendents her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are graced,
And an embroider'd zone surrounds her slender waist.
Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
Beauteous she show'd, but naked show'd the best. 50
Then from the floor, he raised a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple spread:
The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandishments invites her to his side,
And as she were with vital sense possess'd, 55
Her head did on a plumy pillow rest.
The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the sacred altars, bled: 60
Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,
And then with prayers implored the powers divine:
Almighty gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair statue mine, he would have said, 65
But changed his words for shame, and only pray'd,
Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.
The golden goddess, present at the prayer,
Well knew he meant the inanimated fair,
And gave the sign of granting his desire; 70
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.
The youth, returning to his mistress, hies,
And, impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss, 75
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiss:
He thought them warm before; nor longer stays,
But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent; 80
He felt again, his fingers made a print,
'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the dint.
The pleasing task he fails not to renew:
Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew:
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce 85
The former mass to form, and frame to use.
He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
And tries his argument of sense again,
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein.
Convinced, o'erjoy'd, his studied thanks and praise,
To her who made the miracle, he pays: 91
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the favour of the kiss sincere:
At this the waken'd image oped her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with surprise. 95
The goddess present at the match she made,
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,
That ere ten moons had sharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd 100
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connection of this story with the former; for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the last: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far distant from Cyprus, where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia, whither she fled. You will see the reason of this note, soon after the first lines of this fable.

Nor him alone produced the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his sire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a sire.
Daughters and fathers from my song retire:
I sing of horror; and, could I prevail,
You should not hear, or not believe my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last event,
And with the sin believe the punishment:
Since nature could behold so dire a crime,
I gratulate at least my native clime,
That such a land, which such a monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian shore.
Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet amomum boast,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvest, and her double years;
How can the land be call'd so bless'd that Myrrha bears?
Not all her odorous tears can cleanse her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inflamed thy heart,
Disowns thy love, and vindicates his dart;
Some fury gave thee those infernal pains,
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy sire, had merited a curse:
But such an impious love deserved a worse.
The neighbouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not choose, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her secret soul she said:
Ah, Myrrha! whither would thy wishes tend?
Ye gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodged before in human breast!
But is it sin? Or makes my mind alone
The imagined sin? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast but man!
The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the lusty ram,
Or more salacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed her chick she bore,
And make a husband, whom she hatch'd before.
All creatures else are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natured laws from pleasure bind,
Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of mind.
But man a slave of his own making lives:
The fool denies himself what nature gives:
Too busy senates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the cause.
Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but those which love ordains;
Where happy daughters with their sires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
Oh that I had been born in such a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
But whither would my impious fancy stray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts, away!
His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
But with the love that daughters bear to sires.
Then had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverseness of my fate is such,
That he 's not mine, because he 's mine too much:
Our kindred-blood debars a better tie:
He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
Eyes and their objects never must unite,
Some distance is required to help the sight:
Fain would I travel to some foreign shore,
Never to see my native country more,
So might I to myself myself restore;
So might my mind these impious thoughts remove,
And ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might:
More, impious maid! What more canst thou design?
To make a monstrous mixture in thy line,
And break all statutes human and divine!
Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife!
Confound so many sacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
And fear'st thou not to see the infernal bands,
Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd their hands,
Full at thy face the avenging brands to bear,
And shake the serpents from their hissing hair!
But thou in time the increasing ill control,
Nor first debauch the body by the soul;
Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the sanctions nature has design'd.
Suppose I should attempt, the attempt were vain,
No thoughts like mine his sinless soul profane:
Observant of the right; and oh, that he
Could cure my madness, or be mad like me!
Thus she; but Cinyras, who daily sees
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to choose,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.
But having told their names, inquired of her,
Who pleased her best, and whom she would prefer?
The blushing maid stood silent with surprise,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking sigh'd; and as she sigh'd, began
Round tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
The tender sire, who saw her blush and cry,
Ascribed it all to maiden modesty;
And dried the falling drops, and yet more kind,
He stroked her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd:
She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleasure than a daughter should.
And, ask'd again, what lover of the crew
She liked the best; she answer'd, One like you.

ıg what she meant, her pious will 120
ed, and bade her so continue still:
d of Pious heard, she blush'd with shame
t guilt, and could not bear the name.
now the mid of night, when slumbers
lose
s, and soothe our cares with soft repose;
epose could wretched Myrrha find, 125
y rolling, as she roll'd her mind:
h desire, she ruminates her sin,
hes all her wishes o'er again:
despairs, and now resolves to try; 130
not, and would again, she knows not
hy;
nd returns, makes and retracts the vow;
uld begin, but understands not how:
a pine is hewn upon the plains,
last mortal stroke alone remains, 135
ng in pangs of death, and threatening all,
y and that she nods, considering where to
ll:
ha's mind, impell'd on either side,
ery bent, but cannot long abide:
te on which she should rely, 140
nfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die:
sad thought she rests; resolved on death,
s, and prepares to choke her breath:
ile about the beam her zone she ties,
yras, farewell, she softly cries; 145
I die, and only wish to be
ed, when thou know'st I die for thee:
the crime, in pity to the cause:
l, about her neck the noose she draws.
se, who lay without, her faithful guard, 150
not the words, the murmurs overheard,
hs, and hollow sounds: surprised with
ight,
ts, and leaves her bed, and springs a light:
the door, and entering out of breath,
ng saw, and instruments of death. 155
ieks, she cuts the zone with trembling
aste,
ıer arms her fainting charge embraced:
r she now had leisure for her tears)
ping ask'd, in these her blooming years,
ıforeseen misfortune caused her care, 160
e her life, and languish in despair?
id, with downcast eyes, and mute with
rief,
h unfinish'd, and ill-timed relief,
llen to her suit: the beldame press'd
e to know, and bared her wither'd breast;
her, by the kindly food she drew 165
ose dry founts, her secret ill to show.
rha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside:
se still urged, and would not be denied:
promised secresy; but pray'd 170
ıt have leave to give her offer'd aid.
ll, she said, my want of strength supplies,
gence shall give what age denies:
desires thy mind to fury move,
ırms and med'cines I can cure thy love:
ıs eyes their hurtful rays have cast, 175
werful verse shall free thee from the blast:
n offended sends thee this disease,
Heaven with prayers we can appease.
en remains, that can these cares procure?
se is flourishing, thy fortune sure: 180
ful mother yet in health survives,
thy comfort, thy kind father lives.

The virgin started at her father's name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame:
Nor yet the nurse her impious love divined: 185
But yet surmised, that love disturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, she pursued her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid;
Then softly soothed her thus: I guess your grief: 190
You love, my child; your love shall find relief.
My long experienced age shall be your guide;
Rely on that, and lay distrust aside:
No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know.
Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap, 195
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head:
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go: but she received not the command; 201
Remaining still importunate to know:
Then Myrrha thus: Or ask no more, or go:
I pr'ythee go, or staying spare my shame;
What thou would'st hear, is impious ev'n to name. 205
At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And trembling, both with age and terror, stands;
Adjures, and falling at her feet entreats,
Soothes her with blandishments, and frights with threats,
To tell the crime intended, or disclose 210
What part of it she knew, if she no farther knows:
And last, if conscious to her counsel made,
Confirms anew the promise of her aid.
Now Myrrha raised her head; but soon oppress'd
With shame, reclined it on her nurse's breast; 215
Bathed it with tears, and strove to have confess'd;
Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she tried;
The faltering tongue its office still denied:
At last her veil before her face she spread,
And drew a long preluding sigh, and said, 220
O happy mother, in thy marriage-bed!
Then groan'd, and ceased; the good old woman shook,
Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than she would: 225
Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,
To cure the madness of the unhappy maid:
In vain: for Myrrha stood convict of ill;
Her reason vanquish'd, but unchanged her will:
Perverse of mind, unable to reply, 230
She stood resolved or to possess, or die.
At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
Thy love, she said; she durst not say, thy sire. 235
Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:
Then with a second oath her faith confirms.
The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen stoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in procession walk the pious train, 240
Offering first-fruits, and spikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they shun,
And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.

Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook her lord,
And Ceres' power with secret rites adored: 245
The royal couch now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The cursed occasion took: the king she found
Easy with wine, and deep in pleasure drown'd,
Prepared for love: the beldame blew the flame,
Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the name. 251
Her form she praised; the monarch ask'd her years,
And she replied, the same that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commended beauty fired his thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought. 255
Pleased with her charge perform'd, she hies her home,
And gratulates the nymph, the task was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear;
But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was insincere:
So various, so discordant is the mind, 260
That in our will, a different will we find.
Ill she presaged, and yet pursued her lust;
For guilty pleasures give a double gust.
'Twas depth of night: Arctophylax had driven
His lazy wain half round the northern heaven, 265
When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime desired;
The moon beheld her first, and first retired;
The stars amazed ran backward from the sight,
And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their light.
Icarius first withdraws his holy flame: 270
The Virgin sign, in heaven the second name,
Slides down the belt, and from her station flies,
And night with sable clouds involves the skies.
Bold Myrrha still pursues her black intent:
She stumbled thrice, (an omen of the event;) 275
Thrice shriek'd the funeral owl, yet on she went,
Secure of shame, because secure of sight;
Ev'n bashful sins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, the accomplice and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came: 280
The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
Where dark in bed the expecting monarch lay:
Thus far her courage held, but here forsakes;
Her faint knees knock at every step she makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within 285
She feels remorse, and horror of her sin:
Repents too late her criminal desire,
And wishes, that unknown she could retire.
Her lingering thus, the nurse (who fear'd delay
The fatal secret might at length betray) 290
Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
And said to Cinyras, Receive thy own:
Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,
Accursed, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The sire, unknowing of the crime, admits 295
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd sheets.
He found she trembled, but believed she strove,
With maiden modesty, against her love;
And sought with flattering words vain fancies to remove.
Perhaps he said, My daughter, cease thy fears, 300
(Because the title suited with her years:)
And, Father, she might whisper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the sin.
Full of her sire, she left the incestuous bed,
And carried in her womb the crime she bred: 305
Another, and another night she came;
For frequent sin had left no sense of shame:
Till Cinyras desired to see her face,
Whose body he had held in close embrace,
And brought a taper; the revealer, light, 310
Exposed both crime and criminal to sight:
Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech afford,
But from the sheath he drew the avenging sword;
The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
That favour'd first the sin, secured the flight. 315
Long wandering through the spacious fields, she bent
Her voyage to the Arabian continent;
Then pass'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And, flying, left the palmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at length 320
With travel weary, unsupplied with strength,
And with the burden of her womb oppress'd,
Sabæan fields afford her needful rest:
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray'd: 325
Ye powers, if any so propitious are
To accept my penitence, and hear my prayer,
Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent;
Great sins deserve as great a punishment:
Yet since my life the living will profane, 330
And since my death the happy dead will stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow,
Betwixt the realms above, and those below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live. 335
The prayers of penitents are never vain:
At least, she did her last request obtain;
For, while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:
Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide: 340
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender skin is harden'd into rind. 345
And now the rising tree her womb invests,
Now, shooting upwards still, invades her breasts,
And shades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward shape she lost her sense, 350
With bitter tears she wept her last offence;
And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain;
For still the precious drops her name retain.
Meantime the misbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes 355
The swelling rind, with unavailing strife,
To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppress'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain;
And, like a labouring woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid: 361
The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood: 365
Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to speed the throes,
And spoke the powerful spells that babes to birth disclose.
The bark divides, the living load to free,
And safe delivers the convulsive tree.

dy nymphs receive the crying child, 370
ash him in the tears the parent plant
distill'd.
wathed him with their scarfs; beneath him
spread
ound with herbs; with roses raised his
head.
ely babe was born with every grace:
vy must have praised so fair a face: 375
as his form, as painters, when they show
utmost art, on naked loves bestow:
at their arms no difference might betray,
m a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
lides along, with undiscover'd haste, 380
ture but a length behind the past:
t are years: the babe, whom just before
ndsire got, and whom his sister bore;
op, the thing which late the tree inclosed,
te the yawning bark to life exposed; 385
, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
velier than himself at riper years.
the queen of love he gave desires,
ith her pains, revenged his mother's fires.

CEYX AND ALCYONE.

OUT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

NNECTION OF THIS FABLE WITH THE FORMER.

e son of Lucifer (the morning star) and king of in, in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone, daughter olus, god of the winds. Both the husband and the oved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, der brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having urned into a falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's ter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a ship to sail ros, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as seems to intimate) to enquire how the anger of the night be atoned.

prodigies affect the pious prince,
nore perplex'd with those that happen'd
since,
rposes to seek the Clarian god,
ng Delphos, his more famed abode;
Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road. 5
uld not he from her he loved so well,
al voyage, he resolved, conceal:
en she saw her lord prepared to part,
ly cold ran shivering to her heart:
led cheeks are changed to boxen hue, 10
her eyes the tears are ever new:
ice essay'd to speak; her accents hung,
ltering died unfinish'd on her tongue,
ish'd into sighs: with long delay
ice return'd; and found the wonted way. 15
e, my lord, she said, what fault unknown
ce beloved Alcyone has done?
r, ah, whither is thy kindness gone!
yx then sustain to leave his wife,
concern'd forsake the sweets of life? 20
an thy mind to this long journey move,
d'st thou absence to renew thy love?
thou goest by land, though grief possess
l ev'n then, my fears will be the less.
! be warn'd to shun the watery way, 25
e is frightful of the stormy sea.
For late I saw adrift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my sire in caves constrains the wind, 30
Can with a breath a clamorous rage appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas;
Not so, for, once indulged, they sweep the main,
Deaf to the call, or, hearing, hear in vain;
But bent on mischief bear the waves before, 35
And not content with seas insult the shore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage:
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above: 40
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne:
The more I know, the more my fears augment, 45
And fears are oft prophetic of the event.
But if not fears, or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share, 50
And present suffer what I only fear:
Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
These reasons moved her starlike husband's heart.
But still he held his purpose to depart: 55
For as he loved her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But sought by arguments to soothe her pain;
Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one, 60
With which so difficult a cause he won:
My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I swear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If Heaven allow me life, I will return. 65
This promise of so short a stay prevails:
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to launch; she trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewell, 70
Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning fell.
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Raised on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.
The queen, recover'd, rears her humid eyes, 75
And first her husband on the poop espies,
Shaking his hand at distance on the main:
She took the sign, and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew 80
The much-loved face; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes;
The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails:
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more, 85
Forsaken of all sight, she left the shore.
Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her wearied eyes to close:
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart. 90
And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales

By this the vessel half her course had run, 95
And as much rested till the rising sun;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose:
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first denounce the watery war. 100
This seen, the master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the top-sail; let the mainsheet fly,
And furl your sails. The winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as danger taught, 105
Each in his way, officiously they wrought;
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails; a fourth, with labour, laves
The intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves. 110
In this confusion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars; the suffering seas
Are toss'd, and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but, in despair 115
Of safety, stands amazed with stupid care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid, he knows,
The ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill: 120
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrouds;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds:
At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.
Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries: 125
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden show:
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take: 130
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.
Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
And now sublime she rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty summit looks from high, 135
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky;
Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,
And at a distance see superior light:
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as battering-rams a fort: 140
Or as a lion, bounding in his way,
With force augmented bears against his prey,
Sidelong to seize: or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear:
So seas impell'd by winds with added power 145
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tower.
The planks, their pitchy coverings wash'd away,
Now yield; and now a yawning breach display:
The roaring waters, with a hostile tide,
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side. 150
Meantime in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean, swell'd with waters, upwards tends,
One rising, falling one; the heavens and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way:
The sails are drunk with showers, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main. 156
No star appears to lend his friendly light:
Darkness and tempest make a double night.
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite, 161
And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and, an host alone,
Still presses on, and urging gains the town;
So while the invading billows come a-breast, 165
The hero tenth, advanced before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows' conquering shout,
And mount on others' backs, in hope to share 171
The city, thus become the seat of war.
An universal cry resounds aloud,
The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near; 175
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief;
But, stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate.
One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate, 180
And calls those happy whom their funerals wait.
This wretch with prayers and vows the gods implores,
And ev'n the skies he cannot see adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
His careful father, and his faithful spouse. 185
The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:
His wife he wishes, and would still be near, 190
Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destined him to see no more;
He sought, but in the dark tempestuous night
He knew not whither to direct his sight. 195
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
The giddy ship ran round; the tempest tore
Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and with a scornful brow, 200
Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves below;
Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos with the freight they bore,
And toss'd on seas: press'd with the ponderous blow
Down sinks the ship within the abyss below: 205
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many, never more to rise again.
Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless care
Lay hold, and swim, but, while they swim, despair.
Ev'n he, who late a sceptre did command, 210
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand,
And while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain;
But yet his consort is his greater care;
Alcyone he names amidst his prayer, 215
Names as a charm against the waves and wind;
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
Tired with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From prayers to wishes he descends at last;
That his dead body, wafted to the sands, 220
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair;
And ev'n when plunged beneath, on her he raves, 225
Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night, his heavenly form obscured with tears;
And since he was forbid to leave the skies, 230
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

e Alcyone (his fate unknown)
how many nights he had been gone;
ıe waning moon with hourly view,
ıer age, and wishes for a new; 235
e promised time provides with care,
s in the woof the robes he was to wear:
rself employs another loom,
d to meet her lord returning home,
her heart with joys that never were to
e: 240
the temples with an odorous flame,
fore the sacred altars came,
r him, who was an empty name.
implored, but far above the rest,
ıe her pious vows address'd, 245
loved lord from perils to protect,
er seas his voyage to direct:
d that she might still possess his heart,
tending rival share a part.
etition heard of all her prayer, 250
ispersed by winds, were lost in air.
the goddess of the nuptial bed,
her vain devotions for the dead,
ıe tainted hand should be repell'd,
nse offer'd, and her altar held: 255
hus bespoke: Thou faithful maid,
ıe queen's commands are well convey'd,
e house of Sleep, and bid the god,
the night by visions with a nod,
dream, in figure and in form 260
him who perish'd in the storm:
before Alcyone present,
er certain of the sad event.
vith robes of various hue she flies, 264
draws an arch, (a segment of the skies:)
s her bending bow, and from the steep
o search the silent house of Sleep.
Cimmerians, in his dark abode,
avern, dwells the drowsy god;
omy mansion nor the rising sun, 270
, visits, nor the lightsome noon:
pours round the region fly,
wilight, and a doubtful sky;
cock does there his wings display,
is horny bill provoke the day: 275
ful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
th nightly noise the sacred peace:
of nature, nor the tame, are nigh,
vith tempests rock'd, nor human cry;
pose, without an air of breath, 280
e, and a dumb quiet next to death.
of Lethe, with a gentle flow,
wards from the rock below,
moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
oft murmurs calls the coming sleeps;
entry nodding poppies grow, 285
l simples that sweet rest bestow;
the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
g sheds it on the silent plains:
ere was the unguarded house to keep,
g hinges turn'd, to break his sleep. 291
e gloomy court was raised a bed,
black plumes, and on an ebon stead:
the covering too, where lay the god,
upine, his limbs display'd abroad: 295
head fantastic visions fly,
ous images of things supply,
their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
d ears in fields, nor sands upon the
e.

The virgin entering bright indulged the day 300
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away:
The god, disturb'd with this new glare of light
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And raised his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin: 305
At length shook off himself; and ask'd the dame,
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came?
To whom the goddess thus: O sacred Rest,
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the Powers the best!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay, 310
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day,
Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies away!
Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
And send it flitting to the Trachin court, 315
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep: 320
But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swerved along her bow with swift ascent.
The god, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolved at once to rid himself of pain;
And, though against his custom, call'd aloud, 325
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus of all his numerous train express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien belie; 330
Plays well, but all his action is confined;
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes:
This dæmon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall 335
The gods have named; but men Phobeter call:
A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmoved, and running streams: 340
These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
The rest before the ignoble commons play:
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd:
Which done, the lazy monarch, overwatch'd,
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Dissolved in sleep, and shrinks within his bed. 346
Darkling the dæmon glides, for flight prepared,
So soft that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade
Through air his momentary journey made: 350
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
Forsakes his proper form, assumes the king's;
And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And stands before the bed at dawn of day: 355
Unmoved his eyes, and wet his beard appears;
And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
The briny water dropping from his hairs;
Then staring on her, with a ghastly look
And hollow voice, he thus the queen bespoke: 360
Know'st thou not me? Not yet, unhappy wife?
Or are my features perish'd with my life?
Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
Lo! all that 's left of him, thy husband's ghost!
Thy vows for my return were all in vain; 365
The stormy south o'ertook us in the main;
And never shalt thou see thy loving lord again.
Bear witness, Heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my breath:

Think not that flying fame reports my fate; 370
I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplored
Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford:
But rise, prepared, in black, to mourn thy perish'd lord.
Thus said the player god; and adding art 375
Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the tears.
She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress'd,
She sigh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her breast: 380
Then stretch'd her arms to embrace his body bare,
Her clasping arms inclose but empty air:
At this not yet awake she cried, Oh, stay,
One is our fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke, 385
That starting sudden up, the slumber broke;
Then cast her eyes around, in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands. 390
Tired with the search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks;
Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair:
Her nurse demands the cause; with louder cries
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies: 395
No more Alcyone, she suffer'd death
With her loved lord, when Ceyx lost his breath:
No flattery, no false comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone; 400
I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew:
His lustre lost, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face;
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair, 405
None but my Ceyx could appear so fair:
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But through my arms he slipp'd, and vanish'd from the place:
There, ev'n just there, he stood; and as she spoke,
Where last the spectre was, she cast her look: 410
Fain would she hope, and gazed upon the ground,
If any printed footsteps might be found.
Then sigh'd and said: This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear presaged too true;
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part, 415
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah, never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had lived; ev'n not in death disjoin'd!
So had my Ceyx still been living here, 420
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there:
Now I die absent, in the vast profound;
And me without myself the seas have drown'd:
The storms were not so cruel; should I strive 425
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains, 430
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,
And stopp'd her tongue; but what her tongue denied, 435
Soft tears, and groans, and dumb complaints supplied.
'Twas morning; to the port she takes her way,
And stands upon the margin of the sea:
That place, that very spot of ground she sought,
Or thither by her destiny was brought, 440
Where last he stood: and while she sadly said,
'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting kiss; and there his anchors weigh'd;
Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions trace,
And call to mind, admonish'd by the place, 445
Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries;
It seem'd a corpse adrift, to distant sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright?
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew 450
That what before she but surmised, was true:
A corpse it was, but whose it was, unknown,
Yet moved, howe'er, she made the case her own:
Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,
As for a stranger wept, and thus began: 455
Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
At this she paused; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her fears increase
At nearer sight; and she 's herself the less: 461
Now driven ashore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees:
Her husband's corpse; at this she loudly shrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her cheeks, 465
Her hair, her vest, and stooping to the sands,
About his neck she cast her trembling hands.
And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife!
She said, and to the neighbouring mole she strode,
(Raised there to break the incursions of the flood;) 471
Headlong from thence to plunge herself she springs,
But shoots along supported on her wings;
A bird new made about the banks she plies,
Not far from shore; and short excursions tries;
Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise, 475
Content to skim the surface of the seas;
Her bill, though slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice:
Now lighting where the bloodless body lies, 480
She with a funeral note renews her cries.
At all her stretch her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embraced the dead:
Then flickering to his pallid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love: 485
Whether the vital touch revived the dead,
Or that the moving waters raised his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present miracle was shown.
The gods their shapes to winter-birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate. 491
Their conjugal affection still is tied,
And still the mournful race is multiplied;
They bill, they tread; Alcyone compress'd
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest: 495
A wintry queen: her sire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind:
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smooths the seas.

US TRANSFORMED INTO A CORMORANT.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

me old man sees wanton in the air,
es the unhappy constant pair.
his friend the long-neck'd cormorant
ows,
er tale reviving others' woes:
e bird, he cries, which cuts the flood 5
der legs, was once of royal blood;
tors from mighty Tros proceed,
e Laomedon, and Ganymede,
eauty tempted Jove to steal the boy)
m, hapless prince! who fell with Troy:
was Hector's brother, and had fate 11
this hopeful youth a longer date,
ad rivall'd warlike Hector's worth,
n the mother's side of meaner birth;
cothoé, a country maid, 15
cus by stealth in Ida's shade.
he noisy town, and pompous court,
e lone hills, and simple rural sport,
m to the city would resort.
o rustic clownishness profess'd, 20
oft love a stranger to his breast:
h had long the nymph Hesperia woo'd,
gh the thicket, or the mead pursued:
Her haply on her father's bank he spied,
While fearless she her silver tresses dried; 25
Away she fled: not stags with half such speed,
Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
Pursued by hawks, so swift regain the lake.
As fast he follow'd in the hot career; 30
Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A snake unseen now pierced her heedless foot;
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices shoot:
She fell, and 'scaped by death his fierce pursuit.
Her lifeless body, frighted, he embraced, 35
And cried, Not this I dreaded, but thy haste:
Oh, had my love been less, or less thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accursed snake! yet I more cursed than he!
He gave the wound; the cause was given by me.
Yet none shall say, that unrevenged you died. 41
He spoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging side,
And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Thetys received him gently on the wave;
The death he sought denied, and feathers gave. 45
Debarr'd the surest remedy of grief,
And forced to live, he cursed the unask'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a second fall successless tries;
The downy plume a quick descent denies. 50
Enraged, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave,
His ceaseless sorrow for the unhappy maid
Meagred his look, and on his spirits prey'd.
Still near the sounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came. 56

E TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

TION TO THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

e son of Priam, loving a country life, forsakes : living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph; ng from him, was killed by a serpent; for grief e would have drowned himself; but, by the pity ods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not f Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a preserve his memory. By this transition, which the finest in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls tory of the Trojan war, which is summed up, in nt book, but so very briefly, in many places, l seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his le. Yet the House of Fame, which is here , is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole phoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and etwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield to no t of this poet: and particularly the loves and Cyllarus and Hylonome, the male and female are wonderfully moving.

whom the story was unknown,
deplored his metamorphosed son:
h his name and title kept,
or round the tomb, with all his brothers,
pt.
This pious office Paris did not share; 5
Absent alone and author of the war,
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
To avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue.
A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the sea:
Nor had their just resentments found delay, 10
Had not the winds and waves opposed their way.
At Aulis, with united powers, they meet;
But there, cross winds or calms detain'd the fleet.
Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore; 15
A boding sign the priests and people see:
A snake of size immense ascends a tree.
And in the leafy summit spied a nest,
Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow press'd.
Eight were the birds unfledged; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care; but still in view: 21
Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood;
Then seized the fluttering dam, and drank her blood.

This dire ostent the fearful people view;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew 25
What Heaven decreed: and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance:
O Argives, we shall conquer; Troy is ours,
But long delays shall first afflict our powers:
Nine years of labour the nine birds portend; 30
The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.
The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held:
But as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone: 34
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.
Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd;
Slack were their sails; and Neptune disobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town should be destroy'd,
Whose building had his hands divine employ'd:
Not so the seer; who knew, and known foreshow'd, 40
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Must first be reconciled; the common cause
Prevail'd; and pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array'd;
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd: 46
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended Power, who caused their woe,
Relenting ceased her wrath; and stopp'd the coming blow.
A mist before the ministers she cast; 50
And, in the virgin's room, a hind she placed.
The oblation slain, and Phœbe reconciled,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smiled:
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desired the Grecian galleys bore.
Full in the midst of this created space, 56
Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a place
Confining on all three; with triple bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating sound. 60
The palace of loud Fame; her seat of power;
Placed on the summit of a lofty tower.
A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made; 65
Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day. 70
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease;
Confused, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from the insulted shore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far, 75
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.

Ver. 67. *'Tis built*] The following lines are some of Dryden's happiest alliterations, consisting of letters thrice repeated:

> And shot her venom'd vipers in her veins—
> The breast beneath his fingers bent—
> 'Tis built of brass the better to diffuse—
> Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way.

The first of these lines reminds me of the following one in Lucretius:

> "Verbera ventorum vitare———"

With a repetition of an uncommon consonant. Dr. J. Warton.

The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds, or issuing forth, or entering in:
A thoroughfare of news: where some devise
Things never heard; some mingle truth with lies
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there; with added train
Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near;
And rumours raised, and murmurs mix'd, a panic fear.
Fame sits aloft; and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above; enquiring around.
The goddess gives the alarm; and soon known
The Grecian fleet, descending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand,
Which with expence of blood the Grecians won
And proved the strength unknown of Priam's son.
And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt
From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcases, and stain'd with gore
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain;
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where'er he fought
Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he sought
Cygnus he found; on him his force essay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-maned steeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle stroke;
Then urged his fiery chariot on the foe:
And rising shook his lance, in act to throw.
But first he cried, O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Pelides' spear.
The lance pursued the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,
But pierced his cuirass, with such fury sent;
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune: Goddess-born,
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;
This helm, and heavy buckler, I can spare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed
Than from a daughter of the sea to spring:
Thy sire is mortal; mine is ocean's king.
Secure of death, I should contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impassible depart:
He said, and threw; the trembling weapon pass'd
Through nine bull-hides, each under other placed,
On his broad shield, and stuck within the last.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and sent again
The hostile gift: the hostile gift was vain.
He tried a third, a tough well-chosen spear;
The inviolable body stood sincere,
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But scornful offer'd his unshielded side.
Not otherwise the impatient hero fared,
Than as a bull, encompass'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars: provoked from far,
By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war:
They quit their ground; his bended horns elude
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursued.

to farther fight he would advance,
considering, and survey'd his lance.
' he wielded not a wooden spear
a point: he look'd, the point was there.
y hand, and this my lance, he said, 145
so many thousand foes are dead.
ıer is their usual virtue fled!
nce; and the Lyrnessian wall,
ıdos confess'd it in their fall. 150
ıns, Caïcus, roll'd a crimson flood;
bes ran red with her own natives' blood.
lephus employ'd their piercing steel,
l him first, and afterward to heal.
ır of this arm was never vain: 155
my wonted prowess I retain,
hese heaps of slaughter on the plain.
ınd, doubtful of his former deeds,
new trial of his force proceeds.
Menætes from among the rest; 160
ıe lanched his spear, and pierced his
east:
ırd earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
ıupine; and forth the spirit fled.
ıus the hero: Neither can I blame
, or javelin; both are still the same. 165
I will employ against this foe;
but with the same success to throw.
the chief; and while he spoke he threw;
ıon with unerring fury flew;
t shoulder aim'd: nor entrance found;
, as from a rock, with swift rebound 170
return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
ith false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.
here was none; the blood that was in
ew,
e before from slain Menætes drew. 175
ıg he leaps from off his lofty car,
lose fight on foot renews the war.
ith high disdain repeats his blows;
d nor armour can their force oppose;
tlets of his buckler strew the ground, 180
efence in his bored arms is found.
is flesh no wound or blood is seen;
d itself is blunted on the skin.
ıin attempt the chief no longer bears;
d his hollow temples and his ears 185
ler beats; the son of Neptune, stunn'd
se repeated buffets, quits his ground;
sweat succeeds, and shades of night;
nature swims before his sight:
lting victor presses on the more, 190
ds the steps the vanquish'd trod before,
nor respite gives. A stone there lay
is trembling foe, and stopp'd his way:
took the advantage which he found,
'd, and push'd him backward on the
ound. 195
ler held him under, while he press'd,
h his knees above, his panting breast:
his helm: about his chin the twist
and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.
ager haste he went to strip the dead; 200
uish'd body from his arms was fled.
ɔd sire, to immortalise his fame,
'd it to the bird that bears his name.
e succeeds the labours of this day,
s suspended with a long delay. 205
ɔjan walls are kept with watch and ward;
eks before their trenches mount the
ard.

The feast approach'd; when to the blue-eyed maid
His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid. 210
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
And to the gods the grateful odour flew:
Heaven had its part in sacrifice: the rest
Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast.
The chief invited guests were set around: 215
And, hunger first assuaged, the bowls were crown'd,
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours drown'd.
The mellow harp did not their ears employ:
And mute was all the warlike symphony.
Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight, 220
And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night.
The subject, deeds of arms; and valour shown,
Or on the Trojan side, or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame achieved,
They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns relieved. 225
What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well?
The last great act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,
Did most the martial audience entertain:
Wondering to find a body, free by fate 230
From steel, and which could ev'n that steel rebate:
Amazed, their admiration they renew;
And scarce Pelides could believe it true.
Then Nestor, thus: What once this age has known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone, 235
These eyes have seen in Cæneus long before,
Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage, and in strength, excell'd,
And still his Othrys with his fame is fill'd:
But what did most his martial deeds adorn, 240
(Though since he changed his sex) a woman born.
A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
His listening audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common suit;
O father, first for prudence in repute, 245
Tell, with that eloquence, so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus known:
What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal strife 250
The youth, without a wound, could lose his life?
Neleides then: Though tardy age, and time,
Have shrunk my sinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more. 255
Of all that arms achieved, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind
Than aught beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.
'Twas in my second century, I survey'd 260
Young Cænis, then a fair Thessalian maid:
Cænis the bright was born to high command;
A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflamed. 265
Peleus, thy sire, perhaps had sought her bed,
Among the rest; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promise tied;
But she to him, and all, alike her love denied.
It was her fortune once, to take her way 270
Along the sandy margin of the sea:
The Power of ocean view'd her as she pass'd,

And, loved as soon as seen, by force embraced.
So fame reports. Her virgin treasure seized,
And his new joys the ravisher so pleased, 275
That thus, transported, to the nymph he cried;
Ask what thou wilt, no prayer shall be denied.
This also fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a god could bear,
This answer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompense, of right, belongs. 280
Give me no more to suffer such a shame;
But change the woman for a better name;
One gift for all: she said; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took. 285
A man she was: and as the godhead swore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
To this the lover adds, without request,
No force of steel should violate his breast.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes; 290
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.
Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's son,
The love of fair Hippodame had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half-men, half-beast,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast: 295
In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'ershade.
They sat: and, summon'd by the bridegroom, came,
To mix with those, the Lapithæan name:
Nor wanted I: the roofs with joy resound: 300
And Hymen, Iō Hymen, rung around,
Raised altars shone with holy fires; the bride,
Lovely herself (and lovely by her side
A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace,)
Came glittering like a star, and took her place: 305
Her heavenly form beheld, all wish'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain their wishes all employ.
For one, most brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fired his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes 310
The bride; at once resolved to make his prize.
Down went the board; and fastening on her hair,
He seized with sudden force the frighted fair.
'Twas Eurytus began: his bestial kind
His crime pursued; and each as pleased his mind, 315
Or her, whom chance presented, took: the feast
An image of a taken town express'd.
The cave resounds with female shrieks; we rise,
Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprise:
And Theseus first: What frenzy has possess'd, 320
O Eurytus, he cried, thy brutal breast,
To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?
To justify his threat, he thrusts aside
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride. 325
The monster nought replied: for words were vain;
And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain:
But answers with his hand; and forward press'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.
An ample goblet stood, of antique mould, 330
And rough with figures of the rising gold;
The hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in air,
Full at the front of the foul ravisher:
He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled *blood*. 335
Half-roaring, and half-neighing through the hall,
Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call;
To wreak their brother's death: a medley flight
Of bowls and jars, at first, supply the fight,
Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate; 340
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.
Bold Amycus, from the robb'd vestry, brings
The chalices of heaven, and holy things
Of precious weight: a sconce, that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd, to light the sacristy, 345
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell, and left
His face of feature and of form bereft:
So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks, 350
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground;
His nose dismantled in his mouth is found,
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd wound
This, Belates, the avenger, could not brook; 355
But, by the foot, a maple-board he took,
And hurl'd at Amycus; his chin is bent
Against his chest, and down the Centaur sent;
Whom sputtering bloody teeth, the second blow
Of his drawn sword dispatch'd to shades below. 360
Grineus was near; and cast a furious look
On the side-altar, censed with sacred smoke,
And bright with flaming fires: The gods, he cried,
Have with their holy trade our hands supplied:
Why use we not their gifts? Then from the floor
An altar-stone he heaved, with all the load it bore: 365
Altar and altar's freight together flew
Where thickest throng'd the Lapithæan crew;
And, at once, Broteas and Oryus slew:
Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known 370
Down from her sphere to draw the labouring moon.
Exadius cried, Unpunish'd shall not go
This fact, if arms are found against the foe.
He look'd about, where on a pine were spread
The votive horns of a stag's branching head; 375
At Grineus these he throws: so just they fly,
That the sharp antlers stuck in either eye:
Breathless and blind he fell; with blood besmear'd,
His eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on his beard.
Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth, a burning brand 380
Selects, and whirling waves; till, from his hand,
The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the right,
On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight:
The whistling pest came on, and pierced the bone,
And caught the yellow hair, that shrivell'd while it shone; 385
Caught, like dry stubble fired, or like sere-wood;
Yet from the wound ensued no purple flood;
But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood.
His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound,
And hiss'd, like red-hot iron within the smithy drown'd. 390
The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
He heaves the threshold-stone; but could not throw;
The weight itself forbad the threaten'd blow;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
Full on Cometes' head, and crush'd his crown. 395
Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy, but said,
So by their fellows may our foes be sped,
Then with redoubled strokes he plies his head:

g lever not deludes his pains, 400
the batter'd skull within the brains.
h'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
ryas, Corythus, pursued:
thus, with downy cheeks, he slew;
when fierce Evagrus had in view, 405
What palm is from a beardless prey?
vents what more he had to say;
within his mouth the fiery death,
r'd hissing in, and choked his breath.
ext he flew; but weary chance 410
would the same success advance.
e whirl'd in fiery circles round
a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas found;
shoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
n stuck, which roaring out with pain
nor longer durst the fight maintain, 416
his back for fear, and fled amain.
led Orneus, with like dread possess'd;
nd Medon, wounded in the breast,
eros, in the late race renown'd, 420
ng ran, and tardy with his wound.
Melaneus from fight withdrew,
maim'd, who boars encountering slew:
Astylos, whose art in vain
dissuaded the four-footed train, 425
he hoof with Nessus on the plain;
fellow cried, Be safely slow,
deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.
e strong Dryas urged his chance so
,
las, Areos, Imbreus fell; 430
one, and fighting face to face:
d, to fall with more disgrace:
while he look'd behind, he bore,
nose and front, the blow before.
oise and tumult of the fray, 435
d drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
the bowl within his hand he kept,
ear's rough hide securely slept.
as with his flying dart transfix'd:
ext draught with Stygian waters mix'd,
thy fill, the insulting victor cried; 441
with death unfelt, the Centaur died:
vomit, as he breathed his soul,
is throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.
træus' arms employ'd around 445
wn oak, to root it from the ground.
nd that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands,
was like a sapling in his hands,
bey'd the bent: while thus he stood,
dart drove on, and nail'd him to the
d. 450
Chromys fell, by him oppress'd:
l Dictys added to the rest
alm: Helops, through either ear
received the penetrating spear.
s saw; and seized with sudden fright, 455
llong from the hill of steepy height;
'd an ash beneath, that could not bear
weight.
r'd tree receives his fall, and strikes,
full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd spikes.
areus had heaved a mighty stone, 460
ent of a rock, and would have thrown;
is, with a club of harden'd oak,
one of the bold Centaur broke;
im maim'd; nor seconded the stroke.
on tall Bianor's back; (who bore 465
burden but his own, before.)
Press'd with his knees his sides; the double man,
His speed with spurs increased, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks;
His other plied him with repeated strokes. 470
The club hung round his ears, and batter'd brows;
He falls, and lashing up his heels, his rider throws.
The same Herculean arms Nedymnus wound;
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippasus, whose beard his breast invades; 475
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland shades:
And Tereus, used with mountain bears to strive;
And from their dens to draw the indignant beasts alive.
Demoleon could not bear this hateful sight,
Or the long fortune of the Athenian knight; 480
But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root stuck fast; the broken trunk he sent
At Theseus: Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside, by Pallas warn'd, the blow 485
To shun: (for so he said; and we believed it so.)
Yet not in vain the enormous weight was cast;
Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist.
Thy father's squire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom, conquer'd in the Dolopeian war, 490
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implored, to Peleus sent.
Thy sire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cried, Not long, loved Crantor, shalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge. At once he said, and threw
His ashen-spear, which quiver'd as it flew, 496
With all his force and all his soul applied;
The sharp point enter'd in the Centaur's side:
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the steel behind.
Stuck in his lungs it stood: enraged he rears 501
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
His head; his other hand the lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the dust, 505
He sped the Centaur with one single thrust.
Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
And two his sword had slain in closer war.
To these was added Dorylas: who spread
A bull's two goring horns around his head. 51
With these he push'd; in blood already dyed:
Him, fearless, I approach'd, and thus defied:
Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear,
Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.
At this, I threw: for want of other ward, 515
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it pass'd, and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,
Which through the navel pierced: he reel'd around, 520
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground:
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he crush'd:
And to his mother-earth, with empty belly, rush'd.
Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreshow
Thy fate; (if form to monsters men allow:) 525
Just bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look: thy shapes in every part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art:

As far as man extended: where began
The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
Add but a horse's head and neck, and he,
O Castor, was a courser worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the seat;
So rose his brawny chest; so swiftly moved his feet.
Coal-black his colour, but like jet it shone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Beloved by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome possess'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confessing love.
For him she dress'd; for him with female care
She comb'd, and set in curls, her auburn hair.
Of roses, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegasæan fount,
And in the streams that from the fountain play,
She wash'd her face, and bathed her twice a day.
The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
Was ermine, or the panther's spotted pride;
Spoils of no common beast: with equal flame
They loved: their sylvan pleasures were the same:
All day they hunted; and when day expired,
Together to some shady cave retired.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:
And, side by side, they both engage in war.
Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was sent, which pierced his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with staggering steps, and seeks the ground:
The fair within her arms received his fall,
And strove his wandering spirits to recal:
And while her hand the streaming blood opposed,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she closed.
Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries:
At least her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my stunn'd ears received no vocal sound.
In madness of her grief, she seized the dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare bosom the sharp point applied,
And wounded fell; and falling by his side,
Embraced him in her arms, and thus embracing died.
Ev'n still, methinks, I see Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.
Six lions' hides, with thongs together fast,
His upper part defended to his waist;
And where man ended, the continued vest,
Spread on his back, the houss and trappings of a beast.
A stump too heavy for a team to draw,
(It seems a fable, though the fact I saw;)
He threw at Pholon; the descending blow
Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from nose and mouth, and either ear,
Came issuing out, as through a cullender
The curdled milk: or from the press the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.
But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
Pierced through the paunch, I tumbled on the *plain.*
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I slew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw:
The javelin wounded me; (behold the scar.)
Then was my time to seek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at least a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphantes how Pyretus fell;
The Centaur by the knight: nor will I stay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:
What honour, with a pointless lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopsus not alone divined,
Whose valour equall'd his foreseeing mind.
Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their band:
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus;
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.
Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race,
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace,
In years retaining still his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interspersed with white,
Betwixt the embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty boast:
And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame!
For Cænis still, not Cæneus is thy name:
And still the native softness of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
To change thy sex: to make thee not a maid:
And but a man in show: go, card and spin;
And leave the business of the war to men.
While thus the boaster exercised his pride,
The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side:
Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether beast and upper man.
The monster mad with rage, and stung with smart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It strook; but bounded from his harden'd breast,
Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest;
Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
Than a small pebble falling on a drum.
He next his fauchion tried, in closer fight;
But the keen fauchion had no power to bite.
He thrust; the blunted point return'd again:
Since downright blows, he cried, and thrusts are vain,
I 'll prove his side: in strong embraces held,
He proved his side; his side the sword repell'd:
His hollow belly echoed to the stroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers broke.
The impassive knight stood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side:
At length, Now, monster, in thy turn, he cried,
Try thou the strength of Cæneus: at the word
He thrust; and in his shoulder plunged the sword.
Then writhed his hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one

ıtaurs saw, enraged, the unhoped success;
ing on, in crowds, together press;
nd him alone, their darts they threw:
they from his fated body flew. 660
hey stood; till Monychus began:
a nation conquer'd by a man!
-man; yet more a man is he,
ur race; and what he was, are we.
t avail our nerves? the united force, 665
e strongest creatures, man and horse?
ess-born, nor of Ixion's seed
; (a lover built for Juno' bed;)
by this half man. Whole mountains
ow
ds at once, and bury him below. 670
way remains. Nor need we doubt
he soul within, though not to force it out.
ghts, instead of wounds. He chanced to
uthern storms had rooted up a tree;
ed from earth, against the foe he
ew; 675
ple shown, his fellow-brutes pursue.
st-loads the warrior they invade;
d Pelion soon were void of shade;
ading groves were naked mountains
de.
th the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
is shoulders bears the wooden death. 681
the intolerable weight he tries;
it rose above his mouth and eyes;
e heaves: and struggling with despair,
l aside, and gains a gulp of air: 685
lief, which but prolongs his pain;
by fits; and then respires again:
e burden only nods above,
an earthquake stirs the Idæan grove.
his death: he suffocated seem'd 690
but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd:
he saw a yellow bird arise
the pile, and cleave the liquid skies:
o, with golden feathers bright,
efore beheld so strange a sight. 695
opsus viewing, as it soar'd around
, and heard the pinions' rattling sound,
e cried, thy country's grace and love;
of men below, now first of birds above.
r to the story gave belief: 700
r courage was increased by grief:
to see a single man, pursued
s, to sink beneath a multitude:
d the foe, and forced to shameful fight;
and part escaped by favour of the night.
e, by Nestor told, did much displease 705
us, the seed of Hercules:
he had heard his father say,
imself was present at the fray;
than shared the glories of the day. 710
ronicle, he said, among the rest,
t have named Alcides at the least:
worth your praise? The Pylian prince
he spoke; then made this proud defence.
r woes, in long oblivion drown'd, 715
ave lost; but you renew the wound:
pass him o'er, than to relate
I have your mighty sire to hate.
has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky;
h, I wish, with truth, I could deny!) 720
not Hector; though his name, we know,
arms; 'tis hard to praise a foe.

He, your great father, levell'd to the ground
Messenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylus; that, a neighbouring state, 725
And this, my own: both guiltless of their fate.
To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew,
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promise, had they lived;
By him they perish'd: I alone survived. 730
The rest were easy conquest: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.
To him our common grandsire of the main
Had given to change his form, and, changed, resume again.
Varied at pleasure, every shape he tried; 735
And in all beasts Alcides still defied:
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above;
Changed to the bird that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new dissembled eagle, now endued
With beak and pounces, Hercules pursued, 740
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, safe retired, and tower'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe:
But bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood; 745
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the sinew hung
The point; and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight sustain: 750
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupplied
Hung drooping down; nor poised his other side.
He fell: the shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increased,
Drove through his neck, aslant; he spurns the ground, 755
And the soul issues through the weazen's wound,
Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
What praise is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my slain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee. 760
Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke:
Then to full bowls each other they provoke:
At length with weariness and wine oppress'd,
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.
The sire of Cygnus, monarch of the main, 765
Meantime, laments his son in battle slain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore;
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before:)
Then when he saw the promised hour was near, 770
He thus bespoke the god, that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise the wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall; 775
Dost thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain;
And the defenders of our city slain?
To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
Unpitied, dragg'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murderer lives: himself by far 780
A greater plague than all the wasteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost!
Oh, could I meet him! But I wish too late,
To prove my trident is not in his fate. 785
But let him try (for that 's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.

Apollo bows to the superior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then, in a cloud involved, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the god confess'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus address'd:
Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim: and, with one arrow, end the war.
He said; and show'd from far the blazing shield
And sword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he moved a god, and mow'd the standing field.
The deity himself directs aright
The envenom'd shaft; and wings the fatal flight.
Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name;
And he, the base adulterer, boasts the fame.
A spectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And please old Priam, after Hector sla...
If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been
The lance and double axe of the fair warrior queen.
And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
High on a pile, the unconquer'd chief is placed:
The god, that arm'd him first, consumed at last.
Of all the mighty man, the small remains
A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives;
And, equal to himself, himself survives.
His buckler owns its former lord; and brings
New cause of strife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthiest, after him, his sword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.
Ev'n Diomede sat mute, with downcast eyes;
Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus presumed these arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose: Läertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cherish'd each with equal love,
And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determined by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cause.

THE SPEECHES OF

AJAX AND ULYSSES.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.*

The chiefs were set, the soldiers crown'd the field:
To these the master of the seven-fold shield
Upstarted fierce: and kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian galleys haled aground.
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove, he crie
Must then our cause before the fleet be tried?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled, that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flami prey.
So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish, than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit.
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see;
The sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less.
That gift, those honours, he but hoped to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were mine own valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My sire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd;
And who before, with Jason, sent from Greece,
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (the inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below; where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy stone,)
Just Æacus the king of gods above
Begot; thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock, and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed.
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:
Forced to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare,
(Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he, who shunn'd all honours, gain the best;
And let me stand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd in fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,

* The Metamorphoses (as well as the Fasti of Ovid) have preserved, it must be owned, many curious particulars of ancient history, philosophy, and mythology. For Ovid was a great and learned antiquarian, which, from the levity and sportiveness of some of his poems, one would not suspect. An old French translator of Ovid, Thomas Va... called the Metamorphoses the Bible of the poets: his work was printed at Paris, in black letter, 1523. The Abbé Panier published a magnificent edition in 4to. 4 vols. 17.. with historical and mythological illustrations.—Bo... made a kind of travestie of Ovid in Rondeaux, pri... 4to. with beautiful sculptures. The Abbé Bellegarde lated at the same time Ovid's Metamorphoses, a... pious Thomas à Kempis. Perhaps he was ordered confessor to undertake the latter work as an act of p... as Dryden was ordered by his confessor to write th... and Panther, as an expiation for having written the t... Friar. Dr. Joseph Warton.

ved; the less had been our shame,
is counsell'd crime, which brands the
cian name;
tetes had been left inclosed
sle, to wants and pains exposed,
the rocks, with solitary groans, 65
ngs and our baseness he bemoans;
s (so may Heaven his wish fulfil)
ward to him who caused his ill.
ith us to Troy's destruction sworn,
r of the war, by whom are borne 70
rows, pent in narrow bounds,
and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with
nds,
n food and clothing, must employ
e birds the shafts due to the fate of
y.
lives, and lives from treason free, 75
left Ulysses' company:
nede might wish, so void of aid
have been left, than so to death
ay'd.
d bore the man immortal spite,
ed him out of madness into fight: 80
otherwise to vent his hate,
m first of treason to the state;
for proof, produced the golden store
d hidden in his tent before:
o champions he deprived our host, 85
ne, and one by treason lost.
s Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
ble man, but to his friends:
what greatness is in words and sound:
ful Nestor less in both is found: 90
e might without a rival reign,
faithful Nestor on the plain;
is friend ev'n at his utmost need,
and tardy, with his wounded steed,
for aid, and call'd him by his name; 95
dice has neither ears nor shame:
the good old man, bereft of aid,
s much as lay in him, betray'd.
s not a fable forged by me,
f his, an Ulyssean lie, 100
'n Diomede, who, though his friend,
t act excuse, much less defend:
im back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
enough he heard, but durst not hear.
s with equal eyes on mortals look; 105
was forsaken, who forsook:
at succour he refused to lend,
ry fellow such another friend:
r, if he roar'd that all might hear,
ion was increased by fear: 110
ran, I found him out of breath,
bling, and half dead with fear of
th.
had judged himself by his own laws,
d condemn'd, I help'd the common
se:
road buckler hid him from the foe; 115
shield trembled as he lay below;)
impending fate the coward freed:
en forgive me for so bad a deed!
will persist, and urge the strife,
im give me back his forfeit life; 120
turn to that opprobrious field:
p under my protecting shield:
e wounded, let the foe be near,
s quivering heart confess his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate; 125
And let him plead his cause in that estate:
And yet, when snatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted shield I loosed, and let him go,
Good heavens, how light he rose, with what a bound
He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound: 130
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the gods along;
Fear seized alike the feeble and the strong:
Each Greek was an Ulysses; such a dread 135
Th'approach, and ev'n the sound, of Hector bred:
Him, flesh'd with slaughter, and with conquest crown'd,
I met, and overturn'd him to the ground.
When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,
He challenged all our host to single fight, 140
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown
But for your champion I was wish'd alone:
Your vows were heard, we fought, and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' insulting Trojan came, 145
And menaced us with force, our fleet with flame:
Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour, that saved you from the sword;
Or was my breast exposed alone, to brave
A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save? 150
The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a saved fleet, less than a single shield?
Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem
These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
Or, I with them an equal honour share; 155
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his flight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign:
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain 160
Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain;
A priest made prisoner, Pallas made a prey:
But none of all these actions done by day:
Nor aught of these was done, and Diomede away.
If on such petty merits you confer 165
So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
Make a just dividend: and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.
But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
Who naked and by night invades his foes? 170
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance; 175
Much less the left that ampler shield advance;
Ponderous with precious weight, and rough with cost
Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he stole the shield; 180
Which should your error on the wretch bestow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why asks he what avails him not in fight,
And world but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is placed? 185
You give him death, that intercept his haste.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-shield,
Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field,

Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bored,
Worn out of service, must forsake his lord. 190
What farther need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds; let action speak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then send us to redeem both arms and shield, 195
And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.
He said: a murmur from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensued:
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down awhile, and paused ere he begun; 200
Then to the expecting audience raised his look,
And not without prepared attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
If heaven, my lords, had heard our common prayer, 205
These arms had caused no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd.
But since hard fate, and heaven's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me, 210
(At this he sigh'd, and wiped his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew,)
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he 215
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which heaven to him denies:
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd: 220
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been used in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime, where nature made it none; 225
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long-descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine; 230
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My sire Laertes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter:
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known 235
In all my line: let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the gods allied;
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert, 240
Or that my sire from parricide is free,
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the best; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name, 245
To fortify by them his feeble claim;
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause by laws of honour tried:
For, if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood. 250
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield.
And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he 254
Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.
Then, since the cause on pure desert is placed,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
I not presume on every act to dwell,
But take these few, in order as they fell. 259
Thetis, who knew the fates, applied her care
To keep Achilles in disguise from war;
And till the threatening influence were past,
A woman's habit on the hero cast:
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest, 264
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not discover'd by her mien or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice; 269
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
O goddess-born! resist not heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserved for thee; 275
Then seized him, and, produced in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cured: to me the Thebans owe, 280
Lesbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla: not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnesus and strong Chrysa fell:
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due: 285
Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.
When Greece was injured in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge the offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd: 290
Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas. 295
Affection, interest, fame, his heart assail'd;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
As angry with the gods, as they with him.
No subject could sustain their sovereign's look, 300
Till this hard enterprise I undertook:
I only durst th' imperial power control,
And undermined the parent in his soul;
Forced him to exert the king for common good,
And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood. 305
Never was cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge against himself decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injured brother underwent,
And his own office, shamed him to consent. 310
'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy task was I design'd:
Reasons against her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails 315
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.
Arrived at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
Glittering with steel, and crowded with resort: 320
There, in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,
Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.

ıtenor, and the wiser few, 325
but Paris and his lawless crew
ld their hands, and lifted swords: but
od
quench their impious thirst of blood:
elaus knows; exposed to share
the rough preludium of the war. 330
s it were to tell what I have done,
or counsel, since the siege begun.
encounters past, the foe repell'd,
lk'd within the town, we kept the field.
f'd asleep for nine long years; at length,
es resolved to push, we tried our
rength. 335
t did Ajax while our arms took breath,
nly in the gross mechanic trade of
ath?
quire my deeds, with ambush'd arms
the foe, or tired with false alarms; 340
he ships, drew lines along the plain,
ing cheer'd, chastised the rebel train,
forage, our spent arms renew'd;
at home, or sent abroad, the common
use pursued.
ng, deluded in a dream by Jove, 345
to take the town, and order'd to remove.
ject durst arraign the power supreme,
g Jove to justify his dream?
ht wish the soldiers to retain
meful flight, but wishes were in vain;
ng of effect had been his words, 351
f course his thundering tongue affords.
his boaster threaten, did he pray,
own example urge their stay?
ne of these, but ran himself away. 355
a run, and was ashamed to see;
d his feet so fast to get aboard as he?
eding through the place, I made a stand,
ly cried, O base degenerate band,
a town already in your hand! 360
long expense of blood, for fame,
home nothing but perpetual shame!
rds, or what I have forgotten since,
f inspired me then with eloquence)
their minds; they leave the crowded
rt, 365
ıeir late forsaken camp resort;
the council met: this man was there,
, and not recover'd of his fear:
tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
ride opening mouth with blows I seal'd.
ing, I excite their souls to fame, 371
le sleeping virtue into flame;
nce, whatever he perform'd in fight
mine, who drew him back from flight.
of the Grecian chiefs consorts with
ee? 375
ıede desires my company,
communicates his praise with me.
l by a god, secure he goes,
ith my fellowship, amid the foes:
no little merit I may boast, 380
ıch a man selects from such an host;
by lots I went without affright,
vith him the dangers of the night:
ıme errand sent, we met the spy
r, double-tongued, and used to lie; 385
spatch'd, but not till, undermined,
ım first to tell what treacherous Troy
sign'd:

My task perform'd, with praise I had retired,
But not content with this, to greater praise
aspired;
Invaded Rhœsus, and his Thracian crew, 390
And him, and his, in their own strength, I slew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat:
Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds
Were promised to the spy for his nocturnal
deeds: 395
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days outbalance this one night.
Nor fought I darkling still: the sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the
field:
You saw, and counted as I pass'd along, 400
Alastor, Cromius, Ceranos the strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Chersidamas; and five beside,
Men of obscure descent, but courage tried: 405
All these this hand laid breathless on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honest, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see.
At this he bared his breast, and show'd his
scars, 410
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercised, said he;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his shield, he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I: 415
But this avails me not; our boaster strove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To save the fleet: this I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any man his due);
But thus assuming all, he robs from you. 420
Some part of honour to your share will fall;
He did the best indeed, but did not all.
Patroclus in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he seem'd, with equal ardour fought;
Preserved the fleet, repell'd the raging fire, 425
And forced the fearful Trojans to retire.
But Ajax boasts that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat sought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he; 430
He but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boast th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.
Why am I forced to name that fatal day, 435
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave soul was fled: full of my friend,
I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend: 440
Nor ceased my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Those arms, which on these shoulders then I
bore,
'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
You see I want not nerves, who could sustain 445
The ponderous ruins of so great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endued with a more grateful mind.
Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
These arms thus labour'd for her son prepare, 450
That Ajax after him the heavenly gift should
wear?

Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bored,
Worn out of service, must forsake his lord. 190
What farther need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds; let action speak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then send us to redeem both arms and shield, 195
And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.
He said: a murmur from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensued:
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down awhile, and paused ere he begun; 200
Then to the expecting audience raised his look,
And not without prepared attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
If heaven, my lords, had heard our common prayer, 205
These arms had caused no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd.
But since hard fate, and heaven's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me, 210
(At this he sigh'd, and wiped his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew,)
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he 215
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which heaven to him denies:
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd: 220
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been used in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime, where nature made it none; 225
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long-descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine; 230
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My sire Laertes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter:
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known 235
In all my line: let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the gods allied;
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert, 240
Or that my sire from parricide is free,
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the best; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name, 245
To fortify by them his feeble claim;
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause by laws of honour tried:
For, if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood. 250
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield·

And Teucer has
Waves his prete
Then, since th
Whence shall I
I not presume o
But take these f
Thetis, who k
To keep Achille
And till the thr
A woman's habi
All eyes were co
And Ajax (neve
Found no Pelid
With proffer'd v
She, not discov
Betray'd her ma
And while on fe
Grasp'd in her v
Whom, by this
O goddess-born
The fall of Iliun
Then seized hin
Sent blushing t
Mine then are a
Great Telephus
And after cured
Lesbos and Ten
Scyros and Cyll
By me Lyrnesu
And since I sen
To me the nobl
Those arms I p
Those arms, Pe
When Greece
And met at Aul
'Twas a dead ca
And in the port
Bad signs were
Were daily thu
That by his dau
Diana's kindled
Affection, inter
But soon the fa
Bold, on himsel
As angry with t
No subject coul
Till this hard e
I only durst th
And undermine
Forced him to
And pay our ra
Never was caus
Than where th
Yet this I won
The wrongs hi
And his own
'Twas har
And to this
Reasons aga
I circumven
Had Ajax b
Had still at
Arrived a
A fearless e
Secure, I
Glitterin
There, i
Urge th
Accuse
Reproa

air, and ocean rung with loud applause,
he general vote he gain'd his cause.
duct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
uence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE DEATH OF AJAX.

o could often, and alone, withstand
the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
not his unmaster'd grief sustain,
s to rage, to madness, and disdain;
tching out his fauchion, Thou, said he,
; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
ried, and ever trusty sword,
thy last kind office to thy lord:
who requests thy aid, to show
t himself, himself could overthrow.
and with so good a will to die
s breast the fatal point apply,
his heart, a way till then unknown,
ever weapon enter'd but his own:
s could force it thence, so fix'd it stood,
it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting
ood.
ful blood produced a flower, which grew
n stem, and of a purple hue:
whom unaware Apollo slew.
in both, the letters are the same;
express the grief, and these the name.

THE STORY OF

'OLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

lovely youth, whose loss I mourn,
unus and the nymph Symethis born,
his parents' pleasure; but to me
hat love could make a lover be.
s our minds in mutual bands did join:
only joy, and he was mine.
een summers the sweet youth had seen;
btful down began to shade his chin;
lyphemus first disturb'd our joy,
d me fiercely as I loved the boy.
which passion in my soul was higher,
version, or my first desire:
the greater was, nor that the less;
e alike, for both were in excess.
nus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
thy power, and boundless is thy sway.
lops, who defied th' ethereal throne,
ght no thunder louder than his own,
or of the woods, and wilder far
lves in plains, or bears in forests are,
man host, who made his bloody feasts
led members of his butcher'd guests,
he force of love, and fierce desire,
d for me with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Assumed the softness of a lover's air;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks,
And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks;
Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
His simagres, and rolls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost,
And ships securely sail along the coast.
The prophet Telemus (arrived by chance
Where Ætna's summits to the seas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of every bird that flew,
And sure presages from their flying drew,)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.
The giant, with a scornful grin, replied,
Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesied;
Already Love his flaming brand has toss'd;
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy steps; and, weary, sought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas:
On either side, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant-lover chose;
Here on the midst he sate; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships required it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide:
But laid it by, his whistle while he tried.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;
On Acis' bosom I my head reclined:
And still preserve the poem in my mind.
O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are;
More flowery than the meads; as crystal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin
Than orient shells, that on the shores are seen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleasing as winter suns, or summer shade:
More grateful to the sight than goodly plains;
And softer to the touch than down of swans,
Or curds new turn'd; and sweeter to the taste
Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste:
More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray
Through garden plots, but, ah! more swift than they.
Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke:
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak:
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold;
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fix'd in thy disdain:
Rough as these rocks, and of a harder grain:
More violent than is the rising flood;
And the praised peacock is not half so proud:
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
And more outrageous than a mother-bear:
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a trodden snake

In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind, 95
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.
Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wish'd embraces run: 100
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay;
And much repent of your unwise delay.
My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand; a spacious pleasing shade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold, 105
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue:
And these, and those, are all reserved for you.
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand, 110
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand;
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown: 115
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
And yours shall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside 120
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide;
And those that folded in the caves abide.
Ask not the numbers of my growing store;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me, 125
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight;
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry. 130
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly served
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserved.
Nor are these household dainties all my store:
The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar: 135
All sorts of venison; and of birds the best;
A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground;
So like, that no distinction could be seen; 140
So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
And so they shall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face; 146
I late beheld it in the watery glass,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering stature, and my size:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread: 152
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear 155
A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deform'd: what fouler sight can be
Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
Foul is the steed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers, and their train. 160
Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
Is nature's eye; and she's content with one.
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.
But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor;
The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
These giant limbs endued with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate shall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For, oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain
Augments at once my passion and my pain.
Translated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart.
Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confused his talk.
Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when forced to yield
His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.
Thus far unseen I saw: when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a sudden glance,
Acis and I were to his sight betray'd;
Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast:
I see, I see! but this shall be your last.
A roar so loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound.
Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled
And in the neighbouring ocean plunged my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he cried,
Help, Galatea! help, my parent gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes!
The Cyclops follow'd; but he sent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore.
Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To crush all Acis; 'twas too late to save,
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage should return;
And roll, among the river gods, his urn.
Straight issued from the stone a stream of blood:
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
The stone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclosed
A sound like water in its course opposed:
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood
Up starts a youth, and navel-high he stood.
Horns from his temples rise; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his stature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might pass:
And Acis changed into a stream he was.
But mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF THE

AGOREAN PHILOSOPHY;

FROM THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF

VID'S METAMORPHOSES.*

nth Book concludes with the death and deifi- Romulus; the Fifteenth begins with the elec- ma to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, owing the opinion of some authors, makes scholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun intance with that philosopher at Crotona, a aly; from thence he makes a digression to the natural philosophy of Pythagoras: on both author enlarges; and which are the most d beautiful parts of the Metamorphoses.

sought to guide the growing state,
o support the public weight,
e throne where Romulus had sate.
which oft bespeaks the public voice,
amended Numa to their choice: 5
, pious prince; who, not content
he Sabine rites, his study bent
te his mind: to learn the laws
and explore their hidden cause.
this care, his country he forsook, 10
otona thence his journey took.
e first inquired the founder's name
w colony, and whence he came.
a senior of the place replies,
, and curious of antiquities,) 15
Alcides hither took his way
n, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
ing in the fields his grazing cows,
himself some hospitable house.
on entertain'd his godlike guest; 20
repair'd his weary limbs with rest.
thence departing, bless'd the place;
he said, in Time's revolving race,
wn shall take its name from thee.
Time fulfill'd the prophecy: 25
los, the justest man on earth,
on, at Argos had his birth:
les, arm'd with his club of oak,
v'd in a dream, and thus bespoke:
hy native soil, and make abode 30
aris rolls down his rapid flood.
nd sleep forsook him, and the god.
he waked, and rose with anxious
t;
y laws forbade him to depart:
ld he do? 'Twas death to go away; 35
d menaced if he dared to stay:
doubted, and, when night came on,
the same forewarning dream, begun:
the god stood threatening o'er his
d;
d curses if he disobey'd. 40
n'd, he studied flight; but would con-

s person and his wealth away.
he linger'd, his design was heard;
rocess form'd, and death declared.

ingular circumstance, that neither *Lucretius* hed their philosophical poems. Ovid has not Pythagorean philosophy so well as Lucretius n. Dr. J. WARTON.

Witness there needed none of his offence, 45
Against himself the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd:
O Power, who has deserved in heaven a throne,
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own, 50
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.
A custom was of old, and still remains,
Which life or death by suffrages ordains;
White stones and black within an urn are cast; 55
The first absolve, but fate is in the last.
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the sable signs of death;
The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
The stones came candid forth, the hue of innocence. 60
Thus Alimonides his safety won,
Preserved from death by Alcumena's son:
Then to his kinsman god his vows he pays,
And cuts with prosperous gales th' Ionian seas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind, 65
And Thurine bays, and Temises, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that stand
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The mouth of Æsaris, and promised ground: 70
Then saw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood:
Here, by the god's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down 75
The sure tradition of th' Italian town.
Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but servile souls will wear: 80
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could move,
With strength of mind, and tread th' abyss above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Those upper depths, which Nature hid from sight:
And what he had observed, and learn'd from thence, 85
Loved in familiar language to dispense.
The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their god's command;
While he discoursed of heaven's mysterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cause; 90
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
What shook the steadfast earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove, 95
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above:
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his speech.
He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move. 100
O mortals! from your fellows' blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load:
While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice; 10

Nor tardier fruits of crûder kind are lost,
But tamed with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring; 110
While earth not only can your needs supply,
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please.
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren fill, 115
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browse, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom Heaven indued with principles of blood, 120
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feasts delight.
O impious use! to Nature's laws opposed, 125
Where bowels are in other bowels closed:
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother earth provides
The stores of all she shows, and all she hides, 130
If men with fleshy morsels must be fed,
And chew with bloody teeth the breathing bread:
What else is this but to devour our guests,
And barb'rously renew Cyclopean feasts!
We, by destroying life, our life sustain; 135
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.
Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove: 140
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and cursed be he)
That envied first our food's simplicity;
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began, 145
And after forged the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justified by Nature's laws, 150
And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power,
But not th' extended licence to devour.
Ill habits gather by unseen degrees, 155
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
Th' entrusted seed, was judged to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind, 160
Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that she died.
The goat came next in order, to be tried:
The goat had cropp'd the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join, 165
Where one has lost his profit, one his wine.
Here was, at least, some shadow of offence:
The sheep was sacrificed on no pretence,
But meek and unresisting innocence:
A patient, useful creature, born to bear 170
The warm and woolly fleece, that clothed her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies. 175
How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve!
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou destroy'st thy labouring steer, who till'd, 180
And plough'd with pains, thy else ungrateful field!
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
(That neck with which the surly clods he broke),
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began! 185
Nor this alone; but, heaven itself to bribe,
We to the gods our impious acts ascribe:
First recompense with death their creatures' toil,
Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil:
The fairest victim must the powers appease: 190
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
But understands not 'tis his doom he hears: 195
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast,
(The fruit and product of his labours past;)
And in the water views, perhaps, the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
Then, broken up alive, his entrails sees 200
Torn out, for priests to inspect the gods' decrees.
From whence, O mortal men! this gust of blood
Have you derived, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won: 205
And when you eat the well-deserving beast,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feast!
Now since the god inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring power, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty mysteries, 210
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
Pleased as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height 215
Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight:
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,
And, wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate. 220
Those I would teach; and by right reason bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass, 225
And fables of a world that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consumed by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats. 230
Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld 235
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former shield.
Then death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a varied vest:

hings are but alter'd, nothing dies;
and there th' unbodied spirit flies, 240
r force, or sickness dispossess'd,
s, where it lights, in man or beast;
without, till ready limbs it find,
ites those according to their kind;
ement to tenement is toss'd; 245
is still the same, the figure only lost:
e soften'd wax new seals receives,
assumes, and that impression leaves;
l by one, now by another name;
is only changed, the wax is still the
ne: 250
so call'd, can but the form deface,
rtal soul flies out in empty space,
er fortune in some other place.
t not piety be put to flight,
the taste of glutton appetite; 255
inmate souls secure to dwell,
their seats your parents you expel;
d hunger feed upon your kind,
beast dislodge a brother's mind.
ice, like Tiphys, parting from the shore,
seas I sail, and depths untried before, 261
e further add, that nature knows
ast station, but or ebbs or flows:
otion; she destroys her old,
new figures in another mould. 265
s are in perpetual flux; and run,
s from their fountain, rolling on;
no more than streams, is at a stay:
hour is ever on her way;
e fountain still supplies her store, 270
behind impels the wave before;
uccessive course the minutes run,
their predecessor minutes on,
ng, ever new: for former things
ide, like abdicated kings: 275
y moment alters what is done,
vates some act till then unknown.
ss, we see, emerges into light,
ing suns descend to sable night;
en itself receives another dye, 280
aried animals in slumbers lie
ht ease; another, when the grey
preludes the splendour of the day.
of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
t first but as a bloodshot eye; 285
n his chariot downward drives to bed,
s with the same suffusion red;
ted high in his meridian race
t he shines, and with a better face:
pure particles of ether flow, 290
th' infection of the world below.
ual light th' unequal moon adorns,
waxing or her waning horns;
day she wanes, her face is less,
ering into globe, she fattens at increase.
'st thou not the process of the year, 296
four seasons in four forms appear,
ng human life in every shape they wear?
st, like infancy, shoots out her head,
ky juice requiring to be fed: 300
though fresh, and wanting to be led.
stem grows in stature and in size,
feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flowerets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around, 305
But no substantial nourishment receives;
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in men, is most replete 310
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.
Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey. 315
Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His scalp, if not dishonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare.
Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive, 320
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were:
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.
Time was when we were sow'd, and just began,
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a man; 325
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to shape the soft coagulated mass;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throes begin to come, 330
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
His stifled breath, and draw the living air;
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries. 335
He next essays to walk, but, downward press'd,
On four feet imitates his brother beast:
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horseman now become, 340
He rides a stick, and travels round the room.
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers;
Strong-boned, and strung with nerves, in pride of years,
He runs with mettle his first merry stage;
Maintains the next, abated of his rage, 345
But manages his strength, and spares his age.
Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
And, though 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
Contemplating his former feet and hands; 350
And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.
So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face: 355
Wondering what charms her ravishers could spy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!
Thy teeth, devouring Time, thine, envious Age.
On things below still exercise your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat, 360
And then, at lingering meals, the morsels eat
Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are tied;
For this eternal world is said of old
But four prolific principles to hold, 365
Four different bodies; two to heaven ascend
And other two down to the centre tend:

In ample seas I sail, and depths untried before.] , it is said, wrote a poem on the universe, in verses, mentioned by Diog. Laertius, viii. 7. Dr. .

Fire, first, with wings expanded, mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
Then Air, because unclogg'd in empty space, 370
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:
But weighty Water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of Earth, and mother Earth subsides.
All things are mix'd with these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolved again; 375
Earth rarefies to dew; expanded more
The subtle dew in air begins to soar;
Spreads as she flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates still, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won, 380
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew;
And dew, condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth, below. 385
Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But changed by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.
Then, to be born, is to begin to be 390
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not to appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements which we partake
Alive, when dead, some other bodies make: 395
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
But death on deathless substance has no force.
That forms are changed I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to silver was debased: 400
To copper that; our metal came at last.
The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is solid earth that once was sea:
Seas, in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before; 405
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground:
And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And, crumbling still, descend to level lands; 410
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands:
And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown;
Wondering to drink of waters not her own.
Here Nature living fountains opes; and there,
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring 416
Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.
So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Erasinus dives; and blind in earth 420
Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth;
Starts up in Argos' meads, and shakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Mysus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now disdains his head: 425
Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
And the proud title of Caïcus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands;
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down. 431
Anigros once did wholesome draughts afford,
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,
The Centaur in his current wash'd his wounds. 435
The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
But, brackish, lose their taste they had before.
Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in seas were pent,
Once isles, but now increase the continent;
While the Leucadian coast, mainland before, 440
By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was tied,
And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in disdain pour'd in the conquering sea. 445
Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk and drown'd;
And boatmen through the crystal water show,
To wondering passengers, the walls below. 450
Near Trœzen stands a hill, exposed in air
To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (strange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Labouring with colic pangs, and close confined, 455
In vain sought issue from the rumbling wind:
Yet still they heaved for vent, and heaving still
Enlarged the concave, and shot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the skins
Of goats are blown to enclose the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face, 461
And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
What, are not springs with qualities opposed 465
Indued at seasons, and at seasons lost?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the piled earth, and in the waning moon. 470
The Thracians have a stream, if any try
The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to stones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs. 475
Grathis, and Sibaris her sister flood,
That slide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber dye the shining hair,
And thither youth resort; (for who would not be fair?)
But stranger virtues yet in streams we find:
Some change not only bodies, but the mind: 480
Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
Whose waters into women soften men?
Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain?
Clytorean streams the love of wine expel, 485
(Such is the virtue of th' abstemious well,)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken god;
Or that Melampus (so have some assured)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cured, 490
And powerful herbs, both charms and simples cast
Into the sober spring, where still their virtues last.
Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce:
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate use,
Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight: 495
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholesome beverage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught. 500

Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,
Now of these virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea;
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd 505
Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd;
They swam where now they sit; and, firmly join'd,
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire, 510
(The veins exhausted of the liquid store:)
Time was she cast no flames; in time will cast no more.
For whether earth 's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits; she still requires 515
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;
When tortured with convulsive fits she shakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she makes:
Or when the winds in hollow caves are closed,
And subtle spirits find that way opposed, 520
They toss up flints in air; the flints that hide
The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
Kindling the sulphur, till, the fuel spent,
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on 525
Its unctuous parts, till, all the matter gone,
The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
That food, by length of time consumed, the fire
Famish'd for want of fuel must expire. 530
A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked sides they take.
'Tis said the Scythian wives (believe who will) 535
Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.
But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow: 540
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey-harvest home, and hope another spring.
The warlike steed is multiplied, we find, 545
To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide,
And shoot his sting, his tail in circles toss'd
Refers the limbs his backward father lost. 550
And worms, that stretch on leaves their filmy loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
Ev'n slime begets the frogs' loquacious race:
Short of their feet at first, in little space
With arms and legs indued, long leaps they take, 555
Raised on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.
The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determined figure wear. 560
Their mother licks them into shape, and gives
As much of form as she herself receives.
The grubs from their sexangular abode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs; till time at leisure brings 565
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.
The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The strong pounced eagle, and the billing dove; 570
And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose
(But that from sight, the surest sense, he knows)
They, from th' included yolk, not ambient white arose.
There are who think the marrow of a man,
(Which in the spine, while he was living, ran) 575
When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.
All these receive their birth from other things;
But from himself the phœnix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame 580
In which he burn'd, another and the same:
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of amomum drains;
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears. 585
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm; and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile 590
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of cassia, cinnamon, and stems of nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his funeral bed is rear'd:
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd:
On this incumbent; till ethereal flame 595
First catches, then consumes the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He lived on odours, and in odours dies.
An infant phœnix from the former springs, 600
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust; his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain, 605
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Placed on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church, 610
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.
A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th' hyæna shows it, of a double kind,
Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears. 615
The thin cameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
India, when conquer'd, on the conquering god
For planted vines the sharp-eyed lynx bestow'd,
Whose urine, shed before it touches earth, 620
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, soft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
All changing species should my song recite,
Before I ceased, would change the day to night. 625
Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time softens hardy people; time again
Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood, 630
And daily bleeding bore the expense of blood:
Now for thick streets it shows an empty space,
Or, only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.

Mycenæ, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vanish'd out of substance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise
On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the skies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way,
Ev'n now she meditates imperial sway:
Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle strives
To fill her infant-horns; an hour shall come
When the round world shall be contain'd in Rome.
For thus old saws foretel; and Helenus
Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a sinking state,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O goddess-born, with thy hard fortune strive;
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.
Thy passage thou shalt free through fire and sword,
And Troy in foreign lands shall be restored.
In happier fields a rising town I see,
Greater than whate'er was, or is, or e'er shall be:
And heaven yet owes the world a race derived from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city shall extend, extended shall adorn:
But from Iulus he must draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom heaven will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er since in other mould
My soul was clothed; and now rejoice to view
My country walls rebuilt, and Troy revived anew,
Raised by the fall; decreed by loss to gain;
Enslaved but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
'Tis time my hard-mouth'd coursers to control,
Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal;
And therefore I conclude: whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,
All suffer change, and we, that are of soul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our sires, or grandsires, shall forsake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus housed, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beast,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of these, yet there's a man within:
Oh, spare to make a Thyestean meal,
To enclose his body, and his soul expel.
Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in sin,
So near perfection, who with blood begin!
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he stop, who feeds with household bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed!
Let plough thy steers; that when they lose their breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter-cold thy sides defend:
But neither springes, nets, nor snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight;
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.
Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save;
This only just prerogative we have:
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.
These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
Oh, happy monarch, sent by heaven to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain:
Himself a saint, a goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

Ver. 715. *Oh, happy monarch,*] It is impossible not to be struck with the elegance and harmony of these six last lines. Dr. J. Warton.

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

PREFACE CONCERNING OVID'S EPISTLES.

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language before the translation of his Metamorphoses, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was designed to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it before he quitted that profession for this of Poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cause of his banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason than what was pretended by Augustus, which was, the lasciviousness of his Elegies and his Art of Love. It is true, they are not to be excused in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome; yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more philosophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a certain Epigram, which is ascribed to him, relating to the cause of the first civil war betwixt himself and Mark Antony the triumvir, which is more fulsome than any passage I have met with in our Poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his in taking Livia to his bed, when she was not only married, but with child by her husband then living. But deeds, it seems, may be justified by arbitrary power, when words are questioned in a Poet. There is another guess of the grammarians, as far from truth as the first from reason: they will have him banished for some favours which, they say, he received from Julia, the daughter of Augustus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies: but he who will observe the verses, which are made to that mistress, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why should our Poet make his petition to Isis for her safe delivery, and afterwards condole her miscarriage; which, for aught he knew, might be by her own husband? Or, indeed, how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a person of Agrippa's rank? Or, if it were before her marriage, he would sure have been more discreet than to have published an accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion is, that Ovid himself complains, that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her: which if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned; and, besides, an immediate punishment must have followed. He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses;

"Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci?" &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to somewhat, which had procured him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied that this was the incest of the emperor with his own daughter: for Augustus was of a nature too vindictive to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so

unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment; but would certainly have secured his crimes from public notice by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have historians given us any sight into such an action of this emperor: nor would he (the greatest politician of his time) in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secresy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable that Ovid was either the confidant of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath: for the words

"Sine veste Dianam"

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chastity, than with either of the Julias, who were both noted of incontinency. The first verses, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly, according to the custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna: his banishment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it; nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedness; and in the same paper of verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, though it be left so obscure to after ages.

But to leave conjectures on a subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more authentic of this Poet: that he frequented the court of Augustus, and was well received in it, is most undoubted: all his Poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *Cavalièrement*: add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his banishment, are addressed to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his age, than with the noblemen and ladies. He tells you himself, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the business of a Poet, I know no author, who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers; for all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now I will appeal to any man who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of his wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit; so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: for why else should he complain, that his Metamorphoses was left unfinished? Nothing, sure, can be added to the wit of that Poem, or of the rest: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which I suppose would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him;

"Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere;"

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well; but continually varying the same sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloys his readers, instead of satisfying them; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their father. This, then, is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though, at the same time, he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing which he does becomes him; and, if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried; for if his Elegies be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that

those poets seldom designed before they writ; and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation; yet their common practice was to look no farther before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat, which is not of a piece with their beginning:—

"Purpureus latè qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus,"

as Horace says: though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our Poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race: some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means, which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is Epistolæ Heroidum, the Letters of the Heroines. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, Epistles; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the masters of their learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word Heroidum, because it is used by Ovid in his Art of Love:—

"Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat."

But, sure, he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's letters,

("Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus")

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this subject, save only Propertius; and that but once, in his Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars: first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in Œnone and Hero, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life, though, perhaps, he has romanised his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being written from ladies who were forsaken by their lovers: which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers letters; but of the general character of women, which is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care; for his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet: it remains that I should say somewhat of poetical translations in general, and give my opinion (with submission to better judgments) which way of version seems to be the most proper.

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads:—

First, that of Metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry translated by Ben Jonson. The second way is that of Paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view the translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and it too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's translation of Virgil's fourth Æneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as

he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the original, to run divisions on the groundwork, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution:—

> "Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
> Interpres——"

> "Nor word for word too faithfully translate,'

as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith, like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanshaw, on his version of the Pastor Fido:—

> "That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
> Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
> A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
> To make translations and translators too:
> They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame;
> True to his sense, but truer to his fame."

It is almost impossible to translate verbally and well at the same time; for the Latin (a most severe and compendious language) often expresses that in one word, which either the barbarity or the narrowness of modern tongues cannot supply in more. It is frequent, also, that the conceit is couched in some expression which will be lost in English.

> "Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent."

What Poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit or almost sense, out of it?

In short, the verbal copier is incumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language; and, besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can shun a fall by using caution; but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected; and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: nay, Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek poet:—

> "Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio:"

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these rocks in his translation of the three first lines of Homer's Odyssey, which he has contracted into two:—

> "Dic mihi, musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ
> Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."

> "Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of Troy,
> So many towns, such change of manners saw."—Roscommon.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted:—

> ["Ος μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη.]

The consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal, translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham, and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different. Though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their

sense, to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the same subject; that is, not to translate his words, or to be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my definition reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes, the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved. But I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar; because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refused his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion, (I mean as to our understanding,) to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally; his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and, Samson-like, he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors be thus used, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original; but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design; though Virgil must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes place. Yet he who is inquisitive to know an author's thoughts will be disappointed in his expectation. And it is not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To state it fairly: imitation of an author is the most advantageous way for a translator to show himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who advised more liberty than he took himself) gives his reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the translation of the second Æneid: "Poetry is of so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and, if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum." I confess this argument holds good against a literal translation; but who defends it? Imitation and verbal version are, in my opinion, the two extremes, which ought to be avoided; and, therefore, when I have proposed the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating Poetry who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language and of his own: nor must we understand the language only of the Poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish and, as it were, individuate him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they should be changed: but since every language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense, in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words. It is enough if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the spirit of an author may be transfused, and yet not lost: and thus it is plain, that the reason alleged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expression: for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehension (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen, as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native lustre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expression; neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a translator has no such right. When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features, and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: perhaps the face, which he has drawn would be more exact, if the eyes or nose were altered; but it is his business to

make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial, or dishonest: but the same answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated:

—— "Et quæ
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas."

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the meantime, it seems to me, that the true reason why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense, but because there are so few who have all the talents which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise, and so small encouragement, for so considerable a part of learning.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPISTLE XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, son and daughter to Æolus, god of the Winds, loved each other incestuously: Canace was delivered of a son, and committed him to her nurse, to be secretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedness of his children, commanded the babe to be exposed to wild beasts on the mountains: and withal sent a sword to Canace, with this message, That her crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this sword she slew herself: but before she died, she writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken sanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

If streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain;
One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this posture thou behold'st me write: 5
In this my cruel father would delight.
Oh! were he present, that his eyes and hands
Might see, and urge, the death which he commands!
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmoved, without a tear, my wounds would see.
Jove justly placed him on a stormy throne, 11
His people's temper is so like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blast,
Are underneath his wide dominion cast:
Those he can rule; but his tempestuous mind 15
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfined.
Ah! what avail my kindred gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove!
What help will all my heavenly friends afford,
When to my breast I lift the pointed sword? 20
That hour which join'd us came before its time:
[illegible] death we had been one without a crime.
[illegible]hy did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
[illegible]hy loved I thee with more than sister's love?
[illegible]r I lov[illegible]: and, knowing not my wound, 25
[illegible] in thy kisses found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boast,
My food grew loathsome, and my strength I lost:
Still ere I spoke, a sigh would stop my tongue;
Short were my slumbers, and my nights were long. 31
I knew not from my love these griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas! the thing I did not know.
My wily nurse, by long experience, found,
And first discover'd to my soul its wound.
'Tis love, said she; and then my downcast eyes, 35
And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprise.
Forced at the last, my shameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!
"When half denying, more than half content,
"Embraces warm'd me to a full consent. 40
"Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
"And guilt, that made them anxious, made them great."
But now my swelling womb heaved up my breast,
And rising weight my sinking limbs oppress'd.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurse produce, 45
To make abortion by their powerful juice?
What med'cines tried we not, to thee unknown!
Our first crime common; this was mine alone.
But the strong child, secure in his dark cell,
With nature's vigour did our arts repel. 50
And now the pale-faced empress of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 'twas my labour, I complain
Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increased, 55
Which with her hand the conscious nurse suppress'd.
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urged my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
With inward struggling I restrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes. 60
Death was in sight; Lucina gave no aid;
And ev'n my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'st, and in thy countenance sate despair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:

ıg comfort, which thou could'st not 65
thy arms, and whispering me to live :)
ır sakes (said'st thou) preserve thy life ;
ear sister, and my dearer wife.
hat name, with my last pangs I strove:
r have words, when spoke by those we 70
s if he heard what thou hadst sworn,
joy sprung forward to be born.
it to have weather'd out one storm?
father does another form.
hall, rock'd in a chair of state, 75
ith his tempestuous council sate.
is large room our only passage lay,
e could the new-born babe convey.
her lap, the bold nurse bore him out,
branches cover'd round about ; 80
ring prayers, as holy rites she meant,
e divided crowd unquestion'd went.
door, th' unhappy infant cried :
ire heard him, and the theft he spied.
hirlwind to the nurse he flies, 85
is stormy subjects with his cries.
erce puff he blows the leaves away :
e self-discover'd infant lay.
each'd me, and my presaging mind
s own approaching woes divined. 90
t sea with winds are shaken more,
emselves, when angry tempests roar,
en my loud father's voice I hear :
neath me trembled with my fear.
pon me, and divulged my stain ; 95
my murder could his hands refrain.
er'd him with silent tears ;
: my tongue was frozen up with fears.
andchild he commands away,
n wolves and every bird of prey. 100
ried out, as if he understood,
his pardon with what voice he could.
pressions can my grief be shown?
ay guess my anguish by your own)
owels, and, what yet was worse, 105
s too, condemn'd to such a curse!
e king ; my voice its freedom found,
I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
pear'd the messenger of death ;
his looks, and scarce he drew his
th, 110
ur father sends you"—(with that word
ng hands presented me a sword :)
er sends you this ; and lets you know,
wn crimes the use of it will show."
know the sense those words impart :
shall be treasured in my heart. 115
e nuptial gifts a bride receives?
e fatal dower a father gives?
f Marriage, shun thy own disgrace,
y torch from this detested place : 120
hat, let furies light their brands,
pile with their infernal hands.
er fortune may my sisters wed ;
the dire example of the dead.
poor babe, what crime could they
end? 125
thy infant innocence offend?
e was ; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
st for a sin that was not thine.
's grief and crime! but just enjoy'd,
y sight, and born to be destroy'd! 130
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy unoffending life I could not save,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave :
Nor on thy tomb could offer my shorn hair ; 135
Nor show the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou shalt not from my arms be lost ;
For soon I will o'ertake thy infant ghost.
But thou, my love, and now my love's despair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care. 140
His scatter'd limbs with my dead body burn ;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breast thou dropp'st a tear,
Think for whose sake my breast that wound did bear ;
And faithfully my last desires fulfil, 145
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN TO PARIS.

EPISTLE XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received an epistle from Paris, returns the following answer: wherein she seems at first to chide him for his presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue: then owns herself to be sensible of the passion which he had expressed for her, though she much suspected his constancy; and at last discovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter showing the extreme artifice of womankind.

When loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
She half consents who silently denies.
How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
Marriage and hospitable rites profane?
Was it for this your fleet did shelter find 5
From swelling seas, and every faithless wind?
(For though a distant country brought you forth,
Your usage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
Did you come here a stranger or a foe? 10
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my just disdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
Nor my clear fame with any spot defaced.
Though in my face there 's no affected frown, 15
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my honour still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see ;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me? 20
Because a hero forced me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
Had I been won, I had deserved your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame.
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear, 25
I 'scaped unhurt by anything but fear.
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go ;
Were he like you, we had not parted so. 30

Ver. 146. *As I perform*] The subject of this epistle is so very disgusting and offensive, that I could not bring my mind to make any observation upon it, and suppose Dryden translated it only to complete the volume. Dr. J. Warton.

Untouch'd the youth restored me to my friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed;
Did he repent, that Paris might succeed?
Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrongs, 35
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
I'll not complain; for who's displeased with love,
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you base,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face; 40
But all your sex is subject to deceive,
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the best:
But why should I not shine above the rest?
Fair Leda's story seems at first to be 45
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
And under harmless feathers felt a rape.
If I should yield, what reason could I use?
By what mistake the loving crime excuse? 50
Her fault was in her powerful lover lost;
But of what Jupiter have I to boast?
Though you to heroes and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but useless prove 55
To one that comes herself from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
Which I would show I valued, if I durst;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first. 60
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confess;
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant call,
Gives expectation such an ample field, 65
As would move goddesses themselves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause:
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain. 70
Not that so fair a present I despise;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceived (though I dissembled too) 75
A thousand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
In which, wild man, your wanton thoughts would shine.
Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardour press my hand; 80
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass:
When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And blushing sate for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to myself, He'll for my sake 85
Do anything; I hope 'twas no mistake.
Oft have I read within this pleasing grove,
Under my name, those charming words, "I love."
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas! am come to write the same. 90
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this.
For, oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence, 95
May some blest maid possess with innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move;
Oh, learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is sought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, so others are not blind. 100
Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
My virgin-love when thousand rivals sought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice;
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice. 105
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is master of my fate.
More to my wish I could have lived with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo. 110
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill;
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize: 115
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause who, smiling, promised me.
But first I am not of belief so light
To think such nymphs would show you such a sight: 120
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praise; 125
A goddess's applause would envy raise.
But be it as you say; for, 'tis confess'd,
The men who flatter highest please us best.
That I suspect it, ought not to displease;
For miracles are not believed with ease. 130
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promised sovereignty,
Juno and Pallas, you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown? 135
What heart of rock but must by this be won!
And yet, bear witness, O you Powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' essay of my unpractised pen. 140
Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made!
I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
E'en while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprise.
For now the rumour spreads among the crowd, 145
At court it whispers, but in town aloud.
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet if you will dissemble it, you may.
Love secretly: the absence of my lord 150
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay;
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go, or not, when unresolved he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could: 155
Then kissing me, he said, "I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend."
I smiled at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd "You shall be obey'd."
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence. 160
Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame's my burden: for the more I'm praised,
A juster ground of jealousy is raised. 165

ss fair, I might have been more bless'd :
ity through great danger is possess'd.
ne here his venture was not hard,
e thought my virtue was my guard.
my face, but trusted to my life ; 170
y doubted, but believed the wife.
ne use th' occasion while I can,
r hands by the good easy man.
and yet I doubt, 'twixt love and fear ; 174
s me from you, and one brings me near.
s are mutual, and my husband 's gone ;
s are long ; I fear to lie alone.
e contains us, and weak walls divide,
re too pressing to be long denied.
ot live, but every thing conspires 180
ir loves, and yet my fear retires.
't with words, when you should force
ploy :
requisite to shame-faced joy.
to the wrongs which we receive,
an suffer what we dare not give. 185
e I said ? for both of us 't were best,
ing fire if each of us suppress'd.
of strangers is too prone to change,
themselves, their wandering passions
ge.
and the fond Minonian maid, 190
by trusting of their guests betray'd.
I doubt that other men deceive,
yourself did fair Œnone leave ?
should upbraid your treachery,
a merit of that crime to me. 195
you were to faithful love inclined,
y Trojans wait but for a wind.
u prevail ; while I assign the night,
are hoisted, and you take your flight :
ling mariner our love destroys, 200
s asunder our unfinish'd joys.
you may leave the Spartan port,
he Trojan wealth and Priam's court :
ile I see, I shall expose my fame,
foreign country with my shame. 205
at reception shall I find ?
dishonour leave in Greece behind ?
your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
will all your modest matrons say ?
when on this action you reflect, 210
conduct justly may suspect ;
e'er stranger lands upon your coast,
me, by your own example, lost.
ar rage a strumpet's name shall hear,
forget what part in it you bear. 215
rime's author, will my crime upbraid :
er ground, oh, let me first be laid !
the pomp and plenty of your land,
ise all shall be at my command :
an wealth, believe me, I despise ; 220
oor native land has dearer ties.
e injured on your Phrygian shore,
of kindred could I there implore ?
by Jason's flattery won :
her, believe, and be undone. 225
st hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
ontributes to its own deceit.
about whose sides loud tempests roar,
e winds were wafted from the shore.
ing mother dream'd a flaming brand, 230
n her womb, consumed the Trojan land.
this, old prophecies conspire,
shall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear ; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is obliged our loves to aid. 235
For they, who lost their cause, revenge will take ;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue.
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouse,
And my relations would his cause espouse. 241
You boast your strength and courage ; but, alas !
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight. 245
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy ;
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire ;
And I perhaps may yield to your desire. 250
You last demand a private conference ;
These are your words, but I can guess your sense.
Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend :
Be ruled by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you understand ; 255
For now my pen has tired my tender hand :
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPISTLE VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the destruction of Troy, saved his gods, his father, and son Ascanius, from the fire, put to sea with twenty sail of ships ; and, having been long tossed with tempests, was at last cast upon the shore of Libya, where queen Dido, (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion, her brother, who had killed her husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell passionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the last favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promised him by the gods,) he readily prepared to follow him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.

So, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain !)
By words your lost affection to regain :
But, having lost whate'er was worth my care, 5
Why should I fear to lose a dying prayer ?
'Tis then resolved poor Dido must be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft !
While you, with loosen'd sails, and vows, prepare
To seek a land that flies the searcher's care. 10
Nor can my rising towers your flight restrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek ; that land
Is yet to conquer ; but you this command.
Suppose you landed where your wish design'd, 15
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is so void of common sense,
To vote succession from a native prince ?
Yet there new sceptres and new loves you seek ;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.

When will your towers the height of Carthage know! 21
Or when your eyes discern such crowds below?
If such a town and subjects you could see,
Still would you want a wife who loved like me.
For, oh! I burn, like fires with incense bright: 25
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he 's ungrateful and obdurate still:
Fool that I am to place my heart so ill! 30
Myself I cannot to myself restore;
Still I complain, and still I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspring be; 35
Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At least thou art from some fierce tigress come;
Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempest born: 40
Like that, which now thy trembling sailors fear;
Like that, whose rage should still detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juster side.
To winter weather and a stormy sea 45
I 'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deserv'st from Heaven's avenging laws;
But I 'm unwilling to become the cause.
To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate. 50
Stay but a little, till the tempest cease,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconstant prove!
And so it will, if there be power in love.
Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the main? 56
Which, were it smooth, were every wave asleep,
Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyss the gods their vengeance store,
For broken vows of those who falsely swore. 60
There winged storms on sea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the justice of her state.
Thus I to thee the means of safety show;
And, lost myself, would still preserve my foe.
False as thou art, I not thy death design: 65
Oh, rather live, to be the cause of mine!
Should some avenging storm thy vessel tear,
(But Heaven forbid my words should omen bear!)
Then in thy face thy perjured vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy eye. 70
With threatening looks think thou behold'st me stare,
Gasping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, should fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What could'st thou say, but, I deserved 'em all.
Lest this should happen, make not haste away; 75
To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.
Have pity on thy son, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy gods deserved,
To sink in seas, who were from fires preserved? 80
But neither gods nor parent didst thou bear;
Smooth stories all to please a woman's ear,
False as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy first-deluded wife:
Left to pursuing foes Creüsa staid, 85
By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender heart.
That such requital follow'd such desert.
Nor doubt I but the gods, for crimes like these,
Seven winters kept thee wandering on the seas. 90
Thy starved companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour strangers, succour the distress'd,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the rest!
Cursed be the cave which first my ruin brought, 95
Where, from the storm, we common shelter sought!
A dreadful howling echoed round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought so then, but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my funerals from below. 100
O chastity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!
By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove, 105
Is raised a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his statue stands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Last night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cried, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears; 110
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms who my weak faith misled.
His goddess mother, and his aged sire 115
Borne on his back, did to my fall conspire.
Oh! such he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.
But cruel stars my birthday did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it must end. 120
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.
Friendless, and follow'd by the murderer's hate,
To foreign countries I removed my fate;
And here, a suppliant, from the natives' hands 125
I bought the ground on which my city stands,
With all the coast that stretches to the sea;
E'en to the friendly port that shelter'd thee:
Then raised these walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours' wonder and their fear. 130
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My scarce establish'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
An helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend; 135
And for my person would my crown defend:
Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that must follow, if thou goest away:) 140
Or to my husband's murderer leave my life,
That to the husband he may add the wife.
Go then, since no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjured man, but leave thy gods behind.
Touch not those gods, by whom thou art forsworn, 145
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb. 150

e unborn must perish by thy hate,
ish guiltless in his mother's fate.
d, thou say'st, thy voyage does command :
he same god had barr'd thee from my land !
ie, I doubt not, thy departure steers, 155
pt thee out at sea so many years ;
ıy long labours were a price so great,
to purchase Troy would'st not repeat.
er now thou seek'st, to be at best,
ıere arrived, a poor precarious guest. 160
eludes thy search : perhaps it will
ld age lie undiscover'd still.
crown and wealth in dower I bring,
thout conquering, here thou art a king.
ıu to Carthage may'st transfer thy Troy : 165
ung Ascanius may his arms employ ;
ile we live secure in soft repose,
any laurels home from conquer'd foes.
d's arrows, I adjure thee stay ;
ıe gods, companions of thy way. 170
thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
l, and with no future fortune strive ;
thy youthful son old age attain,
dead father's bones in peace remain ;
hast pity on unhappy me, 175
ew no crime but too much love of thee.
t born from fierce Achilles' line,
my parents against Troy combine.
ıy wife if I unworthy prove,
inferior name admit my love. 180
cured of still possessing thee,
ould I do, and what would I not be !
Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know,
When free from tempests passengers may go :
But now with northern blasts the billows roar, 185
And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.
Leave to my care the time to sail away ;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
Thy weary men would be with ease content ;
Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move, 191
What thou deniest my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo ;
And give me time to struggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not suffer long ; 195
My life 's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
Death holds my pen, and dictates what I say,
While cross my lap the Trojan sword I lay.
My tears flow down ; the sharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my sorrows, that must drink my blood. 200
How well thy gift does with my fate agree !
My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my bosom I display :
The sword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend, 205
Shalt my cold ashes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast ;
I lost that title, when my fame I lost.
This short inscription only let it bear :
"Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here. 210
The cause of death, and sword by which she died,
Æneas gave : the rest her arm supplied."

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

d's school whoe'er would take degree,
ırn his rudiments, by reading me.
with sailing arts their vessels move ;
les the chariot ; art instructs to love.
and chariots others know the rule ; 5
n master in Love's mighty school.
ıdeed is obstinate and wild,
orn god ; but yet the god 's a child :
govern in his tender age,
ree Achilles in his pupilage : 10
ro, born for conquest, trembling stood
he Centaur, and received the rod.
on mollified his cruel mind
t, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The silver strings of his melodious lyre : 15
So love's fair goddess does my soul inspire,
To teach her softer arts ; to soothe the mind,
And smooth the rugged breasts of human kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles, each with scorn
And rage were fill'd ; and both were goddess-born. 20
The bull, reclaim'd and yoked, the burden draws :
The horse receives the bit within his jaws ;
And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
Though struggling oft he strives to disobey.
He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts ; 25
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
The more he teaches to revenge the spite.
I boast no aid the Delphian god affords,
Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds ;
Nor Clio, nor her sisters have I seen ; 31
As Hesiod saw them on the shady green :
Experience makes my work ; a truth so tried
You may believe ; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence, ye vestals, be, who bind your hair ; 35
And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.

In Cupid's school] We cannot see, without real l mortification, such a waste of time and talent as author has flung away in translating so loose and as well as trifling work of his favourite Ovid, ne of the most exceptionable and nauseous cir- s of ancient mythology. I most undoubtedly e no comment on it, nor on the two succeeding ns Dr J. Warton.

I sing the brothels loose and unconfined,
Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name.
First seek an object worthy of your flame; 41
Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And, last, provide your love may long remain.
On these three precepts all my work shall move:
These are the rules and principles of love. 45
Before your youth with marriage is oppress'd,
Make choice of one who suits your humour best:
And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
She must be sought for with a curious eye.
The wary angler in the winding brook, 50
Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntsman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
Th' assembly where his quarry most abounds. 55
Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
These rules shall put him in the ready way.
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Perseus, or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee such a store, 60
As all the world can hardly show thee more.
The face of heaven with fewer stars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning sweetness in unartful truth; 65
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here may'st thou find thy full desires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight
(An age that knows to give and take delight)
Millions of matrons of the graver sort, 70
In common prudence, will not balk the sport.
In summer heats thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whose turrets near the bawdy suburb rise: 75
Or to that other portico, where stands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegroom's breast:
Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights, 80
They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.
Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul drove,
On Sabbaths, rest from every thing but love:
Nor Isis' temple; for that sacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove she was before. 85
And if the hall itself be not belied,
E'en there the cause of love is often tried;
Near it at least, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noisy combatants are heard.
The crafty counsellors, in formal gown, 90
There gain another's cause, but lose their own.
There eloquence is nonpluss'd in the suit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles,
To see them caught in their litigious wiles. 95
Grave senators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But, above all, the playhouse is the place;
There 's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy stand, and sharply looking out, 100
Soon may'st thou find a mistress in the rout,
For length of time, or for a single bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voice
There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice
To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.
From Romulus the rise of plays began,
To his new subjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
Took care the commonwealth should multiply:
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
His playhouse not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade.
The stage with rushes or with leaves they strew'd:
No scenes in prospect, no machining god.
On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree.
There, while they sat in rustic majesty,
Each lover had his mistress in his eye;
And whom he saw most suiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haste;
But, ere the dances and the song were past,
The monarch gave the signal from his throne;
And, rising, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like soldiers ready press'd,
Just at the word (the word too was, "The Rest")
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair;
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb despair.
Her absent mother one invokes in vain;
One stands amazed, not daring to complain;
The nimbler trust their feet, the slow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and blushing to the genial bed.
She who too long resisted, or denied,
The lusty lover made by force a bride;
And, with superior strength, compell'd her to his side.
Then soothed her thus:—My soul's far better part,
Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass.
Thus Romulus became so popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for such a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did first improve;
And theatres are still the scenes of love:
Nor shun the chariot's and the courser's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
Close as you can to hers, and side by side.
Pleased or unpleased, no matter; crowding sit;
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse;
Inquire, whose chariot this, and whose this horse?

tsoever side she is inclined,
your inclinations to her mind;
hat she likes; from thence your court
egin; 170
om she favours, wish that he may win.
en the statues of the deities,
iots roll'd, appear before the prize;
Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
be on her lap, or grains of sand, 175
oth away with your officious hand.
be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
ll to touch her lap make some pretence.
ny thing of hers; and if her train
n the ground, let it not sweep in vain; 180
tly take it up, and wipe it clean;
ile you wipe it, with observing eyes,
ows but you may see her naked thighs!
who sits behind her; and beware,
encroaching knee should press the fair.
ervice takes light minds: for some can
ell 185
rs won, by laying cushions well:
ing faces some their fortune meet;
ne by laying footstools for their feet.
vertures of love the Circus gives; 190
he sword-play less the lover thrives:
re the son of Venus fights his prize;
pest wounds are oft received from eyes.
ile the crowd their acclamations make,
e he bets, and puts his ring to stake, 195
k from far, and feels the flying dart;
the spectacle is made a part.
would represent a naval fight,
own honour, and for Rome's delight. 199
ther sea the youths and maidens come;
the world was then contain'd in Rome.
vast concourse, in this choice of game,
Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
ore our prince prepares to make us glad;
e remaining East to Rome will add. 205
, ye Roman soldiers, in your urn;
signs from the Parthians shall return;
e slain Crassi shall no longer mourn.
is sent those trophies to demand,
rs his father's thunder in his hand: 210
not th' imperial boy in wars unseen;
hood all of Cæsar's race are men.
l seeds shoot out before their day,
their years, and brook no dull delay.
fant Hercules the snakes did press, 215
his cradle did his sire confess.
, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
rly spoils from conquer'd India brought.
u your father's troops shall lead to fight,
s shall vanquish in your father's right. 220
udiments you to your lineage owe;
increase your titles as you grow.
n you had, revenge your brethren slain;
ve a father, and his rights maintain.
by your country's parent, and your own, 225
your country, and restore his throne.
emies assert an impious cause;
ht both for divine and human laws.
in their cause they are o'ercome:
them, too, by force of arms, to Rome. 230
ther Mars with greater Cæsar join,
a prosperous omen to your line:
you is, and one shall be divine.
esy you shall, you shall o'ercome:
shall bring you back in triumph home. 235

Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms:
Oh, were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I sing the Parthians' overthrow;
Their shot averse sent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight, 240
Already give an omen of their flight.
Oh, when will come the day, by Heaven design'd,
When thou, the best and fairest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses shalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side; 245
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight;
O glorious object, O surprising sight,
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!
On such a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see: 250
If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,
Answer to all thou know'st; and, if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly;
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there 255
Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth. 260
In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound;
More pleasure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian goddess there her ambush lays;
And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays:
Desires increase at every swelling draught; 265
Brisk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He shakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love. 270
Wine warms the blood, and makes the spirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
Bold truths it speaks; and, spoken, dares maintain; 275
And brings our old simplicity again.
Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit. 280
Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But sober, and by day, thy suit advance.
By daylight Paris judged the beauteous three;
And for the fairest did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities 285
Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark disguise.
The sun's fair light each error will confess,
In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.
Why name I every place where youths abound?
'Tis loss of time, and a too fruitful ground. 290
The Baian baths, where ships at anchor ride,
And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are less healthful than they thought:
Or Dian's fane, which near the suburb lies, 295
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden goddess is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his subjects undergo.
Thus far the sportful Muse, with myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely lasses may be found. 300

Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclined.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend;
And all you vulgar of my school attend.
First then believe, all women may be won; 305
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In summer season, or the birds in spring,
Than women can resist your flattering skill:
E'en she will yield, who swears she never will. 310
To secret pleasure both the sexes move;
But women most, who most dissemble love.
'Twere best for us, if they would first declare,
Avow their passion, and submit to prayer.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame: 315
The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game.
Man is more temperate in his lust than they,
And, more than women, can his passion sway.
Biblis, we know, did first her love declare,
And had recourse to death in her despair. 320
Her brother she, her father Myrrha sought,
And loved, but loved not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree she stills her odorous tears,
Which yet the name of her who shed 'em bears.
In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd, 325
White as the snow, the fairest of the herd;
A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd, 330
And envied every leap he gave the herd.
A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast,
And hated every heifer he caress'd.
A story known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal. 335
She cut him grass; (so much can Love command)
She stroked, she fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleased in pastures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Cease, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows; 340
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glass compose thy looks and eyes;
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet trust thy mirror, when it tells thee true,
Thou art no heifer to allure his view. 345
Soon would'st thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.
If Minos please, no lover seek to find;
If not, at least seek one of human kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forsakes; 350
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curses every beauteous cow she sees;
Ah, why dost thou my lord and master please!
And think'st, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With frisking awkwardly, to gain his heart! 355
She said, and straight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeserving, to the yoke;
Or feigns some holy rites of sacrifice,
And sees her rival's death with joyful eyes;
Then, when the bloody priest has done his part, 360
Pleased, in her hand she holds the beating heart;
Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce refrain;
Go, fool, and strive to please my love again!
Now she would be Europa, Io now:
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow.) 365
Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd;
Fill'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire,
Till by his form the son betray'd the sire.
If Atreus' wife to incest had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His coursers Phœbus had not driven away,
To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Nisus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At sea and land Atrides saved his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adulterous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea sought,
When the slain offspring bore the father's fault!
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
These crimes revengeful matrons did commit;
Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an easy victory:
Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men should woo;
She who complains, and she who will not do.
Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canst thou miss, since womankind
Is frail and vain, and still to change inclined!
Old husbands and stale gallants they despise;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from swelling udders yield.
First gain the maid: by her thou shalt be sure
A free access and easy to procure;
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and prayers;
For her good word goes far in love affairs.
The time and fit occasion leave to her,
When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is when they find her in a merry mood;
When all things at her wish and pleasure move,
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
Troy stood the siege, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
Instruct the damsel, while she combs her hair,
To raise the choler of that injured fair;
And, sighing, make her mistress understand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand;
Then, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer,
And swear thou languishest and diest for her.
Then let her lose no time, but push at all;
For women soon are raised, and soon they fall.
Give their first fury leisure to relent,
They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy suit advance?
'Tis a hard question, and a doubtful chance.
One maid, corrupted, bawds the better for't;
Another for herself would keep the sport.
Thy business may be further'd or delay'd;
But, by my counsel, let alone the maid:
E'en though she should consent to do the feat,
The profit's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, safe, and broad.

hou find'st her very much thy friend,
r good face her diligence commend, 435
fair mistress have thy first embrace,
the maid come after in her place.
his I will advise, and mark my words;
the best advice my skill affords:
thou with the damsel wilt begin, 440
h' attempt is made, make sure to win;
n the secret better will be kept;
can tell no tales when once she 's dipp'd.
the fowler's interest to beware,
l entangled should not 'scape the snare. 445
, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
ils the sport of all the neighbouring brook.
e wench be thine, she makes thy way,
r thy sake, her mistress will betray;
she knows, and all she hears her say. 450
ell the counsel of thy faithful spy:
thou learn whene'er she treads awry.
ings the stations of their seasons keep,
tain times there are to sow and reap.
nen and sailors for the season stay, 455
plough land, and one to plough the sea:
ld the lover wait the lucky day.
op thy suit, it hurts not thy design:
k, another hour she may be thine.
en she celebrates her birth at home, 460
she views the public shows of Rome,
ll thy visits then are troublesome.
y work, and put not then to sea,
's a boding and a stormy day.
e thy time, and, when thou canst, begin:
k a Jewish sabbath, think no sin: 466
on superstitious days abstain;
en the Romans were at Allia slain.
s in her frowns are understood;
he 's in humour, every day is good. 470
n her birthday seldom comes a worse;
ribes and presents must be sent of course;
t's a bloody day, that costs thy purse.
h; yet parsimony will be vain:
ring sex will still the lover drain. 475
can shift them off, nor art remove;
ll be begging, when they know we love.
rchant comes upon th' appointed day,
ll before thy face his wares display.
se for her she craves thy kind advice; 480
gs again, to bargain for the price:
n she has her purchase in her eye,
s thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
t I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
years I will not trouble you. 485
omplain you have no ready coin;
er, 'tis but writing of a line,
bill, not to be paid at sight;
rse the time when thou wert taught to
rite.
ps her birthday; you must send the
heer; 490
'll be born a hundred times a year.
ily lies she dribs thee into cost;
ring dropp'd a stone, that ring is lost.
en borrow what they never pay;
r you lend her, think it thrown away. 495
n mouths and tongues to tell each art,
ld be wearied ere I told a part.
ters, not by words, thy love begin;
d the dangerous passage with thy pen.
heart thou aim'st to find the way, 500
ly flatter, and extremely pray.

Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry god invoked in vain.
With promised gifts her easy mind bewitch;
For e'en the poor in promise may be rich. 505
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad, but make her still believe
'Twill come, and that 's the cheapest way to give.
E'en barren lands fair promises afford; 510
But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it gratis; and she 'll give thee more,
For fear of losing what she gave before. 515
The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,
Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd, 520
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herself into a marriage-vow;
(And every cheat in love the gods allow.)
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome: 525
Sweet words the people and the senate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to simple women preach: 530
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar style your thoughts convey,
And write such things as present you would say;
Such words as from the heart may seem to move:
'Tis wit enough to make her think you love. 535
If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
In time the steer will to the yoke submit;
In time the restive horse will bear the bit.
E'en the hard ploughshare use will wear away;
And stubborn steel in length of time decay. 541
Water is soft, and marble hard; and yet
We see soft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expired;
And ten years more Penelope had tired. 545
Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd;
No matter; there 's a point already gain'd:
For she, who reads, in time will answer too;
Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain, 550
And sharply bids you not to write again;
What she requires, she fears you should accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.
Meantime, if she be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not seem to know she 's there.
Speak softly to delude the standers-by; 556
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
If sauntering in the portico she walk,
Move slowly too; for that 's a time for talk:
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go side by side. 561
Nor in the playhouse let her sit alone:
For she 's the playhouse and the play in one.
There thou may'st ogle, or by signs advance
Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains, 566
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her sweet sake the loss of time despise;
Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair, 570
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.

Leave those effeminate and useless toys
To eunuchs, who can give no solid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theseus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care;
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean;
And wear well-fashion'd clothes, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a skilful barber cut your hair:
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even pared;
Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard.
Cure your unsavoury breath, gargle your throat,
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dress not, in short, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who would not follow when a god invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
Forsaken now; and Theseus loved no more:
Loose was her gown, dishevell'd was her hair;
Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the water's brink she stood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No posture could that heavenly form disgrace.
She beat her breast: The traitor's gone, said she;
What shall become of poor forsaken me?
What shall become——she had not time for more.
The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore.
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her stood;
And scudding satyrs ran before their god.
Silenus on his ass did next appear,
And held upon the mane; (the god was clear)
The drunken sire pursues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken sire.
At last he topples over on the plain;
The satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again.
And now the god of wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn;
Her colour, voice, and sense forsook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests blow,
Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.
To whom the god: Compose thy fearful mind;
In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
With heaven I will endow thee, and thy star
Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
And guide on seas the doubtful mariner.
He said, and from his chariot leaping light,
Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waist he threw;
(For gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do:)
And swiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep.
But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the loved nymph is seated by thy side;
Invoke the god, and all the mighty powers,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer,
Which she may know were all address'd to her,
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires:
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires,)
Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the cup;
And, where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
When she to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy service e'en her husband must attend:
(A husband is a most convenient friend.)
Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place;
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he says be seconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendship's name:
But, common though it be, 'tis still to blame:
Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
And to themselves their masters' gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er:
Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware;
Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.
Eurytion justly fell, by wine oppress'd,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feast.
Sing, if you have a voice; and show your parts
In dancing, if endued with dancing arts.
Do anything within your power to please;
Nay, e'en affect a seeming drunkenness;
Clip every word; and if by chance you speak
Too home, or if too broad a jest you break,
In your excuse the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
True drunkenness is subject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
Then safely you may praise her beauteous face,
And call him happy who is in her grace.
Her husband thinks himself the man design'd;
But curse the cuckold in your secret mind.
When all are risen, and prepare to go,
Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court,
For now she 's in the vein, and fit for sport.
Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by;
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
On Fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
Only begin, and trust the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.
Act well the lover; let thy speech abound
In dying words, that represent thy wound:
Distrust not her belief; she will be moved;
All women think they merit to be loved.
Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
And, after, feels the torment he profess'd.
For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
As hollow banks by streams are undermined.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet:
Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.
Such praises e'en the chaste are pleased to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.
Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
And still they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.

e proud peacock, and he spreads his train :
, and he pulls it in again.
s the courser in his rapid race ; 710
his running, and he mends his pace.
ly promise, and devoutly swear ;
eed be, call every god to hear.
above, forgiving with a smile
uries that easy maids beguile. 715
to Juno by the Stygian lake :
, he dares not an example make,
h falsehood, for his own dear sake.
ur interest that the gods should be ;
lieve 'em : I believe, they see, 720
reward and punish equally.
they live above like lazy drones,
below, supine upon their thrones.
n your lives as present in their sight ;
dealings, and defend the right ; 725
betray not, nor oppress by might.
venial sin to cheat the fair ;
have liberty of conscience there.
ing nymphs a cheat is well design'd ;
fane and a deceitful kind. 730
d, that Egypt for nine years was dry,
did floods, nor heaven did rain supply.
er at length inform'd the king
ghter'd guests would kindly moisture
ing.
replied : On thee the lot shall fall ; 735
my guest, the sacrifice for all.
alaris Perillus taught to low,
le him season first the brazen cow.
l doom, the laws of nature cry,
artificers of death should die. 740
tly women suffer by deceit ;
ctice authorises us to cheat.
with tears, thy warm desires to grant ;
will pierce a heart of adamant.
vill not be squeezed, then rub your eye,
the lids, and seem at least to cry. 745
ou can : resistance if she make,
not give you kisses, let her take.
ou naughty man ! are words of course ;
ggles but to be subdued by force. 750
soft, I charge you, and beware
r hard bristles not to brush the fair.
has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
to lose the bliss he got before.
he kiss, her meaning is express'd ; 755
nts but little pushing for the rest :
thou dost not gain, by strength or art,
e of clown then suits with thy desert ;
nright dulness, and a shameful part.
she calls it force ; but if she 'scape, 760
not thank you for th' omitted rape.
is cunning to conceal their fires ;
uld be forced e'en to their own desires.
m t' accuse you, with a downcast sight,
eir souls confess you did them right. 765
ht be forced, and yet untouch'd depart,
vith their tongues, but curse you with
eir heart.
ebe and her sister did prefer
dull mates the noble ravisher.
Deidamia did, in days of yore, 770
is old, but worth the reading o'er.
enus had the golden apple gain'd,
just judge fair Helen had obtain'd :
e with triumph was at Troy received,
ans joyful while the Grecians grieved :
They vow'd revenge of violated laws, 775
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause :
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Disguised his sex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What means Æacides to spin and sew ? 780
With spear and sword in field thy valour show ;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
Which is more worthy to sustain the shield ?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine, 785
The same the fates for Hector's thread assign ?
Brandish thy falchion in thy powerful hand,
Which can alone the ponderous lance command.
In the same room by chance the royal maid
Was lodged, and, by his seeming sex betray'd, 790
Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtship he began ;
But, to her cost, she found it was a man.
'Tis thought she struggled ; but withal 'tis thought,
Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought. 795
For when disclosed, and hastening to the field,
He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.
She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part : 800
And now 'tis nature, what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
This is the sex ; they will not first begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleased to suffer sin. 805
Is there who thinks that women first should woo ?
Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame ;
'Tis well for thee if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to speak his mind ; 810
They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
Ask, that thou may'st enjoy ; she waits for this ;
And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.
E'en Jove himself was forced to sue for love ;
None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove. 815
But if you find your prayers increase her pride,
Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we pursue ; but make delay,
And, when they see you slacken, they will stay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end ; 820
Name not yourself her lover, but her friend.
How many skittish girls have thus been caught ?
He proved a lover who a friend was thought.
Sailors by sun and wind are swarthy made ;
A tann'd complexion best becomes their trade. 825
'Tis a disgrace to ploughmen to be fair ;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who seeks an olive crown,
Is sun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.
But if the lover hopes to be in grace, 830
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
That colour from the fair compassion draws :
She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love :
His paleness did the nymphs to pity move ; 835
His ghastly visage argued hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap, in full health, to wear ;
Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair.
All things are decent that in love avail :
Read long by night, and study to be pale : 840
Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest ;
Be miserable, that you may be blest.
Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most ?
Faith, truth, and friendship in the world are lost ;
A little and an empty name they boast. 845

Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise:
If he believe, thou may'st a rival raise.
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embraced; 850
E'en Phædra to Pirithous still was chaste.
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Those rare examples of a faithful mind.
The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow,
Or from the furzes pears and apples grow. 855
We sin with gust, we love by fraud to gain;
And find a pleasure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:
Beware your brother, and your next of kin; 860
But from your bosom-friend your care begin.
Here I had ended, but experience finds,
That sundry women are of sundry minds;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to please:
They therefore must be caught by various ways.
All things are not produced in any soil; 865
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 'tis in men, but more in womankind:
Different in face, in manners, and in mind:
But wise men shift their sails with every wind: 870
As changeful Proteus varied oft his shape,
And did in sundry forms and figures 'scape;
A running stream, a standing tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fish with harpoons, some with darts are struck, 875
Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook:
So turn thyself; and imitating them,
Try several tricks, and change thy stratagem.
One rule will not for different ages hold;
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid; 881
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ignorant girl of learning speak;
She thinks you conjure when you talk in Greek.
And hence 'tis often seen, the simple shun 885
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
Part of my task is done, and part to do:
But here 'tis time to rest myself and you.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I.—ELEG. 1.

For mighty wars I thought to tune my lute,
And make my measures to my subject suit.
Six feet for every verse the Muse design'd:
But Cupid, laughing, when he saw my mind,
From every second verse a foot purloin'd. 5
Who gave thee, boy, this arbitrary sway,
On subjects, not thy own, commands to lay,
Who Phœbus only and his laws obey?
'Tis more absurd than if the Queen of Love
Should in Minerva's arms to battle move; 10
Or manly Pallas from that queen should take
Her torch, and o'er the dying lover shake.
In fields as well may Cynthia sow the corn,
Or Ceres wind in woods the bugle-horn.
As well may Phœbus quit the trembling string 15
For sword and shield and Mars may learn to sing
Already thy dominions are too large;
Be not ambitious of a foreign charge.
If thou wilt reign o'er all, and everywhere,
The god of Music for his harp may fear.
Thus when with soaring wings I seek renow
Thou pluck'st my pinions, and I flutter dow
Could I on such mean thoughts my Muse em
I want a mistress, or a blooming boy.
Thus I complain'd: his bow the stripling be
And chose an arrow fit for his intent.
The shaft his purpose fatally pursues;
Now, poet, there's a subject for thy Muse.
He said: too well, alas! he knows his trade;
For in my breast a mortal wound he made.
Far hence, ye proud hexameters, remove,
My verse is paced and trammell'd into love.
With myrtle wreaths my thoughtful brows end
While in unequal verse I sing my woes.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I.—ELEG. 4.

To his Mistress, whose Husband is invited to a feast them. The Poet instructs her how to behave hers his company.

Your husband will be with us at the treat;
May that be the last supper he shall eat.
And am poor I a guest invited there,
Only to see, while he may touch the fair?
To see you kiss and hug your nauseous lord,
While his lewd hand descends below the boar
Now wonder not that Hippodamia's charms,
At such a sight, the Centaurs urged to arms;
That in a rage they threw their cups aside,
Assail'd the bridegroom, and would force bride.
I am not half a horse, (I would I were)
Yet hardly can from you my hands forbear.
Take then my counsel; which, observed, may
Of some importance both to you and me.
Be sure to come before your man be there;
There's nothing can be done; but come howe
Sit next him (that belongs to decency)
But tread upon my foot in passing by.
Read in my looks what silently they speak,
And slily, with your eyes, your answer make.
My lifted eyebrow shall declare my pain:
My right hand to his fellow shall complain;
And on the back a letter shall design;
Besides a note that shall be writ in wine.
Whene'er you think upon our last embrace,
With your forefinger gently touch your face.
If any word of mine offend my dear,
Pull, with your hand, the velvet of your ear.
If you are pleased with what I do or say,
Handle your rings, or with your fingers play.
As suppliants use at altars, hold the board,
Whene'er you wish the devil may take your
When he fills for you, never touch the cup,
But bid th' officious cuckold drink it up.
The waiter on those services employ:
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the boy
Watching the part where your sweet mouth been,
And thence with eager lips will suck it in.

:lownish manners, thinks it fit
d offer you the nasty bit, 40
reasy kindness, and restore
morsel he had chew'd before.
arms embrace your neck, nor rest
cheek upon his hairy breast.
hand within your bosom stray, 45
with your pretty bubbies play.
ll, let him no kiss receive;
ffence I never can forgive.
do not that sweet mouth resign,
p in arms, and cry, 'Tis mine. 50
st in betwixt, and void of fear
st adulterer will appear.
s are plain to sight; but more I doubt
onceal beneath your petticoat.
s leg between your tender thighs, 55
our hand, provoke my foe to rise.
love-inventions I deplore,
self have practised all before!
ve I been forced the robe to lift
; to make a homely shift 60
out, ill huddled o'er in haste,
ny side the fair her mantle cast.
husband shall not be so kind;
u should, your mantle leave behind.
im to tope; but kiss him not, 65
e drop of water in his pot.
dled well, and snores apace,
y take advice from time and place.
part, when compliments are loud,
nix among the thickest crowd: 70
be, and there we cannot miss,
grubble, or at least to kiss.
length of labour I employ,
re a short and transient joy! 74
ust part us: and when night is come,
rneath his arm he leads you home.
u in; I follow to the door,
envy, and my own deplore.
u, he more than kisses too;
us cuckold thinks it all his due. 80
to his joy by your consent,
ot be given, but only lent.
iss, nor move in any sort;
ll and a malignant sport.
ish, he should no pleasure take, 85
o'er your business for my sake.
r fortune shall this night befal,
morrow, by forswearing all.

OM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK II.—ELEG. 19.

f thou wilt not watch thy whore,
r me, that I may love her more.
with ease we nauseously receive;
ot, would scorn to love with leave?
With hopes and fears my flames are blown up higher; 5
Make me despair, and then I can desire.
Give me a jilt to tease my jealous mind;
Deceits are virtues in the female kind.
Corinna my fantastic humour knew,
Play'd trick for trick, and kept herself still new:
She, that next night I might the sharper come, 11
Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home;
Or some pretence to lie alone would take;
Whene'er she pleased, her head and teeth would ache:
Till having won me to the highest strain, 15
She took occasion to be sweet again.
With what a gust, ye gods, we then embraced!
How every kiss was dearer than the last!
Thou, whom I now adore, be edified;
Take care that I may often be denied. 20
Forget the promised hour, or feign some fright;
Make me lie rough on bulks each other night.
These are the arts that best secure thy reign,
And this the food that must my fires maintain.
Gross easy love does, like gross diet, pall; 25
In squeasy stomachs honey turns to gall.
Had Danaë not been kept in brazen towers,
Jove had not thought her worth his golden showers.
When Juno to a cow turn'd Io's shape,
The watchman help'd her to a second leap. 30
Let him who loves an easy Whetstone whore,
Pluck leaves from trees, and drink the common shore.
The jilting harlot strikes the surest blow;
A truth which I by sad experience know.
The kind poor constant creature we despise; 35
Man but pursues the quarry while it flies.
But thou, dull husband of a wife too fair,
Stand on thy guard, and watch the precious ware;
If creaking doors, or barking dogs thou hear,
Or windows scratch'd, suspect a rival there. 40
An orange wench would tempt thy wife abroad;
Kick her, for she 's a letter-bearing bawd:
In short, be jealous as the devil in hell;
And set my wit on work to cheat thee well.
The sneaking city-cuckold is my foe, 45
I scorn to strike, but when he wards the blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy conniving;
I 'll be no drudge to any wittol living;
I have been patient, and forborne thee long,
In hope thou would'st not pocket up thy wrong;
If no affront can rouse thee, understand 51
I 'll take no more indulgence at thy hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy house, and wife!
Damn him who loves to lead so ill a life.
Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray; 55
All those occasions thou hast ta'en away.
Why art thou so incorrigibly civil?
Do somewhat I may wish thee at the devil.
For shame, be no accomplice in my treason;
A pimping husband is too much in reason. 60
Once more wear horns, before I quite forsake her;
In hopes whereof, I rest thy cuckold-maker.

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

A DISCOURSE

CONCERNING

THE ORIGINAL AND PROGRESS OF SATIRE:

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLES

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

THE wishes and desires of all good men, which have attended your lordship from your first in the world, are at length accomplished, from your obtaining those honours and dignities have so long deserved. There are no factions, though irreconcileable to one another, t united in their affection to you, and the respect they pay you. They are equally plea prosperity, and would be equally concerned in your afflictions. Titus Vespasian was no delight of human kind. The universal empire made him only more known, and more po could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclina not less; and though you could not extend your beneficence to so many persons, yet you few days as that excellent emperor; and never had his complaint to make when you went the sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving some un This, my lord, has justly acquired you as many friends as there are persons who have the be known to you. Mere acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a r and they who have conversed with you are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a tru rally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a first principle, which is soon as it is proposed; and needs not the reformation which Descartes used to his; for we neither can we properly say, we think we admire and love you above all other men: certainty in the proposition, and we know it. With the same assurance I can say, you n enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither lo you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they recei public, that you are the best of men. After this, my testimony can be of no farther u declare it to be daylight at high noon; and all who have the benefit of sight can look up see the sun.

It is true, I have one privilege which is almost particular to myself, that I saw you in your first arising above the hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any man of that light, but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upwards to the meridian. I made my earl to your lordship, in my "Essay of Dramatic Poetry;" and therein bespoke you to the wor I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself in the rudiments of my poet name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the skill; drawing the outlines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it; an art whic better praised than studied here in England, wherein Shakspeare, who created the stage had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly, and Jonson, who, by studying been acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy to posterity that knowledge, and, like of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning; when thus, as I may say, befor the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without othe the pole-star of the ancients, and the rules of the French stage amongst the modern extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste; yet even then, I had the p

NO WORK ON ART ITSELF

to dedicate to your lordship—a very unfinished piece, I must confess, and which only can be excused by the little experience of the author, and the modesty of the title—"An Essay." Yet I was stronger in prophecy than I was in criticism; I was inspired to foretell you to mankind, as the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise.—Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candour, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candour in the judge. It is incident to an elevated understanding, like your lordship's, to find out the errors of other men; but it is your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions; and to forgive the many failings of those, who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess, from a happy, abundant, and native genius: which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakspeare; and, for aught I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that they ever studied them.

There is not an English writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your lordship excels all others in all the several parts of poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most vain, and the most ambitious of our age, have not dared to assume so much, as the competitors of Themistocles: they have yielded the first place without dispute; and have been arrogantly content to be esteemed as second to your lordship; and even that also, with a *longo, sed proximi intervallo.* If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their self-conceit, they must be very singular in their opinion; they must be like the officer in a play, who was called Captain, Lieutenant, and Company. The world will easily conclude, whether such unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnassus.

I will not attempt, in this place, to say anything particular of your Lyric Poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The subject of this book confines me to satire; and in that, an author of your own quality, (whose ashes I will not disturb,) has given you all the commendation which his self-sufficiency could afford to any man: "The best good man, with the worst-natured muse." In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonson's verses to the memory of Shakspeare; an insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyric: where good nature, the most godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your person, and denied to your writings; for they are everywhere so full of candour, that, like Horace, you only expose the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedness of thought, which is visibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of salt in all your verses, than I have seen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients; but you have been sparing of the gall, by which means you have pleased all readers and offended none. Donne alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your versification; and were he translated into numbers, and English, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. That which is the prime virtue, and chief ornament, of Virgil, which distinguishes him from the rest of writers, is so conspicuous in your verses, that it casts a shadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softnesses of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for so bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; so great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his Mistress infinitely below his Pindarics, and his latter compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his poems, and the most correct. For my own part, I must avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in satire, wherein I have not studied your writings as the most perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have something more or less of the original. Some few touches of your lordship, some secret graces which I have endeavoured to express after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to pass with approbation; but take your verses altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore

I have not written better, it is because you have not written more. You have not set me sufficient copy to transcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint against your lordship, and I must have leave to upbraid you with it, that, because you need not write, you will not. Mankind, that wishes you so well in all things that relate to your prosperity, have their intervals of wishing for themselves, and are within a little of grudging you the fulness of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you used it not so well, and with so much generosity.

Fame is in itself a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it; but even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires strength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolency as an attribute to his gods, and place in it the happiness of the blest; the divinity which we worship has given us not only a precept against it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my lord, would be content to allow you a seventh day for rest; or if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuse you half your time: if you came out, like some great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diversion, though you had no need to extend your territories. In short, if you were a bad, or, which is worse, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for our own quiet, and not expose you to the want of yours. But when you are so great and so successful, and when we have that necessity of your writing, that we cannot subsist entirely without it, any more (I may almost say) than the world without the daily course of ordinary providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my lord, to forego a little of your repose for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then somewhat of extraordinary, that is, anything of your production, is requisite to refresh your character.

This, I think, my lord, is a sufficient reproach to you; and should I carry it as far as mankind would authorise me, would be little less than satire. And, indeed, a provocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced sometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of scribblers, who daily pester the world with their insufferable stuff, that they might be discouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either shot at rovers, and therefore missed, or their powder was so weak, that I might safely stand them at the nearest distance. I answered not the "Rehearsal," because I knew the author sat to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce: because also I knew that my betters were more concerned than I was in that satire; and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about the town. The like considerations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their prose and doggrel. I am so far from defending my poetry against them, that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof against their attacks, let me be thought by posterity, what those authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure so long as to another age. But these dull makers of lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public. Some witty men may perhaps succeed to their designs, and, mixing sense with malice, blast the reputation of the most innocent amongst men, and the most virtuous amongst women.

Heaven be praised, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit as of morality; and, therefore, whatever mischief they have designed, they have performed but little of it. Yet these ill writers, in all justice, ought themselves to be exposed; as Persius has given us a fair example in his first satire, which is levelled particularly at them; and none is so fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but is also so just, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verse, to punish and make examples of the bad. But of this I shall have occasion to speak further, when I come to give the definition and character of true satires.

In the meantime, as a counsellor bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and statute laws, may honestly inform a just prince how far his prerogative extends; so I may be allowed to tell your lordship, who, by an undisputed title, are the king of poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant scribblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain

I know, you are absolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good manners of the stage. You can banish from thence scurrility and profaneness, and restrain the licentious insolence of poets, and their actors, in all things that shock the public quiet, or the reputation of private persons, under the notion of humour. But I mean not the authority which is annexed to your office; I speak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your person; what is produced in you by an excellent wit, a masterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are empowered, when you please, to give the final decision of wit, to put your stamp on all that ought to pass for current, and set a brand of reprobation on clipped poetry and false coin. A shilling dipped in the Bath may go for gold amongst the ignorant, but the sceptres on the guineas show the difference. That your lordship is formed by nature for this supremacy, I could easily prove, (were it not already granted by the world) from the distinguishing character of your writing; which is so visible to me, that I never could be imposed on to receive for yours, what was written by any others; or to mistake your genuine poetry for their spurious productions. I can farther add, with truth, (though not without some vanity in saying it) that in the same paper, written by divers hands, whereof your lordship's was only part, I could separate your gold from their copper; and though I could not give back to every author his own brass, (for there is not the same rule for distinguishing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not; and was absolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was positively yours, and could not possibly be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad poems, though not all, carry their owners' marks about them. There is some peculiar awkwardness, false grammar, imperfect sense, or, at the least, obscurity; some brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who are the owners of the cattle, though they should not sign it with their names. But your lordship, on the contrary, is distinguished not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your style and manner of expressing them. A painter, judging of some admirable piece, may affirm, with certainty, that it was of Holbein, or Vandyck; but vulgar designs, and common draughts, are easily mistaken and misapplied. Thus, by my long study of your lordship, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like those artists, I can only say, this is like the draught of such a one, or like the colouring of another. In short, I can only be sure, that it is the hand of a good master; but in your performances, it is scarcely possible for me to be deceived. If you write in your strength, you stand revealed at the first view; and should you write under it, you cannot avoid some peculiar graces, which only cost me a second consideration to discover you: for I may say it, with all the severity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your lordship's only fault is, that you have not written more; unless I could add another, and that yet greater, but I fear for the public the accusation would not be true,—that you have written, and out of a vicious modesty will not publish.

Virgil has confined his works within the compass of eighteen thousand lines, and has not treated many subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the best poet. Martial says of him, that he could have excelled Varius in tragedy, and Horace in lyric poetry, but out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The same prevalence of genius is in your lordship, but the world cannot pardon your concealing it on the same consideration; because we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whose excellencies, both of poems, odes, and satires, you had equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majesty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good sense is the same in all or most ages; and course of time rather improves nature, than impairs her. What has been may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may possibly arise from those very causes which produced the first; though it would be impudence to affirm, that any such have yet appeared.

It is manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men in all sorts of arts and sciences: as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage poetry amongst the Greeks; that of Augustus, for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the Commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus; and at the same time lived Cicero, and Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo the Tenth; wherein painting was revived, and poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious; but what I would infer is this: that in such an age, it is possible some great genius may arise, to equal any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing, and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again, yet the example only holds in heroic poetry: in tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain, against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both those kinds; and I would instance in Shakspeare of the former, of your lordship in the latter sort.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country; but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau; whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close; what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable; for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of a Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interests of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit; a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed, that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached, to the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil. I must farther add, that Statius, the best versificator next to Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affectation; that amongst the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught; his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency, and his adventures without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action: he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his Episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida. His story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry: many times unequal, and almost always forced; and, besides, is full of conceits, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's Epigrams, and from Spenser to Flecno; that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso: he borrows from the invention of Boiardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely for the worse, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind which is not far below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Louis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique. The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action; he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures; and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination, or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend: only we must do him that justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue, which he thought was most conspicuous in them; an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron Sir Philip Sydney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to

accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude; for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of an heroic poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works; his heavenly machines are many, and his human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat of thought, sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he has got into a track of Scripture. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer. And though, perhaps, the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them, yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding, or more significant, than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the sense; according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them; for unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it; for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme, (which I have not now the leisure to examine) his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent: he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his "Juvenilia," or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet.

By this time, my lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias so long together, and made so tedious a digression from satire to heroic poetry. But if you will not excuse it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William D'Avenant says, is always narrative, yet I hope the usefulness of what I have to say on this subject will qualify the remoteness of it; and this is the last time I will commit the crime of prefaces, or trouble the world with my notions of anything that relates to verse. I have then, as you see, observed the failings of many great wits amongst the moderns, who have attempted to write an epic poem. Besides these, or the like animadversions of them by other men, there is yet a farther reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed so well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all those other wonderful qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a true accomplished heroic poet. The fault is laid on our religion; they say, that Christianity is not capable of those embellishments which are afforded in the belief of those ancient heathens.

And it is true, that, in the severe notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Christian consists in patience, and suffering, for the love of God, whatever hardships can befal in the world; not in any great attempts, or in performance of those enterprises which the poets call heroic, and which are commonly the effects of interest, ostentation, pride, and worldly honour: that humility and resignation are our prime virtues; and that these include no action, but that of the soul; when as, on the contrary, an heroic poem requires to its necessary design, and as its last perfection, some great action of war, the accomplishment of some extraordinary undertaking; which requires the strength and vigour of the body, the duty of a soldier, the capacity and prudence of a general, and, in short, as much, or more, of the active virtue, than the suffering. But to this the answer is very obvious. God has placed us in our several stations; the virtues of a private Christian are patience, obedience, submission, and the like; but those of a magistrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counsel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful command, and the exercise of magnanimity, as well as justice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an epic poem, or the heroic action of some great commander, enterprised for the common good, and honour of the Christian cause, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the poet be endued with the same

talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet as near approaching to it, as our modern barbarism will allow; which is all that can be expected from our own, or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedied.

I wish I could as easily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a great French critic, as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honour which his merit exacts from me,-I mean Boileau, that the machines of our Christian religion, in heroic poetry, are much more feeble to support that weight than those of heathenism. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their gods did not only interest themselves in the event of wars, (which is the effect of a superior providence) but also espoused the several parties, in a visible corporeal descent, managed their intrigues, and fought their battles sometimes in opposition to each other: though Virgil (more discreet than Homer in that last particular) has contented himself with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counsels or commands, to those whose cause they had espoused, without bringing them to the outrageousness of blows. Now our religion (says he) is deprived of the greatest part of those machines; at least the most shining in epic poetry. Though St. Michael, in Ariosto, seeks out Discord, to send her among the Pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where peace should reign, which indeed is fine satire; and Satan, in Tasso, excites Solyman to an attempt by night on the Christian camp, and brings an host of devils to his assistance; yet the archangel, in the former example, when Discord was restive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monastery with fair words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many stripes, sets her, on God's name, about her business, and makes her know the difference of strength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a minister of hell. The same angel, in the latter instance from Tasso, (as if God had never another messenger belonging to the court, but was confined like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the Christians are already killed, and all the rest are in a fair way to be routed, stickles betwixt the remainders of God's host, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backward by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwise the whole business had miscarried, and Jerusalem remained untaken. This, says Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what pleasure, what entertainment, can be raised from so pitiful a machine, where we see the success of the battle from the very beginning of it; unless that, as we are Christians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our side, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourselves? For, if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least have made them exceed the Turks in number, he might have gained the victory for us Christians, without interesting heaven in the quarrel, and that with as much ease, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of a hundred soldiers defeats another which consists only of fifty.

This, my lord, I confess, is such an argument against our modern poetry, as cannot be answered by those mediums which have been used. We cannot hitherto boast, that our religion has furnished us with any such machines, as have made the strength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to supply the manifest defect of our new writers? I am sufficiently sensible of my weakness; and it is not very probable that I should succeed in such a project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my predecessors, the poets, or any of their seconds and coadjutors, the critics. Yet we see the art of war is improved in sieges, and new instruments of death are invented daily; something new in philosophy, and the mechanics, is discovered almost every year; and the science of former ages is improved by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that, which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in short, that Christian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own strength. If they had searched the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and those more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the rules sufficient for salvation. The perusing of one chapter in the prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find with the principles of Platonic philosophy, as it is now christianised, would have made the ministry of angels as strong an engine, for the working up heroic poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raise theirs by all the fables of their [illegible]h were only received for truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the people.

It is a doctrine almost universally received by Christians, as well Protestants as Catholics, that there are guardian angels, appointed by God Almighty, as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and those as well of heathens, as of true believers. All this is so plainly proved from those texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controversy. The prince of the Persians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting ministers of those empires. It cannot be denied, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector-general of our religion. These tutelar genii, who presided over the several people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commissions could possibly extend. The general purpose, and design of all, was certainly the service of their great Creator. But it is an undoubted truth, that, for ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of heaven, his providential designs for the benefit of his creatures, for the debasing and punishing of some nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to these his ministers, else why those factious quarrels, controversies, and battles amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same design, the service and honour of their common master? But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main design; and, as finite beings, not admitted into the secrets of government, the last resorts of providence, or capable of discovering the final purposes of God, who can work good out of evil as he pleases, and irresistibly sways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the best, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular; they must, of necessity, be sometimes ignorant of the means conducing to those ends, in which alone they can jar and oppose each other. One angel, as we may suppose—the Prince of Persia, as he is called, judging, that it would be more for God's honour, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Persian monarchy, which delivered them from the Babylonish captivity, should still be uppermost; and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending, on the other side, for the rise of Alexander and his successors, who were appointed to punish the backsliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more observant of the law revealed. But how far these controversies, and appearing enmities, of those glorious creatures may be carried; how these oppositions may be best managed, and by what means conducted, is not my business to show or determine; these things must be left to the invention and judgment of the poet; if any of so happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who, being conversant in the philosophy of Plato, as it is now accommodated to Christian use; for (as Virgil gives us to understand by his example) he is the only proper person, of all others, for an epic poem, who, to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a strong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematics, geography and history, and with all these qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practise the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes; if such a man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think, that I have proposed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant since the ancients.

There is another part of these machines yet wanting; but, by what I have said, it would have been easily supplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the opposition of ill spirits to the good; they have also their design, ever opposite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect system, if I may call it such, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypothesis of the evil spirits contending with the good. For, being so much weaker, since their fall, than those blessed beings, they are yet supposed to have a permitted power from God of acting ill, as, from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of designing it. A great testimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Almighty suffered Satan to appear in the holy synod of the angels (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets), and also gave him power over all things belonging to his servant Job, excepting only life.

Now, what these wicked spirits cannot compass, by the vast disproportion of their forces to those of the superior beings, they may, by their fraud and cunning, carry farther, in a seeming league, confederacy, or subserviency to the designs of some good angel, as far as consists with his purity to suffer such an aid, the end of which may possibly be disguised, and concealed from his finite knowledge.

This is, indeed, to suppose a great error in such a being: yet, since a devil can appear like an angel of light; since craft and malice may sometimes blind, for a while, a more perfect understanding; and lastly, since Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan, appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the sun circumvented him even in his own province, and passed only for a curious traveller through those new-created regions, that he might observe therein the workmanship of God, and praise Him in his works: I know not why, upon the same supposition, or some other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himself, but yet a creature; at least, by the connivance, or tacit permission, of the Omniscient Being.

Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem), and to have left the stage (to which my genius never much inclined me) for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event; for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored; and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons; (wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages, in the succession of our imperial line): with these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might, perhaps, have done as well as some of my predecessors, or, at least, chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disenabled me. Though I must ever acknowledge, to the honour of your lordship, and the eternal memory of your charity, that, since this revolution, wherein I have patiently suffered the ruin of my small fortune, and the loss of that poor subsistence which I had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself,—then your lordship was pleased, out of no other motive but your own nobleness, without any desert of mine, or the least solicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful present, which, at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour, my lord, is of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all the future service, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in blessing you here, and rewarding you hereafter! I must not presume to defend the cause for which I now suffer, because your lordship is engaged against it; but the more you are so, the greater is my obligation to you, for your laying aside all the considerations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure, disinterested charity. This is one amongst many of your shining qualities, which distinguish you from others of your rank. But let me add a farther truth, that, without these ties of gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular inclination to honour you; and, if it were not too bold an expression, to say, I love you. It is no shame to be a poet, though it is to be a bad one. Augustus Cæsar of old, and Cardinal Richelieu of late, would willingly have been such; and David and Solomon were such. You who, without flattery, are the best of the present age in England, and would have been so, had you been born in any other country, will receive more honour in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all those honours to which your birth has entitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

"—— Ne, fortè, pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.'

I have formerly said in this epistle, that I could distinguish your writings from those of any others; it is now time to clear myself from any imputation of self-conceit on that subject. I assume not to myself any particular lights in this discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every man

of sense and judgment, who loves poetry, and understands it. Your thoughts are always so remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another species than the conceptions of other poets; yet you go not out of nature for any of them. Gold is never bred upon the surface of the ground, but lies so hidden, and so deep, that the mines of it are seldom found; but the force of waters casts it out from the bowels of mountains, and exposes it amongst the sands of rivers; giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our search. This success attends your lordship's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenor. If I grant that there is care in it, it is such a care as would be ineffectual and fruitless in other men. It is the *curiosa felicitas* which Petronius ascribes to Horace in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly; in short, if we have the same knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same quintessence; we cannot give it such a turn, such a propriety, and such a beauty: something is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleness of our conception. Yet, when you have finished all, and it appears in its full lustre; when the diamond is not only found, but the roughness smoothed; when it is cut into a form, and set in gold; then we cannot but acknowledge that it is the perfect work of art and nature; and every one will be so vain to think he himself could have performed the like, until he attempts it. It is just the description that Horace makes of such a finished piece: it appears so easy,

> "—— Ut sibi quivis
> Speret idem, sudet multum, frustraque laboret,
> Ausus idem."

And, besides all this, it is your lordship's particular talent to lay your thoughts so close together, that, were they closer, they would be crowded, and even a due connection would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which are to come after a long parenthesis of twenty bad; which is the April poetry of other writers—a mixture of rain and sunshine by fits: you are always bright, even almost to a fault, by reason of the excess. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates such an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with anything, but satisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call, *cœna dubia;* where there is such plenty, yet withal so much diversity, and so good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the conclusion, by a due climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its place.—See, my lord, whether I have not studied your lordship with some application; and, since you are so modest that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeness, though it is but in miniature, and that some of the best features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done is enough to distinguish you from any other, which is the proposition that I took upon me to demonstrate.

And now, my lord, to apply what I have said to my present business. The Satires of Juvenal and Persius appearing in this new English dress, cannot so properly be inscribed to any man as to your lordship, who are the first of the age in that way of writing. Your lordship, amongst many other favours, has given me your permission for this address; and you have particularly encouraged me by your perusal and approbation of the Sixth and Tenth Satires of Juvenal, as I have translated them. My fellow-labourers have likewise commissioned me to perform, in their behalf, this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge, with all possible respect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honour to be known to your lordship already; and they who have not yet that happiness, desire it now. Be pleased to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candour, without entitling you to the protection of our common failings in so difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epistle, to give you, from the best authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the completement of Satire among the Romans; to describe, if not define, the nature of that poem, with its several qualifications and virtues, together with the several sorts of it; to compare the excellencies of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, and show the particular manners of their satires; and, lastly, to give an account of this new way of version, which is attempted in our performance: all which, according to the weakness of my ability, and the best lights which I can get from others, shall be the subject of my following discourse.

The most perfect work of poetry, says our master Aristotle, is Tragedy. His reason is, because it is the most united; being more severely confined within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire, of a piece, and one, without episodes; the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumscribed at least within the compass of one town, or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without distraction.

But, after all these advantages, an heroic poem is certainly the greatest work of human nature. The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; those of the epic are more noble: though Homer has limited his place to Troy, and the fields about it; his actions to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or cessation from business, during the funeral of Patroclus. To proceed; the action of the epic is greater; the extension of time enlarges the pleasure of the reader, and the episodes give it more ornament, and more variety.—The instruction is equal; but the first is only instructive, the latter forms a hero, and a prince.

If it signifies anything which of them is of the more ancient family, the best and most absolute heroic poem was written by Homer long before tragedy was invented. But if we consider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are necessary to make an accomplished writer of either kind, tragedy requires a less and more confined knowledge; moderate learning, and observation of the rules, is sufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an epic poet, one who is worthy of that name, besides an universal genius, is required universal learning, together with all those qualities and acquisitions, which I have named above, and as many more as I have, through haste or negligence, omitted. And, after all, he must have exactly studied Homer and Virgil, as his patterns; Aristotle and Horace, as his guides; and Vida and Bossu, as their commentators; with many others, both Italian and French critics, which I want leisure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to say in relation to this subject, which does not particularly concern Satire, is, that the greatness of an heroic poem, beyond that of a tragedy, may easily be discovered, by observing how few have attempted that work in comparison to those who have written dramas; and, of those few, how small a number have succeeded. But leaving the critics, on either side, to contend about the preference due to this or that sort of poetry, I will hasten to my present business, which is the Antiquity and Origin of Satire, according to those informations which I have received from the learned Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I shall add some observations of my own.

There has been a long dispute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their satire from the Grecians, or first invented it themselves. Julius Scaliger, and Heinsius, are of the first opinion; Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publisher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we take satire in the general signification of the word, as it is used in all modern languages, for an invective, it is certain that it is almost as old as verse; and though hymns, which are praises of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had cursed Adam and Eve in Paradise, the husband and wife excused themselves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to those conjugal dialogues in prose, which the poets have perfected in verse. The third Chapter of Job is one of the first instances of this poem in Holy Scripture; unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the second, where his wife advises him to curse his Maker.

This original, I confess, is not much to the honour of satire; but here it was nature, and that depraved: when it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that scoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and, consequently, that neither the Greek poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But, considering satire as a species of poetry, here the war begins amongst the critics. Scaliger, the father, will have it descend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word satire from *Satyrus*, that mixed kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat, with a human head, hooked nose, pouting lips, a bunch, or struma, under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body shagged with hair, especially from the waist, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Casaubon, and his followers, with reason, condemn this derivation; and prove, that from *Satyrus*, the word *satira*, as it signifies a poem, cannot possibly descend. For *satira* is not properly a substantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx* (in English, a charger, or large platter) is understood: so that the Greek poem, made according to the manners of a Satyr,

ressing his qualities, must properly be called satyrical, and not satire. And thus far it is that the Grecians had such poems; but that they were wholly different in species from that h the Romans gave the name of satire.

totle divides all poetry, in relation to the progress of it, into nature without art, art begun, and pleted. Mankind, even the most barbarous, have the seeds of poetry implanted in them. t specimen of it was certainly shown in the praises of the Diety, and prayers to him; and as e of natural obligation, so they are likewise of divine institution; which Milton observing, ces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The first poetry was gun, in the wild notes of nature, before the invention of feet and measures. The Grecians and had no other original of their poetry. Festivals and holidays soon succeeded to private , and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people, as they terwards imitated by the heathens; who, by the light of reason, knew they were to invoke uperior Being in their necessities, and to thank him for his benefits. Thus, the Grecian s were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whose bounty pposed they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life; and the ancient , as Horace tells us, paid their thanks to Mother Earth, or Vesta, to Silvanus, and their in the same manner. But as all festivals have a double reason of their institution, the first of , the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds, so both the Grecians and Romans after their sacrifices were performed, to spend the remainder of the day in sports and ents; amongst which, songs and dances, and that which they called wit, (for want of knowing were the chiefest entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of Satyrs, whom I have already d; and taking them, and the Sileni, that is, the young Satyrs and the old, for the tutors, nts, and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited themselves like those rural deities, and l them in their rustic dances, to which they joined songs, with some sort of rude harmony, hout certain numbers; and to these they added a kind of chorus.

Romans, also (as nature is the same in all places,) though they knew nothing of those Grecian ds, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certain young men, who, at their festivals, and sung, after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verse, which they called Saturnian. was, we have no certain light from antiquity to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the , it was void of art, or, at least, with very feeble beginnings of it. Those ancient Romans, at olidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a custom of reproaching each ith their faults, in a sort of extempore poetry, or rather of tunable hobbling verse; and they d in the same kind of gross raillery; their wit and their music being of a piece. The s, says Casaubon, had formerly done the same, in the persons of their petulant Satyrs. But aid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the singing and dancing of the Satyrs, with the entertainments of the first Romans. The reason of my opinion is this; that Casaubon, little light from antiquity of these beginnings of poetry amongst the Grecians, but only these tations of Satyrs, who carried canisters and cornucopias full of several fruits in their hands, ced with them at their public feasts; and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of ely Romans jesting at one another in the same kind of solemnities, might suppose those Satyrs did the same; and especially because Horace possibly might seem to him to have shown inal of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans; though it is plainly se, that he only described the beginning, and first rudiments of poetry in his own country. ses are these, which he cites from the First Epistle of the Second Book, which was written stus:

> "Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
> Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
> Corpus, et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
> Cum sociis operum, et pueris, et conjuge fidâ,
> Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant;
> Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi
> Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
> Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit."

> "Our brawny clowns, of old, who turn'd the soil,
> Content with little, and inured to toil,
> At harvest-home, with mirth and country cheer
> Restored their bodies for another year;

Refresh'd their spirits, and renew'd their hope
Of such a future feast, and future crop.
Then, with their fellow-joggers of the ploughs,
Their little children, and their faithful spouse,
A sow they slew to Vesta's deity,
And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee;
With flowers, and wine, their Genius they adored
A short life, and a merry was the word.
From flowing cups, defaming rhymes ensue,
And at each other homely taunts they threw."

Yet since it is a hard conjecture, that so great a man as Casaubon should misapply what writ concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not i this opinion; but rather judge in general, that since all poetry had its original from religion, the Grecians and Rome had the same beginning. Both were invented at festivals of thank and both were prosecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verses: amongst the Gr those who represented Satyrs; and amongst the Romans, by real clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading Casaubon on these two subjects, methinks I hear the sam told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice, in his interpret the Latin verses which I have translated, says plainly, that the beginning of poetry was th with a small variety, in both countries: and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotio what is yet more wonderful, that most learned critic takes notice also, in his illustrations on t Epistle of the Second Book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had t beginning, (at feasts of thanksgiving, as it has been observed,) and the old comedy of the which was invective, and the satire of the Romans, which was of the same nature, were begu very same occasion, so the fortune of both, in process of time, was just the same; the old co the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in exposing of particular persons; rude satire of the Romans was also punished by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us, words:—

"Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter; donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, et per honestas
Ire domos impune minax: doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi; quinetiam lex,
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Describi: vertere modum, formidine fustis
Ad benedicendum delectandumque redacti."

The law of the Decemviri was this: *Siquis occentassit malum carmen, sive condidissit, quod i faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital esto.*—A strange likeness, and barely possible; but the critics l of the same opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better judgments than my

But, to return to the Grecians, from whose satiric dramas the elder Scaliger and Hein have the Roman satire to proceed, I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be a descent from them as those authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whoever he were that invented tragedy, (for authors differ,) mingled wit a chorus and dances of Satyrs, which had before been used in the celebration of their festiva there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was also kept, which wa and wantonness; and this was given, I suppose, to the folly of the common audience, who so weary of good sense, and, as we daily see in our own age and country, are apt to forsake poe still ready to return to buffoonery and farce. From hence it came, that, in the Olympic game the poets contended for four prizes, the satiric tragedy was the last of them; for, in the Satyrs were excluded from the chorus.—Among the plays of Euripides, which are yet re there is one of these SATIRICS, which is called "The Cyclops;" in which we may see the n those poems, and from thence conclude what likeness they have to the Roman SATIRE.

The story of this Cyclops, whose name was Polyphemus, so famous in the Grecian fab that Ulysses, who, with his company, was driven on the coast of Sicily, where those Cyclops in coming to ask relief from Silenus, and the Satyrs, who were herdsmen to that one-eyed gi kindly received by them, and entertained; till, being perceived by Polyphemus, they we

prisoners against the rites of hospitality, (for which Ulysses eloquently pleaded,) were afterwards put down into the den, and some of them devoured; after which Ulysses, having made him drunk, when he was asleep, thrust a great firebrand into his eye, and so, revenging his dead followers, escaped with the remaining party of the living; and Silenus and the Satyrs were freed from their servitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their first liberty of attending and accompanying their patron, Bacchus.

This was the subject of the tragedy; which, being one of those that end with a happy event, is therefore, by Aristotle, judged below the other sort, whose success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the Satyrs, who were part of the *dramatis personæ*, as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulysses was to entertain the judging part of the audience; and the uncouth persons of Silenus, and the Satyrs, to divert the common people with their gross railleries.

Your lordship has perceived by this time, that this SATIRIC tragedy, and the Roman SATIRE, have little resemblance in any of their features. The very kinds are different; for what has a pastoral tragedy to do with a paper of verses satirically written? The character and raillery of the Satyrs is the only thing that could pretend to a likeness, were Scaliger and Heinsius alive to maintain their opinion. And the first farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks, or indeed any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek satiric poem from Casaubon, before I leave this subject. "The SATIRIC," says he, "is a dramatic poem, annexed to a tragedy, having a chorus, which consists of Satyrs. The persons represented in it are illustrious men; the action of it is great; the style is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action most commonly is happy."

The Grecians, besides these SATIRIC tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli, which were more of kin to the Roman satire. Those Silli were indeed invective poems, but of a different species from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the rest of their successors.—They were so called, says Casaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus; but, in another place, bethinking himself better, he derives their name, ἀπὸ τοῦ σιλλαίνειν, from their scoffing and petulancy. From some fragments of the Silli, written by Timon, we may find, that they were satiric poems, full of parodies; that is, of verses patched up from great poets, and turned into another sense than their author intended them. Such amongst the Romans, is the famous Cento of Ausonius; where the words are Virgil's, but, by applying them to another sense, they are made a relation of a wedding-night; and the act of consummation fulsomely described in the very words of the most modest amongst all poets. Of the same manner are our songs, which are turned into burlesque, and the serious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's Silli the words are generally those of Homer, and the tragic poets; but he applies them, satirically, to some customs and kinds of philosophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans, not using any of these parodies in their satires, sometimes, indeed, repeating verses of other men, as Persius cites some of Nero's, but not turning them into another meaning,—the Silli cannot be supposed to be the original of Roman satire. To these Silli, consisting of parodies, we may properly add the satires which were written against particular persons; such as were the Iambics of Archilochus against Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in some of his Odes and Epodes, whose titles bear sufficient witness of it. I might also name the invective of Ovid against Ibis, and many others; but these are the under-wood of satire, rather than the timber-trees: they are not of general extension, as reaching only to some individual person. And Horace seems to have purged himself from those splenetic reflections in those Odes and Epodes, before he undertook the noble work of Satires, which were properly so called.

Thus, my lord, I have at length disengaged myself from those antiquities of Greece; and have proved, I hope, from the best critics, that the Roman satire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture. I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least, by the help of Dacier, I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows Casaubon; but to keep him in my eye, as my best and truest guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in plain words, *Satira quidem tota nostra est;* and Horace had the same thing before him, speaking of his predecessor in that sort of poetry,—*Et Græcis intacti carminis auctor.*

Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the poet, and the orator, both the best critics of the two best ages of the Roman empire, that satire was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted to Rome from Athens. Yet, as I have said, Scaliger, the father, according to his custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reason, than the derivation of *satyrus* from σάθυ *salacitas;* and so, from the lechery of those Fauns, thinks he has sufficiently proved, that satire is derived from them: as if wantonness and lubricity were essential to that sort of poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: that the Satyrs carried platters and canisters full of fruit in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the less Satyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers, which they offered, anything of kin to satire? Or any argument that this poem was originally Grecian? Casaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on sure authority, that satire was derived from *satura*, a Roman word, which signifies—full and abundant, and full also of variety, in which nothing is wanting to its due perfection. It is thus, says Dacier, that we say—a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive.—According to this derivation, from *satur* comes *satura*, or *satira*, according to the new spelling; as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now spelled *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is understood; and this *lanx*, in English a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all sorts of fruits, which were offered to the gods at their festivals, as the *premices*, or first gatherings. These offerings of several sorts thus mingled, it is true, were not unknown to the Grecians, who called them πανκαρπὸν θυσίαν, a sacrifice of all sorts of fruits; and πανσπερμίαν, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned these sacrifices in his "Georgics:"

"Lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta:"

and in another place, *lancesque et liba feremus:* that is, We offer the smoking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

The word *satura* has been afterwards applied to many other sorts of mixtures; as Festus calls it a kind of *olla*, or hotchpotch, made of several sorts of meats. Laws were also called *leges saturæ*, when they were of several heads and titles, like our tacked bills of parliament: and *per saturam legem ferre*, in the Roman senate, was to carry a law without telling the senators, or counting voices, when they were in haste. Sallust uses the word—*per saturam sententias exquirere;* when the majority was visibly on one side. From hence it may probably be conjectured, that the Discourses, or Satires, of Ennius, Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; because they are full of various matters, and are also written on various subjects, as Porphyrius says. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these satires are so called; for that name had been used formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those discourses of Horace.—In explaining of which, continues Dacier, a method is to be pursued, of which Casaubon himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred years, since the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the stage. Chance and jollity first found out those verses which they called *Saturnian*, and *Fescennine;* or rather human nature, which is inclined to poetry, first produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpolished, as all other operations of the soul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and study. However, in occasions of merriment they were first practised; and this rough-cast unhewn poetry was instead of stage-plays, for the space of an hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus;* for which the Tarsians of old were much renowned; and we see the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the poetry of that savage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verse. Little of the Saturnian verses is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer prose than poetry, without feet or measure. They were ἔνρυθμοι, but not ἔμμετροι. Perhaps they might be used in the solemn part of their ceremonies; and the Fescennine, which were invented after them, in the afternoon's debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The Fescennine and Saturnian were the same; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientness, when Saturn reigned in Italy, they were also called Fescennine, from Fescennia, a town

in the same country, where they were first practised. The actors, with a gross and rustic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failings; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this custom was afterwards retained in the Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn, celebrated in December; at least all kind of freedom in speech was then allowed to slaves even against their masters; and we are not without some imitation of it in our Christmas gambols. Soldiers also used those Fescennine verses, after measure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example, in the triumph of Julius Cæsar over Gaul, in these expressions: *Cæsar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem. Ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat qui subegit Gallias: Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem.* The vapours of wine made those first satirical poets amongst the Romans; which, says Dacier, we cannot better represent than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another, in *extempore* doggrel, with their defects and vices, and the stories that were told of them in bake-houses and barbers' shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first rudiments of civil conversation, they left these hedge-notes for another sort of poem, somewhat polished, which was also full of pleasant raillery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of poetry appeared under the name of satire, because of its variety; and this satire was adorned with compositions of music, and with dances; but lascivious postures were banished from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word *hister* signifies a player; and therefore those actors, which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence, when the Romans were admonished to avert the anger of the gods by plays, in the year *ab Urbe Conditâ* CCCXC.,—those actors, I say, were therefore called *histriones;* and that name has since remained, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former *extempore* stuff of Fescennine verses, or clownish jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil, cleanly farce, with music and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him; which trust he discharged so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus, thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his master; and, as I observed, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed, in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and conversant in the *Archæa Comœdia*, or old comedy of Aristophanes, and the rest of the Grecian poets, he took from that model his own designing of plays for the Roman stage; the first of which was represented in the year CCCCCXIV. since the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has assured us: it was after the end of the first Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one Livius Andronicus was the first stage-poet at Rome. But I will adventure, on this hint, to advance another proposition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not anything of Andronicus remaining to justify my conjecture, yet it is exceedingly probable, that, having read the works of those Grecian wits, his countrymen, he imitated not only the groundwork, but also the manner of their writing; and how grave soever his tragedies might be, yet, in his comedies, he expressed the way of Aristophanes, Eupolis, and the rest, which was to call some persons by their own names, and to expose their defects to the laughter of the people: the examples of which we have in the fore-mentioned Aristophanes, who turned the wise Socrates into ridicule, and is also very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other ministers of the Athenian government. Now, if this be granted, we may easily suppose, that the first hint of satirical plays on the Roman stage was given by the Greeks: not from the Satirica, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this discourse; but from their old comedy, which was imitated first by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm that satire is wholly Roman, and a sort of verse, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconcilement of my opinion to the standard of their judgment is not, however, very difficult, since they spoke of satire, not as in its first elements, but as it was formed into a separate work; begun by Ennius, pursued by Lucilius, and completed afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this *postulatum*,—that the comedies of Andronicus,

Lucilius came into the world when Pacuvius flourished most. He also made satires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn, and endeavoured to imitate more closely the *vetus comœdia* of the Greeks, of the which the old original Roman satire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace seems to have made Lucilius the first author of satire in verse amongst the Romans, in these words,—

> "——— Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus
> Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,"—

he is only thus to be understood: that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the satire of Ennius and Pacuvius, not that he invented a new satire of his own: and Quintilian seems to explain this passage of Horace in these words: *Satira quidem tota nostra est; in quâ primus insignem laudem adeptus est Lucilius.*

Thus both Horace and Quintilian gave a kind of primacy of honour to Lucilius, amongst the Latin satirists. For, as the Roman language grew more refined, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time. Horace and Quintilian could mean no more than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius; and on the same account we prefer Horace to Lucilius. Both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and so did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The polishing of the Latin tongue, in the succession of times, made the only difference; and Horace himself, in two of his satires, written purposely on this subject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only loosely and muddily, with little art and much less care, but also in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet sufficiently purged from the dregs of barbarism; and many significant and sounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But to proceed. Dacier justly taxes Casaubon, saying that the Satires of Lucilius were wholly different in species from those of Ennius and Pacuvius. Casaubon was led into that mistake by Diomedes, the grammarian, who, in effect, says this: "Satire amongst the Romans, but not amongst the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy, for the reprehension of vices; such as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Persius. But in former times, the name of Satire was given to poems which were composed of several sorts of verses, such as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius; more fully expressing the etymology of the word satire, from *satura*, which we have observed." Here it is manifest that Diomedes makes a specifical distinction betwixt the Satires of Ennius and those of Lucilius. But this, as we say in English, is only a distinction without a difference; for the reason of it is ridiculous, and absolutely false. This was that which cozened honest Casaubon, who, relying on Diomedes, had not sufficiently examined the origin and nature of those two satires; which were entirely the same, both in the matter and the form: for all that Lucilius performed beyond his predecessors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeness, and more salt, without any change in the substance of the poem. And though Lucilius put not together, in the same satire, several sorts of verses, as Ennius did, yet he composed several satires, of several sorts of verses, and mingled them with Greek verses: one poem consisted only of hexameters, and another was entirely of iambics; a third of trochaics; as is visible by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In short, if the Satires of Lucilius are therefore said to be wholly different from those of Ennius, because he added much more of beauty and polishing to his own poems than are to be found in those before him, it will follow, from hence, that the Satires of Horace are wholly different from those of Lucilius, because Horace has not less surpassed Lucilius in the elegancy of his writing, than Lucilius surpassed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This passage of Diomedes has also drawn Dousa, the son, into the same error of Casaubon, which I say, not to expose the little failings of those judicious men, but only to make it appear with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works, when they treat a subject of so much obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of satire.

Having thus brought down the history of Satire from its original to the times of Horace, and shown the several changes of it, I should here discover some of those graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, till I make the comparison betwixt him and Juvenal. In the mean while, following the order of time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of satire, which also was descended from the ancients: it is that which we call the Varronian satire (but which Varro himself calls the Menippean), because Varro, the most

learned of the Romans, was the first author of it, who imitated, in his works, the manner of Menippus, the Gadarenian, who professed the philosophy of the Cynics.

This sort of satire was not only composed of several sorts of verse, like those of Ennius, but was also mixed with prose; and Greek was sprinkled amongst the Latin. Quintilian, after he had spoken of the satire of Lucilius, adds what follows: "There is another and former kind of satire, composed by Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Romans; in which he was not satisfied alone with mingling in it several sorts of verse." The only difficulty of this passage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this satire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since Varro, who was contemporary to Cicero, must consequently be after Lucilius? But Quintilian meant not that the satire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius: he would only give us to understand, that the Varronian satire, with mixture of several sorts of verses, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more severe, and more correct; and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his verses in the same poem.

We have nothing remaining of those Varronian satires, excepting some inconsiderable fragments, and those for the most part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preserved, and they are generally double; from whence, at least, we may understand, how many various subjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his "Academics," introduces Varro himself giving us some light concerning the scope and design of those works. Wherein, after he had shown his reasons why he did not *ex professo* write of philosophy, he adds what follows: "Notwithstanding," says he, "that those pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety, yet many things are there inserted, which are drawn from the very entrails of philosophy, and many things severely argued; which I have mingled with pleasantries on purpose, that they may more easily go down with the common sort of unlearned readers." The rest of the sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it—that in the composition of his satires, he so tempered philology with philosophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himself confirms us in this opinion, when a little after he addresses himself to Varro in these words:—"And you yourself have composed a most elegant and complete poem; you have begun philosophy in many places, sufficient to incite us, though too little to instruct us." Thus it appears, that Varro was one of those writers whom they called σπουδογελοῖοι, studious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his business was more to divert his reader than to teach him. And he entitled his own satires, Menippean; not that Menippus had written any satires (for his were either dialogues or epistles), but that Varro imitated his style, his manner, his facetiousness. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly lost, is, that by some he is esteemed, as, amongst the rest, by Varro; by others he is noted of cynical impudence, and obscenity; that he was much given to those parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verses of Homer, and the tragic poets, and turned their serious meaning into something that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's satires are by Tully called absolute, and most elegant, and various poems. Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, seems to have imitated both his manners and his style in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himself is often introduced as a speaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon; particularly his character is expressed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called Νεκυομαντία. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthiness, and only expresses his witty pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his subjects were various, so most of them were tales or stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from antiquity, by those authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian satires, in imitation of his; of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whose satire, they say, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered, and made complete: when it is made public, it will easily be seen by any one sentence, whether it be suppositition, or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may also properly be called Varronian satires, particularly his "True History;" and consequently the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the mock deification of Claudius, by Seneca; and the Symposium, or "Cæsars" of Julian, the Emperor. Amongst the moderns we may reckon the "Encomium Moriæ" of Erasmus, Barclay's "Euphormio," and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Killegrew, once lent me. In the English, I remember none which are mixed with prose, as Varro's were; but of the same kind is "Mother Hubbard's Tale," in Spenser; and (if it be not too rude to mention anything of my own) the poems of "Absalom" and "Mac Flecnoe."

This is what I have to say in general of satire: only, as Dacier has observed before me, we may take notice, that the word satire is of a more general signification in Latin, than in French, or English. For amongst the Romans it was not only used for those discourses which decried vice, or exposed folly, but for others also, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to invective poems, where the very name of satire is formidable to those persons, who would appear to the world what they are not in themselves; for in English, to say satire, is to mean reflection, as we use that word in the worst sense; or as the French call it, more properly, *médisance*. In the criticism of spelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*, to distinguish its true derivation from *satura*, not from *satyrus*. And if this be so, then it is false spelled throughout this book; for here it is written SATYR: which having not considered at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never spell it any other way than SATIRE.

I am now arrived at the most difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Persius. It is observed by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that these three poets have all their particular partisans and favourers. Every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself obliged to prefer his author to the other two; to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to set up that interest which they have once espoused, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common justice; and especially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themselves the best poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their betters; so it is with critics, who, having first taken a liking to one of these poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illustrate him; after which, they fall in love with their own labours, to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not so much for his sake as for their own. It is a folly of the same nature, with that of the Romans themselves, in the games of the Circus. The spectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Prasini; some were for the charioteer in blue, and some for him in green. The colours themselves were but a fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to set out those of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the case was altered; he was concerned for his own labour, and that so earnestly, that disputes and quarrels, animosities, commotions, and bloodshed, often happened; and in the declension of the Grecian empire, the very sovereigns themselves engaged in it, even when the barbarians were at their doors; and stickled for the preference of colours, when the safety of their people was in question. I am now myself on the brink of the same precipice; I have spent some time on the translation of Juvenal and Persius; and it behoves me to be wary, lest, for that reason, I should be partial to them, or take a prejudice against Horace. Yet, on the other side, I would not be like some of our judges, who would give the cause for a poor man, right or wrong; for though that be an error on the better hand, yet it is still a partiality; and a rich man, unheard, cannot be concluded an oppressor. I remember a saying of King Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hale, (who was doubtless an uncorrupt and upright man) that his servants were sure to be cast on a trial, which was heard before him; not that he thought the judge was possibly to be bribed, but that his integrity might be too scrupulous; and that the causes of the crown were always suspicious, when the privileges of subjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due, without taking from another's heap to raise their own. There is praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the spoils of others. But to come to particulars. Heinsius and Dacier are the most principal of those, who raise Horace above Juvenal and Persius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debase Horace, that they may set up Juvenal; and Casaubon, who is almost single, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Persius, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of his former commentators: even Stelluti, who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakest cause, which is that of Persius; and labouring, as Tacitus professes of his own writing, to divest myself of partiality, or prejudice, consider Persius, not as a poet whom I have wholly translated, and who has cost me more labour and time than Juvenal, but according to what I judge to be his own merit: which I think not equal, in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace, and yet in some things to be preferred to both of them.

First, then, for the verse; neither Casaubon himself, nor any for him, can defend either his

numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Casaubon gives this point for lost, and pretends not to justify either the measures, or the words of Persius; he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal in both.

Then, as his verse is scabrous, and hobbling, and his words not everywhere well chosen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal, and consequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection, so his diction is hard, his figures are generally too bold and daring, and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, insufferably strained.

In the third place, notwithstanding all the diligence of Casaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman, whom I have heard extremely commended for his illustrations of him, yet he is still obscure; whether he affected not to be understood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his safety under Nero compelled him to this darkness in some places; or that it was occasioned by his close way of thinking, and the brevity of his style, and crowding of his figures; or lastly, whether, after so long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many customs, and stories relating to them, lost to us: whether some of these reasons, or all, concurred to render him so cloudy, we may be bold to affirm, that the best of commentators can but guess at his meaning, in many passages; and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man, like his friend and contemporary Lucan; both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, considering their youth; but neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is necessary to the accomplishing of a formed poet. And this consideration, as, on the one hand, it lays some imperfections to their charge, so, on the other side, it is a candid excuse for those failings, which are incident to youth and inexperience; and we have more reason to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write so well, and think so strongly, than to accuse them of those faults, from which human nature, and more especially in youth, can never possibly be exempted.

To consider Persius yet more closely; he rather insulted over vice and folly, than exposed them like Juvenal and Horace; and as chaste and modest as he is esteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in some places he is broad and fulsome, as the latter verses of the fourth Satire, and of the sixth, sufficiently witness. And it is to be believed that he who commits the same crime often, and without necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of pleasure.

To come to a conclusion: he is manifestly below Horace, because he borrows most of his greatest beauties from him; and Casaubon is so far from denying this, that he has written a treatise purposely concerning it; wherein he shows a multitude of his translations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author; which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To these defects, which I casually observed, while I was translating this author, Scaliger has added others: he calls him, in plain terms, a silly writer, and a trifler, full of ostentation of his learning, and, after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After such terrible accusations, it is time to hear what his patron Casaubon can allege in his defence. Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part; and, when he cannot, accuses others of the same crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modest scholar with a master. He compliments him with so much reverence, that one would swear he feared him as much at least as he respected him. Scaliger will not allow Persius to have any wit; Casaubon interprets this in the mildest sense, and confesses his author was not good at turning things into a pleasant ridicule; or, in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was—*non aptissimus ad jocandum;* but that he was ostentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Persius showed his learning, but was no boaster of it; he did *ostendere*, but not *ostentare;* and so, he says, did Scaliger:—where, methinks, Casaubon turns it handsomely upon that supercilious critic, and silently insinuates that he himself was sufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaster of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable censor, continues Casaubon, which are χρυσοῦ χρυσότερα, more golden than gold itself, are every where smelling of that thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors; but far be ostentation and vain-glory from a gentleman so well born, and so nobly educated as Scaliger. But, says Scaliger, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the name of Scotinus, a dark writer. Now, says Casaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger, from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a strong compliment, but no defence; and Casaubon, who could not but be sensible of his author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a post that was untenable. He acknowledges that Persius is obscure in some places; but so is Plato, so is Thucydides; so are Pindar, Theocritus, and Aristophanes, amongst the Greek poets; and even Horace

Persius

and Juvenal, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The truth is, Persius is not sometimes, but generally, obscure; and therefore Casaubon, at last, is forced to excuse him, by alleging that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his master. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that subject. Persius was an apt scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some places, where his life and safety were in question, took the same counsel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Casaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be sure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Persius, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that praise, which he has given to himself; but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius says, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Besides many examples which I could urge, the very last verse of his last satire, upon which he particularly values himself in his preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. It is true, Holyday has endeavoured to justify his construction; but Stelluti is against it; and, for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chastity of his thoughts, Casaubon denies not but that one particular passage, in the fourth satire, *At si unctus cesses*, &c. is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene of all his works. I understood it; but for that reason turned it over. In defence of his boisterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as instruments of the sublime; fit to move and stir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is far fetched and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the understanding; and may be reckoned amongst those things of Demosthenes which Æschines called *θαύματα*, not *ῥήματα*, that is, prodigies, not words. It must be granted to Casaubon, that the knowledge of many things is lost in our modern ages, which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that satire is a poem of a difficult nature in itself, and is not written to vulgar readers; and through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of persons makes the sense perplexed, when we can but divine who it is that speaks; whether Persius himself, or his friend and monitor; or, in some places, a third person. But Casaubon comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if Persius had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himself so hard a task, he then considered the Greek proverb, that he must *χελώνης φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν*, either eat the whole snail, or let it quite alone; and so he went through with his laborious task, as I have done with my difficult translation.

Thus far, my lord, you see it has gone very hard with Persius: I think he cannot be allowed to stand in competition either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet for once I will venture to be so vain, as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forced expressions, are in my translation. But more of this in its proper place, where I shall say somewhat in particular, of our general performance, in making these two authors English. In the meantime, I think myself obliged to give Persius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Casaubon, in what he has equalled, and in what excelled, his two competitors.

A man who is resolved to praise an author, with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged to choose his mediums accordingly. Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better gloss. Moral doctrine, says he, and urbanity, or well-mannered wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satire; but of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reason, is already almost out of doors; and allowed only for an instrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the satirist makes use in the compassing of his design. The end and aim of our three rivals is consequently the same. But by what methods they have prosecuted their intention, is farther to be considered. Satire is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive; he, therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes through his whole book, is the Stoic; the most noble, most generous, most beneficial to human kind, amongst all the sects, who have given us the rules of ethics, thereby to form a severe virtue in the soul; to raise in us an undaunted courage against the assaults of fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honours, fame, or health, any farther than as

conveniencies, and so many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation: in short, to be always happy, while we possess our minds with a good conscience, are free from the slavery of vices, and conform our actions and conversations to the rules of right reason. See here, my lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Persius; and this he expressed, not only in all his satires, but in the manner of his life. I will not lessen this commendation of the Stoic philosophy, by giving you an account of some absurdities in their doctrine, and perhaps some impieties, if we consider them by the standard of Christian faith. Persius has fallen into none of them, and therefore is free from those imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience, than all the nice speculations of divinity, and controversies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the shepherd, than for the edification of the flock. Passions, interest, ambition, and all their bloody consequences of discord, and of war, are banished from this doctrine. Here is nothing proposed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind; virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffused in her general effects, to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present Bishop of Salisbury has recommended this our author, and the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious perusal and practice of the divines in his diocese, as the best common-places for their sermons, as the storehouses and magazines of moral virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of assistance for the accomplishment of a virtuous life, which the Stoics have assigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Persius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He sticks to his own philosophy; he shifts not sides, like Horace, who is sometimes an Epicurean, sometimes a Stoic, sometimes an Eclectic, as his present humour leads him; nor declaims, like Juvenal, against vices, more like an orator, than a philosopher. Persius is every where the same; true to the dogmas of his master. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a spirit of sincerity in all he says; you may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is persuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs; and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honest and serious as Persius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Casaubon, and enlarged upon him, because I am satisfied that he says no more than truth: the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says that Horace, being the son of a tax-gatherer, or a collector, as we call it, smells everywhere of the meanness of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the subjects of his satires; that he does *plebeium sapere*, and writes not with that elevation which becomes a satirist: that Persius, being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewise the advantage of a better master; Cornutus being the most learned of his time, a man of the most holy life, the chief of the Stoic sect at Rome, and not only a great philosopher, but a poet himself, and in probability a coadjutor of Persius: that as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much conversant in philosophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was *libertinus*, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather, who had been once a slave. But Horace, speaking of him, gives him the best character of a father, which I ever read in history; and I wish a witty friend of mine, now living, had such another. He bred him in the best school, and with the best company of young noblemen; and Horace, by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain testimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he formed himself abroad, by the conversation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was so pleased with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him *tribunus militum*, a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old soldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mecænas, and his introduction into the court of Augustus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilise his conversation, and render him accomplished and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour; and, in short, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was first minister. So that, upon the whole matter, Persius may be acknowledged to be equal with him in those respects, though better born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage any where, it is on the side of Horace; as much as the court of Augustus Cæsar was superior to that of Nero. As for the subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar subjects, nor always chose them. His style is constantly accommodated to the subject, either high or low. If his fault be too much lowness, that of Persius is the fault of

hardness of his metaphors, and obscurity; and so they are equal in the failings of their style, where Juvenal manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The comparison betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; because their forces were more equal. A dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I shall only venture to give my own opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gained on the side of Horace. Virgil himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who says that Pindar is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his Odes. But the contention betwixt these two great masters, is for the prize of Satire; in which controversy, all the Odes and Epodes of Horace are to stand excluded. I say this, because Horace has written many of them satirically, against his private enemies; yet these, if justly considered, are somewhat of the nature of the Greek Silli, which were invectives against particular sects and persons. But Horace had purged himself of this choler, before he entered on those discourses, which are more properly called the Roman Satire. He has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Cassius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us. The first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been any ways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us; for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord, pass for vanity in me, for it is truth. More libels have been written against me, than almost any man now living; and I had reason on my side, to have defended my own innocence. I speak not of my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics: let them use it as they please: posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me; for interest and passion will lie buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed: that only sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies; and, being naturally vindicative, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Any thing, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will waive this subject, and proceed to give the second reason which may justify a poet when he writes against a particular person; and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. All those, whom Horace in his Satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies; both for their amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! And how little wit they bring for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust, are entitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is considered, no fulsomeness omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it: for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry, where there is no wit; no impression can be made, where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude: they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season; the corn which held up its head is spoiled

with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbish, I will return to the comparison of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted, by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life; but, in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction, and more to Juvenal for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion than I for mine. But all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned: to such impartial men I must appeal; for they who have already formed their judgment may justly stand suspected of prejudice; and though all who are my readers will set up to be my judges, I enter my *caveat* against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury; or, if they be admitted, it is but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved from hence,—that his instructions are more general, Juvenal's more limited. So that, granting that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use, Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives,—as including in his discourses, not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation,—is undoubtedly to be preferred to him who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose: *Bonum quò communius, eò melius.* Juvenal, excepting only his first Satire, is in all the rest confined to the exposing of some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral: he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them, without showing them in their full extent; which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art: and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing which was then growing on the age: *ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant:* he would have them wrought into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice; and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops, so it is a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest; for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one, but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the possessors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one sect of them that Horace has not exposed: which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined, so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent.

> "Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
> Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.

This was the commendation which Persius gave him: where, by *vitium*, he means those little vices which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or, at most, the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But, in the word *omne*, which is universal, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the common people; discovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first Satire, his hunting after business, and following the court, as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he exposes Crispinus openly, as a common nuisance; but he rallies the other, as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen; and the stoic philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them; Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims; but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess, that the delight which Horace gives me is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scaliger says, only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended, but his wit is faint; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear; he fully satisfies my expectation; he treats his subject home; his spleen is raised, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says; he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far; it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be justly found in him, it is, that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the *Plain-Dealer*, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble; his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader; and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the spirits. The low style of Horace is according to his subject, that is, generally grovelling. I question not but he could have raised it; for the first Epistle of the second book, which he writes to Augustus, (a most instructive satire concerning poetry,) is of so much dignity in the words, and of so much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly shows, the *sermo pedestris*, in his other Satires, was rather his choice than his necessity. He was a rival to Lucilius, his predecessor, and was resolved to surpass him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we see by his remaining fragments, minded neither his style, nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verse. Horace, therefore, copes with him in that humble way of satire, writes under his own force, and carries a dead-weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This, I imagine, was the chief reason why he minded only the clearness of his satire, and the cleanness of expression, without ascending to those heights to which his own vigour might have carried him. But, limiting his desires only to the conquest of Lucilius, he had his ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conquest over himself, by Juvenal, his successor. He could not give an equal pleasure to his reader, because he used not equal instruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But versification and numbers are the greatest pleasures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practised both so happily, that, for aught I know, his greatest excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, he is faultless; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And give me leave, my lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say, that Virgil could have written sharper satires than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verse and a half of his, in one of his Eclogues, to justify my opinion; and with commas after every word, to show, that he has given almost as many lashes as he has written syllables: it is against a bad poet, whose ill verses he describes:—

> "—— Non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas,
> Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere carmen?"

But, to return to my purpose. When there is anything deficient in numbers and sound, the reader is uneasy and unsatisfied; he wants something of his complement, desires somewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifest defect of Horace, it is no wonder that, finding it supplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And, besides this, the sauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nourishing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquisite: so that, granting Horace to be the more general philosopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in satire. His thoughts are sharper; his indignation against vice is more vehement; his spirit has more of the commonwealth genius: he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost rigour: and consequently, a noble soul is better pleased with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty, than with a temporising poet, a

well-mannered court slave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, Horace had the disadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better for the man, but worse for the satirist. It is generally said, that those enormous vices which were practised under the reign of Domitian, were unknown in the time of Augustus Cæsar; that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppression was to be scourged instead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the false opinions of philosophers, when the Roman liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the same time excuses Horace, but exalts Juvenal.—I have ended, before I was aware, the comparison of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of instruction and delight; and, indeed, I may safely here conclude that common-place; for, if we make Horace our minister of state in satire, and Juvenal of our private pleasures, I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the pre-eminence of honour, in the end of poetry. Pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first in favour. And who would not choose to be loved better, rather than to be more esteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic, which concerns the particular merits of these two satirists.—However, I will pursue my business where I left it, and carry it farther than that common observation of the several ages in which these authors flourished.

When Horace writ his Satires, the monarchy of his Cæsar was in its newness, and the government but just made easy to the conquered people. They could not possibly have forgotten the usurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had used, in the compassing that vast design: they yet remembered his proscriptions, and the slaughter of so many noble Romans, their defenders: amongst the rest, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her husband, who was constrained to see her married, as Dion relates the story, and, big with child as she was, conveyed to the bed of his insulting rival. The same Dion Cassius gives us another instance of the crime before mentioned; that Cornelius Sisenna being reproached, in full senate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this answer, "that he had married her by the counsel of Augustus;" intimating, says my author, that Augustus had obliged him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free access to her. His adulteries were still before their eyes; but they must be patient where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: propriety was generally secured; and the people entertained with public shows and donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost liberty. But Augustus, who was conscious to himself of so many crimes which he had committed, thought, in the first place, to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict against Lampoons and Satires, and the authors of those defamatory writings, which my author, Tacitus, from the law-term, calls *famosos libellos.*

In the first book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in these words: *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis, specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidine, quâ viros fœminasque illustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat.* Thus in English: "Augustus was the first, who under the colour of that law took cognisance of lampoons; being provoked to it, by the petulancy of Cassius Severus, who had defamed many illustrious persons of both sexes, in his writings." The law to which Tacitus refers, was *Lex læsæ Majestatis;* commonly called, for the sake of brevity, *Majestas;* or, as we may say, high treason. He means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inscribed amongst the rest in the Twelve Tables; to prevent the aspersion of the Roman majesty, either of the people themselves, or their religion, or their magistrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipt to death, with the *fasces,* which were borne before their chief officers of Rome. But Augustus was the first, who restored that intermitted law. By the words, *under colour of that law* he insinuates that Augustus caused it to be executed, on pretence of those libels, which were written by Cassius Severus, against the nobility; but, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory verses. Suetonius likewise makes mention of it thus: *Sparsos de se in curiâ famosos libellos, nec exparuit, et magnâ curâ redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidem auctoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum posthac de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuspiam sub alieno nomine edant.* "Augustus was not afraid of libels," says that author; "yet he took all care imaginable to have them answered; and then decreed, that, for the time to come, the authors of them should be punished." But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my sense, that this emperor for his own sake durst not permit

them: *Fecit id Augustus in speciem, et quasi gratificaretur populo Romano, et primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consuleret: nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile et utile. Ergo specie legis tractavit, quasi populi Romani majestas infamaretur.* This, I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Tacitus.—I will add only by the way, that the whole family of the Cæsars, and all their relations, were included in the law; because the majesty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that house; *omnia Cæsar erat:* they were all accounted sacred who belonged to him. As for Cassius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the same poet against whom he writes in his Epodes under this title, *In Cassium Severum maledicum poetam;* perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb, with one stone, and revenge both himself and his emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law; for to do any thing for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the interest of his master; and, avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confined himself to the ridiculing of petty vices and common follies; excepting only some reserved cases, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I say not that he should; for *prior læsit* is a good excuse in the civil law, if Christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at least if the stories which we hear of him are true,—that he practised some, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuse adulterers, especially when Augustus was of that number; so that though his age was not exempted from the worst of villanies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them by reason of the edict; and our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious character, because himself was dipped in the same actions. Upon this account, without farther insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the subjects which Horace chose for satire are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be considered. Persius was grave, and particularly opposed his gravity to lewdness, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he published his Satires, which was before that emperor fell into the excess of cruelty.—Horace was a mild admonisher, a court-satirist, fit for the gentle times of Augustus, and more fit, for the reasons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs; his was an age that deserved a more severe chastisement; vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, wheresoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy. Heinsius urges in praise of Horace, that, according to the ancient art and law of satire, it should be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming against vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Persius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both studied Horace. And the thing itself is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewise read Lucilius, of whom Persius says,—*secuit urbem; . . . et genuinum fregit in illis;* meaning Mutius and Lupus; and Juvenal also mentions him in these words:—

> "Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens
> Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est
> Criminibus, tacitâ sudant præcordia culpâ."

So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpose than that of Horace. "They changed satire, (says Holyday) but they changed it for the better; for the business being to reform great vices, chastisement goes farther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man."

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holyday, whose interpretation and illustrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verse of his translation and his English are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed most faithfully, but he must also imitate his genius, and his numbers, as far as the English will come up to the elegance of the original.—In few words, it is only for a poet to translate a poem. Holyday and Stapylton had not enough considered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg

leave to take notice of this sentence, where Holyday says, "a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace in low satire so easily. Let the chastisement of Juvenal be never so necessary for his new kind of satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases; yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. This, my lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce this fineness; it must be inborn; it must proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature. How easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice; he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner, and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded, and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him; yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my "Absalom," is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough; and he, for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed my own work more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blindsides, and little extravagancies; to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolic.

And thus, my lord, you see I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your lordship, in this kind of satire, to that of Juvenal, and I think, reasonably. Holyday ought not to have arraigned so great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his error, and restore to Horace that commendation, of which he has so unjustly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I say, that this way of Horace was the best for amending manners, as it is the most difficult. His was an *ense rescindendum;* but that of Horace was a pleasant cure, with all the limbs preserved entire; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promise only, Horace has effectually performed: yet I contradict not the proposition which I formerly advanced. Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation; but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was prescribed him by his own genius, which was sharp and eager; he could not rally, but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before, but it is time for me now to speak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the best; but Horace has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The manner of Juvenal is confessed to be inferior to the former, but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has railed more wittily than Horace has railed. Horace means to make his readers laugh, but he is not sure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation, and he always brings about his purpose. Horace, for aught I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongst the moderns he is not so successful. They, who say he entertains so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own understandings, that they can see a jest farther off than other men; they may find occasion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Cicerrus; and hold their sides for fear of bursting when Rupilius and Persius are scolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciously given; but for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid raillery.

I see not why Persius should call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adversary; and that because he had killed Julius Cæsar, for endeavouring to be a king, therefore he should be desired to murder Rupilius, only because his name was Mr. King. A miserable clench in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honest Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be puns were then in fashion, as they were wit in the sermons of the last age, and in the court of King Charles II. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of Horace: but certain it is, he has no fine palate who can feed so heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myself, and doubt not but I have tired your lordship's patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear, trivial discourse. Upon the one half of the merits, that is, pleasure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better satirist.—They, who will descend into his particular praises, may find them at large in the Dissertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Persius, I have given the reasons why I think him inferior to both of them; yet I have one thing to add on that subject.

Barten Holyday, who translated both Juvenal and Persius, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty,—that in Persius the difficulty is to find a meaning, in Juvenal to choose a meaning: so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal; so much the understanding is employed in one, and so much the judgment in the other; so difficult it is to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the second place, I desire him to consider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, besides the advantages of diligence and study, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him? And whether it be any dishonour to Horace to be thus surpassed, since no art or science is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the last perfection to that work? Or, rather, what disreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical satire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinsius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the instructive part; the part of wisdom, and not that of pleasure; which, therefore, is here allowed him, notwithstanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And, to show that I am impartial, I will here translate what Dacier has said on that subject.

"I cannot give a more just idea of the two books of Satires made by Horace, than by comparing them to the statues of the Sileni, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates in the Symposium. They were figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty, on their outside; but when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the shape that Horace presents himself to us in his Satires, we see nothing, at the first view, which deserves our attention; it seems that he is rather an amusement for children, than for the serious consideration of men. But, when we take away his crust, and that which hides him from our sight, when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full assembly; that is to say, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to correct their vices."

It is easy to observe, that Dacier, in this noble similitude, has confined the praise of his author wholly to the instructive part; the commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

"In these two books of satire, it is the business of Horace to instruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our passions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our desires, to distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood, and betwixt our conceptions of things, and things themselves; to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to understand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule into which all men necessarily fall, who are intoxicated with those notions which they have received from their masters, and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reason.

"In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourselves; agreeable and faithful to our friends; and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred, in relation to those with whom we are obliged to live, and to converse. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of some perplexed sentence, or obscure parenthesis, is no great matter; and, as Epictetus says, there

is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal business, and which is of most importance to us, is to show the use, the reason, and the proof of his precepts.

"They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a model, are just like the patients who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure."

Let Horace go off with these encomiums, which he has so well deserved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will use the words of Virgil, in his fifth Æneid, where Æneas proposes the rewards of the foot-race to the three first who should reach the goal:—

"—— Tres præmia primi
Accipient, flavâque caput nectentur olivâ."

Let these three ancients be preferred to all the moderns, as first arriving at the goal; let them all be crowned, as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to satire; but, after that, with this distinction amongst themselves,

"Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto."

1st Let Juvenal ride first in triumph;

"Alter Amazoniam pharetram, plenamque sagittis
Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro
Balteus, et tereti subnectit fibula gemmâ."

2nd Let Horace, who is the second, and but just the second, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his satire, and the golden belt, and the diamond button;

Tertius Argolico hoc clypeo contentus abito."

And let Persius, the last of the first three worthies, be contented with this Grecian shield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman satire, but over all the moderns in succeeding ages, except Boileau and your lordship.

And thus I have given the history of Satire, and derived it as far as from Ennius to your lordship; that is, from its first rudiments of barbarity to its last polishing and perfection; which is, with Virgil, in his address to Augustus—

"—— Nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,
Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar."

I said only from Ennius; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first play at Rome, in the year *ab urbe conditâ* CCCCCXIV. I have since desired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Aristophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he assures me, from the best chronologers, that "Plutus," the last of Aristophanes's plays, was represented at Athens, in the year of the 97th Olympiad, which agrees with the year *urbis conditæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of years betwixt Aristophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the Old Comedy, which were satirical, and also of the New; for Menander was fifty years before him, which must needs be a great light to him in his own plays, that were of the satirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece; so that Andronicus was the first who wrote after the manner of the old comedy in his plays: he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables, the latter, speaking properly, began the Roman satire; according to that description which Juvenal gives of it in his first:—

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli."

This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern critics,—that not Ennius, but Andronicus, was the first, who, by the *Archæa Comœdia*

of the Greeks, added many beauties to the first rude and barbarous Roman satire: which sort of poem though we had not derived from Rome, yet Nature teaches it mankind in all ages, and in every country.

It is but necessary, that after so much has been said of Satire, some definition of it should be given. Heinsius, in his "Dissertations on Horace," makes it for me, in these words: "Satire is a kind of poetry, without a series of action, invented for the purging of our minds; in which human vices, ignorance, and errors, and all things besides, which are produced from them in every man, are severely reprehended, partly dramatically, partly simply, and sometimes in both kinds of speaking; but, for the most part, figuratively, and occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of speech; but partly, also, in a facetious and civil way of jesting, by which either hatred, or laughter, or indignation, is moved."—Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplexed definition, or rather description, of satire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Persius, as foreign from that kind of poem. The clause in the beginning of it ("without a series of action") distinguishes satire properly from stage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued series of action. The end or scope of satire is to purge the passions; so far it is common to the Satires of Juvenal and Persius. The rest which follows is also generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clause—"consisting in a low familiar way of speech,"—which is the proper character of Horace; and from which, the other two, for their honour be it spoken, are far distant. But how come lowness of style, and the familiarity of words, to be so much the propriety of satire, that without them a poet can be no more a satirist, than without risibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and standing rule of this poem? Is the *grande sophos* of Persius, and the sublimity of Juvenal, to be circumscribed with the meanness of words and vulgarity of expression? If Horace refused the pains of numbers, and the loftiness of figures, are they bound to follow so ill a precedent? Let him walk a-foot, with his pad in his hand, for his own pleasure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who choose to mount, and show their horsemanship. Holyday is not afraid to say, that there was never such a fall, as from his Odes to his Satires, and that he, injuriously to himself, untuned his harp. The majestic way of Persius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their fashion? "which alteration," says Holyday, "is to after-times as good a warrant as the first." Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his Æneid? Certainly he has, and for the better; for Virgil's age was more civilised, and better bred; and he writ according to the politeness of Rome, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar, not to the rudeness of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why should we offer to confine free spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our bodies to one fashion of apparel? Would not Donne's satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him; and I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donne, yet, certainly, we are better poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be too much, on this subject. Will your lordship be pleased to prolong my audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts, how a modern satire should be made. I will not deviate in the least from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our best masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden beauties in their designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that Persius, the least in dignity of all the three, has notwithstanding been the first, who has discovered to us this important secret, in the designing of a perfect satire,—that it ought only to treat of one subject; to be confined to one particular theme; or, at least, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they should only be transiently lashed, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a play of the English fashion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main design; and though there be an underplot, or second walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are subservient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; so that the drama may not seem a monster with two heads. Thus, the Copernican system of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as a dependent of her's. Mascardi, in his discourse of the *Doppia favola*, or double tale in plays, gives an instance of it in the famous pastoral of Guarini, called *Il Pastor Fido;* where Corisca and the Satyr are the under parts; yet we may observe, that Corisca is brought into

the body of the plot, and made subservient to it. It is certain that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule,—that a play, though it consists of many parts, must yet be one in the action, and must drive on the accomplishment of one design; for he gives this very precept,—*Sit quodvis simplex duntaxat et unum;* yet he seems not much to mind it in his Satires, many of them consisting of more arguments than one; and the second without dependence on the first. Casaubon has observed this before me, in his preference of Persius to Horace; and will have his own beloved author to be the first who found out and introduced this method of confining himself to one subject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not necessary; because the very word *satura* signifies a dish plentifully stored with all variety of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *satura*, has chosen to follow the same method of Persius, and not of Horace; and Boileau, whose example alone is a sufficient authority, has wholly confined himself, in all his satires, to this unity of design. That variety, which is not to be found in any one satire, is, at least, in many, written on several occasions. And if variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word, yet it may arise naturally from one subject, as it is diversely treated, in the several subordinate branches of it, all relating to the chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of examples in the subdivisions of it, and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which, altogether, may complete that *olla*, or hotch-potch, which is properly a satire.

Under this unity of theme, or subject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the design of true satire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader some one precept of moral virtue, and to caution him against some one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be scourged, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and insist on that. Thus Juvenal, in every satire excepting the first, ties himself to one principal instructive point, or to the shunning of moral evil. Even in the sixth, which seems only an arraignment of the whole sex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by showing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongst them. But this, though the wittiest of all his satires, has yet the least of truth or instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was now setting up for a moral poet.

Persius is never wanting to us in some profitable doctrine, and in exposing the opposite vices to it. His kind of philosophy is one, which is the Stoic; and every satire is a comment on one particular dogma of that sect, unless we will except the first, which is against bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the Porch. In general, all virtues are everywhere to be praised and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or else there is a fundamental error in the whole design.

I have already declared who are the only persons that are the adequate object of private satire, and who they are that may properly be exposed by name for public examples of vices and follies, and therefore I will trouble your lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of satire, I have said enough in the comparison betwixt Juvenal and Horace: it is that sharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your lordship is the best master in this age. I will proceed to the versification, which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that subject. The sort of verse which is called burlesque, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has chosen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I spoke of Donne; but by a slip of an old man's memory he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need my commendation, and he is above my censure. His satire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it; but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme, (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire; for it turns earnest too much to jest, and gives us a boyish kind of pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of readers: we are pleased ungratefully, and, if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He might have

left that task to others, who, not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excrescence of a word of two or three syllables in the close. It is, indeed, below so great a master to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes: it affords us not the time of finding faults. We pass through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse, and has written the best in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled: as we say of a court-favourite, that whatsoever his office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your imagination, my lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroic, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion; for this sort of number is more roomy; the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression; we are thinking of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or, if it were, it is more easily purchased in ten syllables than in eight. In both occasions it is as in a tennis-court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tassoni and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the "Secchia Rapita," and the "Lutrin;" and next them Merlin Cocaius, in his "Baldus." I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin verse. The "Secchia Rapita" is an Italian poem, a satire of the Varronian kind. It is written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroic verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestical and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has modelled from hence his famous "Lutrin." He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron, with some kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation; but he copied the Italian so well, that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroic verse, and calls it an heroic poem; his subject is trivial, but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and some parodies; as particularly this passage in the fourth of the Æneids:—

> "Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
> Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
> Caucasus; Hyrcanæque admorûnt ubera tigres:"

which he thus translates, keeping to the words, but altering the sense:—

> "Non, ton pere à Paris, ne fut point boulanger:
> Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais, l'horloger:
> Ta mere ne fut point la maitresse d'un coche;
> Caucase dans ses flancs te forma d'une roche;
> Une tigresse affreuse, en quelque antre écarté,
> Te fit, avec son lait, succer sa cruauté."

And, as Virgil, in his fourth Georgic, of the Bees, perpetually raises the lowness of his subject, by the loftiness of his words, and ennobles it by comparisons drawn from empires, and from monarchs:—

> "Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
> Magnanimosque duces, totiusque ordine gentis
> Mores et studia, et populos, et prœlia dicam."

And again:—

> "At genus immortale manet; multosque per annos
> Stat fortuna domûs, et avi numerantur avorum;—"

we see Boileau pursuing him in the same flights, and scarcely yielding to his master. This, I think, my lord, to be the most beautiful, and most noble kind of satire. Here is the majesty of the heroic finely mixed with the venom of the other; and raising the delight, which otherwise would be flat and vulgar, by the sublimity of the expression. I could say somewhat more of the delicacy of this and some other of his satires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your lordship but this bare hint, in what verse and in what manner this sort of satire may be best managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts, which are as requisite in this, as in heroic poetry itself, of which the satire is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns, I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie; he asked me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham, of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleasure, and with some profit, those two fathers of our English poetry; but had not seriously enough considered those beauties which give the last perfection to their works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my plays; but they were casual, and not designed. But this hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, instead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the "Davideis," an heroic poem, which is of an opposite nature to those puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word, or on the thought. Then I consulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author), I mean Milton; but as he endeavours every where to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenser, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked. At last I had recourse to his master, Spenser, the author of that immortal poem, called the "Fairy Queen;" and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spenser had studied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and amongst the rest of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Tasso had done the same; nay more, that all the sonnets in that language are on the turn of the first thought; which Mr. Walsh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has observed. In short, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poetry. And the French at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first beauties: *délicate et bien tourné*, are the highest commendations which they bestow on somewhat which they think a masterpiece.

An example of the turn on words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last book of Ovid's "Metamorphoses:"

> "Heu! quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condi!
> Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus;
> Alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto."

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words, is to be found in Catullus, in the complaint of Ariadne, when she was left by Theseus:—

> "Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;
> Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles;
> Qui, dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit apisci,
> Nil metuunt jurare, nihil promittere parcunt:
> Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est,
> Dicta nihil metuêre, nihil perjuria curant."

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's "Epistolæ Heroidum," of Sappho to Phaon:—

> "Si, nisi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
> Nulla futura tua est, nulla futura tua est."

Lastly: A turn, which I cannot say is absolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the fourth Georgic of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on express condition not to look on her till she was come on earth:—

> "Cùm subita incautum dementia cepit amantem
> Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes."

I will not burthen your lordship with more of them; for I write to a master who understands them better than myself. But I may safely conclude them to be great beauties.—I might descend also to the mechanic beauties of heroic verse; but we have yet no English *prosodia*, not so much as a

tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; so that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not; but nothing under a public expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the present age.

I am still speaking to you, my lord, though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanness can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the last petition of Abraham; if there be ten righteous lines, in this vast preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next city, because it is but a little one.

I would excuse the performance of this translation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part, being the work of some gentlemen, who have succeeded very happily in their undertaking, let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and those of my sons. I have perused some of the satires, which are done by other hands; and they seem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have seen in English verse. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase; or somewhat, which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase and imitation. It was not possible for us, or any men, to have made it pleasant any other way. If rendering the exact sense of those authors, almost line for line, had been our business, Barten Holyday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illustrations, not only Juvenal and Persius, but, what yet is more obscure, his own verses, might be understood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to scholars: we write only for the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies, who, though they are not scholars, are not ignorant: persons of understanding and good sense, who, not having been conversant in the original, or at least not having made Latin verse so much their business as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be answerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have, therefore, endeavoured to give the public all the satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether so faithful to our author as our predecessors Holyday and Stapylton, yet we may challenge to ourselves this praise, that we shall be far more pleasing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater distance, though not step by step, as they have done; for oftentimes they have gone so close, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Persius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be pursued too close by a translator. We lose his spirit, when we think to take his body. The grosser part remains with us, but the soul is flown away in some noble expression, or some delicate turn of words, or thought. Thus Holyday, who made this way his choice, seized the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always escaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleasure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compassing the only end, which is instruction, must yet allow that without the means of pleasure, the instruction is but a bare and dry philosophy: a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Aristotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet. Neither Holyday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal in the poetical part of him—his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were, yet, in the way they took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the poetic part.

The English verse, which we call heroic, consists of no more than ten syllables; the Latin hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen; as, for example, this verse in Virgil

"Pulverulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

Here is the difference of no less than seven syllables in a line, betwixt the English and the Latin. Now the medium of these is about fourteen syllables; because the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the spondee. But Holyday, without considering that he wrote with the disadvantage of four syllables less in every verse, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the sense of one of Juvenal's. According to the falsity of the proposition was the success. He was forced to crowd his verse with ill-sounding monosyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty; and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal translation. His verses have nothing of verse in them, but only the worst part of it—the rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-chosen, and worse-sounding monosyllables so close together, the very sense which he endeavours to explain, is become more obscure than that of his author; so that Holyday himself cannot be understood

and Holyday

without as large a commentary as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a shift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes; but his translation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompense my pains; but, in Holyday and Stapylton, my ears, in the first place, are mortally offended; and then their sense is so perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleasing task, as well as the more easy.

This must be said for our translation, that, if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it: we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at least appear in a poetic dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more elegant, than he was before in English; and have endeavoured to make him speak that kind of English, which he would have spoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and it is but seldom) make him express the customs and manners of our native country rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was some kind of analogy betwixt their customs and ours, or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we give him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuse it. For, to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded; we should either make them English, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended nor excused, let it be pardoned at least, because it is acknowledged; and so much the more easily, as being a fault which is never committed without some pleasure to the reader.

Thus, my lord, having troubled you with a tedious visit, the best manners will be shown in the least ceremony. I will slip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwise employed; with great confusion for having entertained you so long with this discourse, and for having no other recompense to make you, than the worthy labours of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wishes, of,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most obliged, most humble, and most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

August 18, 1692.

THE

FIRST SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: That being provoked by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no man will rank himself with ill writers, 'tis easy to conclude, that if such wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly why he rather addicts himself to Satire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this first Satire is the natural groundwork of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one subject, but strikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following Satire he has chosen some particular moral which he would inculcate; and lashes some particular vice or folly (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted). But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, and not daring to attempt it by an overt act of naming living persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also, with a finer stroke of his pen, brands even the living, and personates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that reason have translated this Satire somewhat largely; and freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the proper names, because I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the commentators, it is because they first deserted my author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the score,
Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus' Theseid, o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's Elegies and t'other's Play
Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page, 5
Cries vengeance; and Orestes' bulky rage,
Unsatisfied with margins closely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot, 10
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortured ghosts below.
I know by rote the famed exploits of Greece;
The Centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
Through the thick shades th' eternal scribbler bawls, 15
And shakes the statues on their pedestals.
The best and worst on the same theme employs
His muse, and plagues us with an equal noise.
Provoked by these incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic schools; 20
Where, with men-boys, I strove to get renown,
Advising Sylla to a private gown.
But, since the world with writing is possess'd,
I 'll versify in spite; and do my best,
To make as much waste paper as the rest. 25
But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which famed Lucilius trod,
Attend the causes which my Muse have led:
When sapless eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When mannish Mevia, that two-handed whore, 30
Astride on horseback hunts the Tuscan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvied,
Whose razor on my callow beard was tried;
When I behold the spawn of conquer'd Nile,
Crispinus, both in birth and manners vile, 35
Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Changed oft a day for needless luxury;
And finding oft occasion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charged with light summer-rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight: 41
Such fulsome objects meeting everywhere,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my spleen contain! 45
When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd chair,
And after him the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whose evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wish'd occasion does attend 50
From the poor nobles the last spoils to rend,
Whom ev'n spies dread as their superior fiend,
And bribe with presents; or, when presents fail,
They send their prostituted wives for bail:

Ver. 1. *Still shall I hear,*] It is not without caution, and a fear of reprehension, that I venture to mention what may appear too personal, that when I first had the honour of presiding at Winchester school, I found the youths of the upper class were in the habit of frequently repeating, without book, the Satires of Juvenal. I soon perceived, that, from the multiplicity of allusions to Roman history, manners, customs, and opinions, they unavoidably could not understand half they repeated. And I also perceived that their compositions were unnaturally and improperly tinctured with a mixture of Juvenal's harsh, far-fetched, metaphorical, and tumid expressions, and of the purity of Virgil and Horace. I therefore laid aside the practice, and adhered closely and solely to the two last-mentioned authors. After our author himself has so clearly and copiously, in his dedication, marked the characteristical differences betwixt Horace and Juvenal, it would be vain and superfluous to attempt to add any thing on a subject so exhausted. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 2. *Codrus*] Or it may be Cordus, a bad poet who wrote the life and actions of Theseus.

Ver. 5. —— *Telephus,*] The name of a tragedy.

Ver. 6. —— *Orestes*] Another tragedy.

Ver. 11. —— *Mars his grove,*] Some commentators take this grove to be a place where poets were used to repeat their works to the people; but, more probably, both this and Vulcan's grot, or cave, and the rest of the places and names here mentioned, are only meant for the commonplaces of Homer, in his Iliads and Odysseys.

Ver. 17. *The best and worst*] That is the best and the worst poets.

Ver. 20. *I left declaiming*] But he did not forsake his declamatory style. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 22. *Advising Sylla,* &c.] This was one of the themes given in the schools of rhetoricians, in the deliberative kind: Whether Sylla should lay down the supreme power of dictatorship, or still keep it.

Ver. 27. —— *Lucilius*] The first satirist of the Romans, who wrote long before Horace.

Ver. 30. —— *Mevia,*] A name put for any impudent or mannish woman.

Ver. 33. *Whose razor,* &c.] Juvenal's barber, now grown wealthy.

Ver. 35. *Crispinus,*] An Egyptian slave; now by his riches transformed into a nobleman.

Ver. 40. *Charged with light summer-rings,* &c.] The Romans were grown so effeminate in Juvenal's time, that they wore light rings in the summer, and heavier in the winter.

Ver. 46. —— *Matho,*] A famous lawyer, mentioned in other places by Juvenal and Martial.

When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin disherit; 56
For such good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by Nature's standard given,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven: 60
A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice concocted blood is paid:
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trod upon a snake;
Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize, 65
For which the vanquish'd rhetorician dies.
What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjured guardians, proud with impious gains,
Choke up the streets, too narrow for their trains!
Whose wards by want betray'd, to crimes are led 70
Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read!
When he who pill'd his province 'scapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he lost his cause:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can rise at twelve, and get him drunk ere three: 75
Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain!
Such villanies roused Horace into wrath:
And 'tis more noble to pursue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede to repeat, 80
Or labouring after Hercules to sweat,
Or wandering in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged smith aloft to fly,
Or fluttering perish with his foolish boy.
With what impatience must the Muse behold 85
The wife, by her procuring husband sold?
For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may succeed;
Who his taught eyes up to the ceiling throws,
And sleeps all over but his wakeful nose. 90
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whose coursers kept, ran out his father's land;
Who, yet a stripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the streets, while his vain master strove
With boasted art to please his eunuch-love. 95
Would it not make a modest author dare
To draw his table-book within the square,
And fill with notes, when lolling at his ease,
Mecænas-like, the happy rogue he sees
Borne by six wearied slaves in open view, 100
Who cancell'd an old will, and forged a new;
Made wealthy at the small expense of signing
With a wet seal, and a fresh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a lashing line,
Who squeezed a toad into her husband's wine: 105

So well the fashionable med'cine thrives,
That now 'tis practised ev'n by country wives:
Poisoning, without regard of fame or fear:
And spotted corps are frequent on the bier.
Would'st thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime, 111
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves:
For virtue is but drily praised, and sterves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate emboss'd,
Fair palaces, and furniture of cost; 115
And high commands: a sneaking sin is lost.
Who can behold that rank old lecher keep
His son's corrupted wife, and hope to sleep?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledged boy,
Eager to sin, before he can enjoy? 120
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful stuff as I or Shadwell write.
Count from the time, since old Deucalion's boat,
Raised by the flood, did on Parnassus float;
And scarcely mooring on the cliff, implored 125
An oracle how man might be restored;
When soften'd stones and vital breath ensued,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
What ever since that Golden Age was done,
What human kind desires, and what they shun, 130
Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
Shall this satirical collection fill.
What age so large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profusion thrown?
The well-fill'd fob not emptied now alone, 135
But gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
The steward brings the deeds which must convey
The lost estate: what more than madness reigns,
When one short sitting many hundreds drains, 140
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?
What age so many summer-seats did see?
Or which of our forefathers fared so well,
As on seven dishes, at a private meal? 145
Clients of old were feasted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry rout is soon dispatch'd:
The paltry largess, too, severely watch'd
Ere given; and every face observed with care, 150
That no intruding guest usurp a share.
Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan blood,
Who gape among the crowd for their precarious food.
The prætors' and the tribunes' voice is heard; 155
The freedman jostles, and will be preferr'd;
First come, first served, he cries; and I, in spite
Of your great lordships, will maintain my right.
Though born a slave, though my torn ears are bored,
'Tis not the birth, tis money makes the lord. 159

Ver. 65. —— *at Lyons*] A city in France, where annual sacrifices and games were made in honour of Augustus Cæsar.

Ver. 77. —— *prevailing province*, &c.] Here the poet complains that the governors of provinces, being accused for their unjust exactions, though they were condemned at their trials, yet got off by bribery.

Ver. 78. —— *Horace*] Who wrote satires: 'tis more noble, says our author, to imitate him in that way, than to write the labours of Hercules, the sufferings of Diomedes and his followers, or the flight of Dædalus who made the labyrinth, and the death of his son Icarus.

Ver. 95. —— *his eunuch-love.*] Nero married Sporus, an eunuch; though it may be the poet meant Nero's mistress in man's apparel.

Ver. 99. *Mecænas-like,*] Mecænas is often taxed by Seneca and others for his effeminacy.

Ver. 118. —— *and hope to sleep?*] The meaning is, that the very consideration of such a crime, will hinder a virtuous man from taking his repose.

Ver. 123. Deucalion and Pyrrha, when the world was drowned, escaped to the top of Mount Parnassus; and were commanded to restore mankind by throwing stones over their heads. The stones he threw became men, and those she threw became women.

Ver. 159. —— *though my torn ears are bored.*] The ears of all slaves were bored as a mark of their servitude; which custom is still usual in the East Indies, and in other parts, even for whole nations; who bore prodigious holes in their ears, and wear vast weights at them.

The rent of five fair houses I receive;
What greater honours can the purple give?
The poor patrician is reduced to keep,
In melancholy walks, a grazier's sheep:
Not Pallas nor Licinius had my treasure; 165
Then let the sacred tribunes wait my leisure.
Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the street,
And trudged to Rome upon my naked feet:
Gold is the greatest god; though yet we see
No temples raised to Money's majesty, 170
No altars fuming to her power divine,
Such as to Valour, Peace, and Virtue shine,
And Faith, and Concord: where the stork on high
Seems to salute her infant progeny:
Presaging pious love with her auspicious cry. 175
But since our knights and senators account
To what their sordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched share the poor attends,
Whose whole subsistence on those alms depends!
Their household fire, their raiment, and their food,
Prevented by those harpies; when a wood 181
Of litters thick besiege the donor's gate,
And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
The promised dole: nay, some have learn'd the trick
To beg for absent persons; feign them sick, 185
Close mew'd in their sedans, for fear of air:
And for their wives produce an empty chair.
This is my spouse: dispatch her with her share.
'Tis Galla: Let her ladyship but peep:
No, Sir, 'tis pity to disturb her sleep. 190
Such fine employments our whole days divide:
The salutations of the morning-tide
Call up the sun; those ended, to the hall
We wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
Then to the statues; where amidst the race 195
Of conquering Rome, some Arab shows his face,
Inscribed with titles, and profanes the place;
Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.
The great man, home conducted, shuts his door;
Old clients, wearied out with fruitless care, 200
Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair.
Though much against the grain forced to retire,
Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.

Meantime his lordship lolls within at ease,
Pampering his paunch with foreign rarities; 205
Both sea and land are ransack'd for the feast;
And his own gut the sole invited guest.
Such plate, such tables, dishes dress'd so well,
That whole estates are swallow'd at a meal.
Ev'n parasites are banish'd from his board: 210
(At once a sordid and luxurious lord:)
Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are dress'd;
(A creature form'd to furnish out a feast.)
But present punishment pursues his maw,
When surfeited and swell'd, the peacock raw 215
He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletions, apoplex, intestate death.
His fate makes table-talk, divulged with scorn,
And he, a jest, into his grave is borne.
No age can go beyond us; future times 220
Can add no farther to the present crimes.
Our sons but the same things can wish and do;
Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow;
Then, Satire, spread thy sails; take all the winds can blow.
Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can yield 225
Sufficient strength for such a spacious field?
From whence can be derived so large a vein,
Bold truths to speak, and spoken to maintain;
When god-like freedom is so far bereft
The noble mind, that scarce the name is left? 230
Ere *scandalum magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the great forgave or not:
But if that honest licence now you take,
If into rogues omnipotent you rake,
Death is your doom, impaled upon a stake. 235
Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on fire, to light
The streets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.
Shall they, who drench'd three uncles in a draught
Of poisonous juice, be then in triumph brought,
Make lanes among the people where they go, 240
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Disdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be silent, and beware, if such you see;
'Tis defamation but to say, That 's he!
Against bold Turnus the great Trojan arm, 245
Amidst their strokes the poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in epic verse be slain,
And none of all his Myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himself for company: 250
But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
And flashes in the face of guilty men,
A cold sweat stands in drops on every part;
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart.
Muse, be advised; 'tis past considering time, 255
When enter'd once the dangerous lists of rhyme:
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.

Ver. 163. *The poor patrician*] The poor nobleman.

Ver. 165. —— *Pallas* nor *Licinius*] Pallas, a slave freed by Claudius Cæsar, and raised by his favour to great riches. Licinius was another wealthy freedman, belonging to Augustus.

Ver. 173. —— *where the stork on high*, &c.] Perhaps the storks were used to build on the top of the temple dedicated to Concord.

Ver. 181. *Prevented by those harpies;*] He calls the Roman knights, &c. harpies, or devourers. In those days the rich made doles intended for the poor; but the great were either so covetous, or so needy, that they came in their litters to demand their shares of the largess; and thereby prevented, and consequently starved the poor.

Ver. 189. *'Tis Galla*, &c.] The meaning is, that noblemen would cause empty litters to be carried to the giver's door, pretending their wives were within them: 'Tis Galla, that is, my wife. The next words, *Let her ladyship but peep*, are of the servant who distributes the dole; let me see her, that I may be sure she is within the litter. The husband answers, She is asleep, and to open the litter would disturb her rest.

Ver. 195. *Then to the statues*, &c.] The poet here tells you how the idle passed their time: in going first to the levees of the great, then to the hall, that is, to the temple of Apollo, to hear the lawyers plead, then to the market-place of Augustus, where the statues of the famous Romans were set in ranks on pedestals; amongst which statues were seen those of foreigners, such as Arabs &c.; who, for no desert, but only on the account of their wealth, or favour, were placed amongst the noblest.

Ver. 231. *Ere* scandalum] A strange introduction of an offence purely English, followed immediately by a Roman punishment. So also above, verse 189, the mention of her ladyship; and his lordship, verse 204. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 245. *Against bold Turnus*, &c.] A poet may safely write an heroic poem, such as that of Virgil, who describes the duel of Turnus and Æneas; or of Homer, who writes of Achilles and Hector; or the death of Hylas, the Catamite of Hercules; who, stooping for water, dropped his pitcher, and fell into the well after it. But 'tis dangerous to write satire like Lucilius.

THE

THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The story of this Satire speaks itself. Umbritius, the supposed friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome. That none but flatterers make their fortunes there. That Grecians and other foreigners raise themselves by those sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several inconveniences which arise from a city life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetousness, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for starving them. The great art of this Satire is particularly shown, in common-places; and drawing in as many vices as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

GRIEVED though I am an ancient friend to lose,
I like the solitary seat he chose:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repose:
Where, far from noisy Rome secure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sibyl gives: 5
The road to Bajæ, and that soft recess,
Which all the gods with all their bounty bless.
Though I in Prochyta with greater ease
Could live, than in a street of palaces.
What scene so desert, or so full of fright, 10
As towering houses tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
But worse than all, the clattering tiles; and worse
Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse.
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear: 15
But without mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my friend, just ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa modell'd once the Roman state, 20
In mighty councils with his Nymph retired:
Though now the sacred shades and founts are hired
By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
In a small basket, on a wisp of hay;
Yet such our avarice is, that every tree 25
Pays for his head; nor sleep itself is free:
Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred held,
From their own grove the Muses are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
I and my sullen discontented friend: 30
The marble caves, and aqueducts we view;
But how adulterate now, and different from the true!
How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embellish'd with her first created green,
Where crystal streams through living turf had run, 35
Contented with an urn of native stone!
Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degenerate town):
Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court, 40
No profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,
My poverty increasing with my age,
'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent,
And, cursing, leave so base a government.
Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by, 45
To that obscure retreat I choose to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are seen,
While I walk upright, and old age is green,
And Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.
Now, now 'tis time to quit this cursed place, 50
And hide from villains my too honest face:
Here let Arturius live, and such as he:
Such manners will with such a town agree.
Knaves who in full assemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black; 55
Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor
By farm'd excise; can cleanse the common-shore;
And rent the fishery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes dissembled tears to shed,
All this for gain; for gain they sell their very head. 60
These fellows (see what fortune's power can do)
Were once the minstrels of a country show:
Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays, 65
At their own costs exhibit public plays;
Where influenced by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their sordid avarice rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes. 70
Why hire they not the town, not every thing,
Since such as they have fortune in a string?
Who, for her pleasure, can her fools advance;
And toss 'em topmost on the wheel of chance.
What's Rome to me, what business have I there, 75
I who can neither lie, nor falsely swear?

Ver. 3. —— *Cumæ*] A small city in Campania, near Puteoli, or Puzzolo, as it is called. The habitation of the Cumæan Sibyl.

Ver. 6. —— *Bajæ*,] Another little town in Campania, near the sea: a pleasant place.

Ver. 8. *Prochyta*] A small barren island belonging to the kingdom of Naples.

Ver. 15. —— *in dog-days*] The poets in Juvenal's time used to rehearse their poetry in August.

Ver. 20. —— *Numa*] The second king of Rome; who made their laws, and instituted their religion.

Ver. 21. —— *Nymph*] Ægeria, a nymph, or goddess; with whom Numa feigned to converse by night; and to be instructed by her, in modelling his superstitions.

Ver. 31. *The marble caves*,] The preference here given to the beauties of simple nature above those of art, is remarkable.—The lines of the original are worth quoting, as written in a pure taste, and very different from the turgid declamatory style into which Juvenal too frequently falls:

—— "Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum."

The translation is quite equal, if not superior. *Violated* is a strong and emphatical word, but is answered by *adulterate*; as is *ingenuum* by *living* turf, and *contented*. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 45. *Where Dædalus*, &c.] Meaning at Cumæ.

Ver. 49. —— *Lachesis*] One of the three Destinies, whose office was to spin the life of every man: as it was of Clotho to hold the distaff, and Atropos to cut the thread.

Ver. 52. *Arturius*] Any debauched wicked fellow who gains by the times.

Ver. 68. *With thumbs bent back*,] In a prize of sword-players, when one of the fencers had the other at his mercy, the vanquished party implored the clemency of the spectators. If they thought he deserved it not, they held up their thumbs and bent them backwards, in sign of death.

ise my patron's undeserving rhymes,
comply with him, nor with his times;
d in schemes by planets to foreshow,
iting rascals, how the wars will go: 80
r will, nor can prognosticate,
'oung gaping heir, his father's fate:
he entrails of a toad have pried,
ried bawdy presents to a bride:
t of these town-virtues, thus, alone, 85
ducted on my way by none:
ead member from the body rent;
and unuseful to the government.
now is loved, but he who loves the times,
is of close intrigues, and dipp'd in crimes;
ng with secrets which his bosom burn, 91
er must to public light return?
t reward alone who can betray:
ping honest counsels none will pay.
can Verres, when he will, accuse, 95
se of Verres may at pleasure use:
not all the gold which Tagus hides,
's the sea in tributary tides,
sufficient to corrupt thy breast;
te with dreams thy peaceful rest. 100
en with jealous eyes the friend behold,
ecrecy they purchase with their gold.
e to tell thee, nor shall shame oppose,
nfidants our wealthy Romans chose:
om I most abhor: to speak my mind, 105
n Rome, a Grecian town to find:
he scum of Greece transplanted here,
l like gods, is what I cannot bear.
eks alone, but Syrians here abound;
Orontes diving under ground, 110
his wealth to Tyber's hungry shores,
ens Italy with foreign whores:
heir crooked harps and customs come:
receipt in hospitable Rome.
barous harlots crowd the public place: 115
s, and purchase an unclean embrace;
ated mitre court, and the more painted
ace.
nulus and father Mars look down,
rdsmen primitive, your homely clown,
l a beau in a loose tawdry gown. 120
unkemb'd, and horrid locks, behold
sweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold;
e foreigners, in every dress;
bought at greater cost, becomes him less.
e they wisely leave their native land; 125
cyon, Samos, and from Alaband,
ydon, to Rome they swarm in shoals;
t and easy is the gain from fools.
ugees at first, they purchase here:
n as denizen'd, they domineer. 130
the great, a flattering servile rout:
emselves inward, and their patrons out.

. —— *Verres,*] Prætor in Sicily, contemporary
ro; by whom accused of oppressing the province,
ondemned: his name is used here for any rich
an.

. —— *Tagus*] A famous river in Spain, which
s itself into the ocean near Lisbon in Portugal.
ld of old to be full of golden sands.

0. *Orontes*] The greatest river of Syria: the
puts the river for the inhabitants of Syria.

1. —— *Tyber*] The river which runs by Rome.

8. —— *Romulus,*] First king of Rome; son of
the poets feign: the first Romans were originally
.

Quick-witted, brazen-faced, with fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and dissembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and guess him if you can, 135
Who bears a nation in a single man?
A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a physician.
All things the hungry Greek exactly knows: 140
And bid him go to heaven, to heaven he goes.
In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But in that town which arms and arts adorn.
Shall he be placed above me at the board,
In purple clothed, and lolling like a lord? 145
Shall he before me sign, whom t' other day
A small-craft vessel hither did convey;
Where stow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay?
How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome! 150
The Greeks get all by fulsome flatteries;
A most peculiar stroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their insipid friend;
His blobber-lips, and beetle-brows commend;
His long crane neck, and narrow shoulders praise;
You 'd think they were describing Hercules. 155
A creaking voice for a clear treble goes;
Though harsher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can as grossly praise; but, to our grief,
No flattery but from Grecians gains belief. 160
Besides these qualities, we must agree
They mimic better on the stage than we:
The wife, the whore, the shepherdess they play,
In such a free, and such a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman shown, 165
And fancy something underneath the gown.
But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
Our ears and ravish'd eyes can only please:
The nation is composed of such as these.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they 170
Return it louder than an ass can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep silently,
There seems a silent echo in their eye;
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter clothes they take: 175
Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:
In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.
We live not on the square with such as these,
Such are our betters who can better please: 180
Who day and night are like a looking-glass;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face;
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepared for some new piece of flattery.
Ev'n nastiness, occasions will afford; 185
They praise a belching, or well-pissing lord.
Besides, there 's nothing sacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank lechery.
Through the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won: 190
Nor 'scapes the bridegroom, or the blooming son.
If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They search the secrets of the house, and so
Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know. 195

Ver. 143. *But in that town,* &c.] He means Athens; of which Pallas, the goddess of arms and arts, was patroness.

Ver. 167. —— *Antiochus,* nor *Stratocles,*] Two famous Grecian mimics, or actors, in the poet's time.

And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a view
On what, in schools, their men of morals do;
A rigid Stoic his own pupil slew:
A friend, against a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath. 200
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks control the gown?
Some Diphilus, or some Protogenes,
Look sharply out, our senators to seize:
Engross 'em wholly, by their native art, 205
And fear'd no rivals in their bubbles' heart;
One drop of poison in my patron's ear,
One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,
Infused with cunning, serves to ruin me;
Disgraced, and banish'd from the family. 210
In vain forgotten services I boast;
My long dependance in an hour is lost:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater ease than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor) 215
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we rise, and to their levees run;
My lord himself is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Lest his colleague outstrip him in the race: 220
The childless matrons are, long since, awake;
And, for affronts, the tardy visits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to see a free-born son
On the left hand of a rich hireling run:
Because the wealthy rogue can throw away, 225
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor sinner, though you love the vice,
And like the whore, demur upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked sum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair. 230
Produce a witness of unblemish'd life,
Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And snatch'd the trembling goddess from the fire.
The question is not put, how far extends 235
His piety, but what he yearly spends;
Quick, to the business; how he lives and eats;
How largely gives; how splendidly he treats:
How many thousand acres feed his sheep;
What are his rents? what servants does he keep?
Th' account is soon cast up; the judges rate 241
Our credit in the court by our estate.
Swear by our gods, or those the Greeks adore,
Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor:
The poor must gain their bread by perjury; 245
And e'en the gods, that other means deny,
In conscience must absolve 'em, when they lie.
Add, that the rich have still a gibe in store;
And will be monstrous witty on the poor:
For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest, 250
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest:
The greasy gown, sullied with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to say, The man 's in mourning:
Or if the shoe be ript, or patches put,
He 's wounded! see the plaister on his foot. 255

Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.
Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches rise,
(The master of the ceremonies cries)
This is no place for you, whose small estate 260
Is not the value of the settled rate:
The sons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
Are privileged to sit in triumph there,
To clap the first, and rule the theatre.
Up to the galleries, for shame, retreat; 265
For, by the Roscian law, the poor can claim no seat.
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed
The man that poll'd but twelvepence for his head?
Who ever named a poor man for his heir,
Or call'd him to assist the judging chair? 270
The poor were wise, who, by the rich oppress'd,
Withdrew, and sought a sacred place of rest.
Once they did well, to free themselves from scorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie 275
Plunged in the depth of helpless poverty.
At Rome 'tis worse; where house-rent by the year,
And servants' bellies cost so devilish dear;
And tavern-bills run high for hungry cheer.
To drink or eat in earthenware we scorn, 280
Which cheaply country cupboards does adorn:
And coarse blue hoods on holidays are worn.
Some distant parts of Italy are known,
Where none, but only dead men, wear a gown:
On theatres of turf, in homely state, 285
Old plays they act, old feasts they celebrate:
The same rude song returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
The mimic yearly gives the same delights;
And in the mother's arms the clownish infant frights. 290
Their habits (undistinguish'd by degree)
Are plain, alike; the same simplicity,
Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see.
In his white cloak the magistrate appears;
The country bumpkin the same livery wears. 295
But here, attired beyond our purse we go,
For useless ornament and flaunting show:
We take on trust, in purple robes to shine;
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here 300
Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.
What will you give that Cossus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd distinguish you;
May take your incense like a gracious god,
And answer only with a civil nod? 305
To please our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the favourite page;
Shave his first down, and when he polls his hair,
The consecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells, 310
And, with our offerings, help to raise his vails.
Who fears, in country towns, a house's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?

Ver. 198. *A rigid Stoic, &c.*] Publius Egnatius, a Stoic, falsely accused Bareas Soranus; as Tacitus tells us.

Ver. 203 *Diphilus* and *Protogenes* were Grecians living in Rome.

Ver. 233. *Or him who bid, &c.*] Lucius Metellus, the high priest; who, when the temple of Vesta was on fire, saved the Palladium.

Ver. 266. *For, by the Roscian law, &c.*] Roscius, a tribune, who ordered the distinction of places in public shows, betwixt the noblemen of Rome and the plebeians.

Ver. 284. *Where none, but only dead men, &c.*] The meaning is, that men in some parts of Italy never wore a gown (the usual habit of the Romans) till they were buried in one.

Ver. 302. *Cossus* Cossus is here taken for any great man.

But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttresses and props but scarcely bear: 315
And 'tis the village mason's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close,
And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
At Cumæ we can sleep, quite round the year, 320
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
Thy neighbour has removed his wretched store
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor) 325
Thy own third story smokes, while thou, supine,
Art drench'd in fumes of undigested wine.
For if the lowest floors already burn,
Cock-lofts and garrets soon will take the turn.
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely fled. 331
Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out;
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers graced,
Beneath 'em was his trusty tankard placed. 335
And, to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron cast from honest clay;
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd;
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd:
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread; 340
And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.
Begg'd naked through the streets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home. 345
But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their clothes, the matrons mourn;
The city prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear;
And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here. 350
While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and some to bring supplies:
One sends him marble to rebuild, and one
White naked statues of the Parian stone,
The work of Polyclete, that seem to live; 355
While others images for altars give;
One books and screens, and Pallas to the breast;
Another bags of gold, and he gives best.
Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,
Thus by his losses multiplies his store: 360
Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-house, and the players too:
Sweet country-seats are purchased everywhere, 365
With lands and gardens, at less price than here
You hire a darksome doghole by the year.
A small convenience, decently prepared,
A shallow well, that rises in your yard,
That spreads his easy crystal streams around, 370
And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat.

Ver. 330. *Where thy tame pigeons, &c.*] The Romans used to breed their tame pigeons in their garrets.

Ver. 332. *Codrus*] A learned man, very poor: by his books supposed to be a poet; for, in all probability, the heroic verses here mentioned, which rats and mice devoured, were Homer's works.

Ver. 373. —— *a Pythagorean treat,*] He means herbs, roots, fruits, and salads.

'Tis somewhat to be lord of some small ground,
In which a lizard may, at least, turn round. 375
'Tis frequent, here, for want of sleep to die;
Which fumes of undigested feasts deny;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs fry.
What house secure from noise the poor can keep,
When ev'n the rich can scarce afford to sleep; 380
So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome;
And hence the sources of diseases come.
The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow passages of winding streets: 384
The waggoners, that curse their standing teams,
Would wake ev'n drowsy Drusus from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But sweep above our heads, and make their way;
In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
Or sleep at ease; the shutters make it night. 390
Yet still he reaches, first, the public place:
The prease before him stops the client's pace.
The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one justles in the shoal: 395
A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole:
Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-nail'd shoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what smoke our doles we celebrate: 400
A hundred guests, invited, walk in state:
A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch kitchens wait.
Huge pans the wretches on their head must bear,
Which scarce gigantic Corbulo could rear:
Yet they must walk upright beneath the load; 405
Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling flames abroad.
Their coats, from botching newly brought, are torn:
Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons borne,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high. 410
For, should their axle break, its overthrow
Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd below;
Nor friends their friends, nor sires their sons could know:
Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcass would remain:
But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the slain. 415
One vast destruction; not the soul alone,
But bodies, like the soul, invisible are flown.
Meantime, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay 420
The rubbers, and the bathing-sheets display;
And oil them first; and each is handy in his way
But he, for whom this busy care they take,
Poor ghost, is wandering by the Stygian lake:
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face; 425
New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
His passage begs with unregarded prayer,
And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, first, behold our houses' dreadful height: 430

Ver. 404. —— *gigantic Corbulo*] Corbulo was a famous general in Nero's time, who conquered Armenia; and was afterwards put to death by that tyrant, when he was in Greece, in reward of his great services. His stature was not only tall, above the ordinary size, but he was also proportionably strong.

Ver. 425. —— *the ferryman's, &c.*] Charon, the ferryman of hell, whose fare was a halfpenny for every soul.

From whence come broken potsherds tumbling down;
And leaky ware, from garret windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, that mark the flinty stone.
'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late;
Unless thou first hast settled thy estate. 435
As many fates attend, thy steps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the street.
Bless the good gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a piss-pot only for thy share.
The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight 440
Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.
Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain:
'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl: 445
Yet though his youthful blood be fired with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the coach and six,
And on the lackeys will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat, 450
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
But me, who must by moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear. 455
He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;
For he 's the stronger, and is drunk beside.
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
Whose windy beans have stuff'd your guts, and where 460
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion cobbler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick, with your answer, quick,
Before my foot salutes you with a kick. 465
Say, in what nasty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your rogueship may be found?
Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him, you come; 470
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.
Nor is this all; for, when retired, you think
To sleep securely; when the candles wink, 475
When every door with iron chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian robbers by no justice awed,
And unpaid cut-throat soldiers, are abroad,
Those venal souls, who, harden'd in each ill, 480
To save complaints and prosecution, kill.
Chased from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vast city, as their native home;
To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.
The forge in fetters only is employ'd; 485
Our iron mines exhausted and destroy'd
In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
Goads for the teams, and ploughshares for the plough.

Ver. 443. —— *stern Achilles.*] The friend of Achilles was Patroclus, who was slain by Hector

O happy ages of our ancestors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers! 490
One jail did all their criminals restrain;
Which, now, the walls of Rome can scarce contain.
More I could say, more causes I could show
For my departure; but the sun is low:
The waggoner grows weary of my stay; 495
And whips his horses forwards on their way.
Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet country air,
Be mindful of your friend; and send me word, 500
What joys your fountains and cool shades afford:
Then, to assist your satires, I will come;
And add new venom, when you write of Rome.

Ver. 490. *Beneath the kings*, &c.] Rome was originally ruled by kings, till, for the rape of Lucretia, Tarquin the Proud was expelled. After which it was governed by two Consuls, yearly chosen; but they oppressing the people, the commoners mutinied, and procured tribunes to be created, who defended their privileges, and often opposed the consular authority, and the senate.

Ver. 498. —— *Aquinum*] Aquinum was the birth-place of Juvenal.

Ver. 503. *And add new venom*, &c.] In 1738, *London*, an imitation of this Satire, was published by Dr. Johnson; which, from the spirit and strength with which it was written, by the poignancy of its invectives and correctness of its style, and very dexterous accommodation of ancient sentiments and images to modern, was read with universal avidity and applause, especially by all those persons who were in opposition to Government, who, at that time, were some of the ablest men in the kingdom. It instantly excited the curiosity, and perhaps the jealousy, of Pope; for impartial criticism must confess, that it is equal to his Imitations of Horace. As his Two Dialogues and London were published in the same week, they were frequently compared; and, as I was informed by a contemporary, many readers gave the preference to Johnson. It was with difficulty he could find a purchaser for the copy, till Dodsley, who had more taste and sense than usually falls to the lot of his brethren, generously purchased it. It may be amusing to compare a few passages with the original:

"Give to St. David's one true Briton more."

"Unum civem donare Sibyllæ."

"Here malice, rapine, accident conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire:
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey."

"Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, et mille pericula sævæ
Urbis."

The lawyer is most happily added.

"And here a female atheist talks you dead."

This is inferior to the original; for, after enumerating the variety of evils that infest the city, he adds, with much pleasantry, as the most grievous and tormenting of all,

"Augusto recitantes mense poetas."

The atheist is too serious an example, and out of place.

"All Marlborough hoarded, and all Villiers spent,"

is improved from

"—— Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi."

But nothing can be more happily touched than the character of the voluble obsequious Frenchman, ready to undertake all offices, trades, and employments:

"—— omnia novit
Græculus esuriens, in *cœlum* jusseris ibit."

"All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to *hell*, to *hell* he goes."

He has improved the following lines,

"—— optima Sora
Aut Fabraterie domus, aut Frusinone paratur."

by a stroke of satire on houses of men of rank forsaken by their owners:

THE

SIXTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Satire, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair sex. 'Tis, indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest railleries. In his other Satires, the poet has only glanced on some particular women, and generally scourged the men. But this he reserved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him, I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excused for imputing to all, the vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole sex, if all had been true which he alleges against them: for that had been to put an end to human kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exercise his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies; and amongst the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will disprove his accusations. The whole world must allow this to be the wittiest of his satires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain, with so much violence, so unjust a charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that consideration chiefly I ventured to translate him. Though there wanted not another reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: at least, Sir C. S. who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refused so ungrateful an employment; and every one will grant, that the work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me satisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produced; and believe with reason, that the species of those women is extinguished, or at least that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the argument of a Satire, which is no way relating to them; and first observe, that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices; the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: 'tis one branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted, and on whom they commonly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, fiddlers, singing-boys, and fencers. Those who pass for chaste amongst them, are not really so; but only for their vast dowries, are rather suffered, than loved by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives; set up for learning and criticism in poetry, but are false judges. Love to speak Greek, (which was then the fashionable tongue, as French is now with us). That they plead causes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are gossips and news-mongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their servants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month; are sluttish with their husbands in private; and paint and dress in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miscarrying, and barrenness. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their husband's sons if they stand in their way to his estate, and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to show the occasions of all these vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In conclusion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general standing rule; and the good, but some few exceptions to it.

In Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chastity on earth;
When in a narrow cave, their common shade,
The sheep, the shepherds, and their gods were laid:
When reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were spread 5
By mountain housewives for their homely bed,
And mossy pillows raised, for the rude husbands' head.
Unlike the niceness of our modern dames,
(Affected nymphs with new-affected names:)
The Cynthias and the Lesbias of our years, 10
Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears:
Those first unpolish'd matrons, big and bold,
Gave suck to infants of gigantic mould;
Rough as their savage lords who ranged the wood,
And fat with acorns belch'd their windy food. 15
For when the world was buxom, fresh and young,
Her sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong:
And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or struggling from the teeming oaks to birth,
Or from what other atoms they begun, 20
No sires they had, or, if a sire, the sun.
Some thin remains of chastity appear'd
Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
Before the servile Greeks had learnt to swear
By heads of kings, while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plains exposed, 25
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were inclosed.
At length uneasy Justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew;
From that old era whoring did begin, 30
So venerably ancient is the sin.
Adulterers next invade the nuptial state,
And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn;
But whores and silver in one age were born. 35
Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding-ring perhaps already bought:

Ver. 1. *In Saturn's reign,*] In the Golden Age.

Ver. 15. *And fat with acorns*] Acorns were the bread of mankind, before corn was found.

Ver. 23. *Ev'n under Jove,*] When Jove had driven his father into banishment, the Silver Age began, according to the poets.

Ver. 28. —— *uneasy Justice*, &c.] The poet makes Justice and Chastity sisters, and says that they fled to heaven together, and left earth for ever.

"Then might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some *hireling* senator's *deserted* seat."

But the keenest stroke of Johnson's satire was his application of the following lines:

—— "ut timeas ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et sarcula desint,"

from the quantity of iron used in fetters for felons, which, with a most severe sarcasm on the frequent visits to Hanover, he renders thus:

"Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting Spring,
To rig another convoy for the King."

Dr. Johnson was frequently urged to give a complete translation of Juvenal; a work for which he seemed peculiarly qualified, from the nature and turn of his genius, and his love of splendid and pompous diction. Dr. J. Warton.

A sober man like thee to change his life! 40
What fury would possess thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratsbane, no kind halter left?
(For every noose compared to hers is cheap)
In there no city-bridge from whence to leap? 45
Would'st thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls;
Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more, 50
When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.
But still Ursidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a son to settle his estate,
And takes no gifts, though every gaping heir
Would gladly grease the rich old bachelor. 55
What revolution can appear so strange,
As such a lecher such a life to change?
A rank, notorious whoremaster, to choose
To thrust his neck into the marriage-noose!
He who so often in a dreadful fright 60
Had in a coffer 'scaped the jealous cuckold's sight,
That he, to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain,
Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein: 65
But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,
And let him every deity adore,
If his new bride prove not an arrant whore
In head and tail, and every other pore. 70
On Ceres' feast, restrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons, there, but curse the tedious night:
Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed; 75
Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed.
Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant?
She, sooner, with one eye would be content.
And yet, 'tis noised, a maid did once appear
In some small village, though fame says not where: 80
'Tis possible; but sure no man she found;
'Twas desert, all, about her father's ground:
And yet some lustful god might there make bold;
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
Many a fair nymph has in a cave been spread, 85
And much good love without a feather-bed.
Whither would'st thou to choose a wife resort,
The Park, the Mall, the Play-house, or the Court?
Which way soever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chastity in all. 90
One sees a dancing-master capering high,
And raves, and pisses, with pure ecstasy:
Another does, with all his motions, move,
And gapes, and grins, as in the feat of love;
A third is charm'd with the new opera notes, 95
Admires the song, but on the singer dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly she warbles over all she hears;
And sucks in passion, both at eyes and ears.
The rest (when now the long vacation 's come,
The noisy hall and theatres grown dumb) 101
Their memories to refresh, and cheer their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the singing-boy a treat. 105
The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price;
And stretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
Tragedians, acting love, for lust are sought:
(Though but the parrots of a poet's thought.)
The pleading lawyer, though for counsel used, 110
In chamber-practice often is refused.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs;
(The product of concurring theatres.)
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young sword-man to thy lands is born. 115
Thus Hippia loathed her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the sword:
To wondering Pharos with her love she fled,
To show one monster more than Afric bred:
Forgetting house and husband, left behind, 120
Ev'n children too; she sails before the wind;
False to 'em all, but constant to her kind.
But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-house and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred, 125
She lodged on down, and in a damask bed;
Yet daring now the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattress is content to sleep.
Ere this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose:
But that, great ladies with great ease can lose. 130
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
But, had some honest cause her passage press'd,
The smallest hardship had disturb'd her breast:
Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold; 135
But womankind, in ills, is ever bold.
Were she to follow her own lord to sea,
What doubts or scruples would she raise to stay?
Her stomach sick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauseous to her nose. 140
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never sea-sick with a friend.
Amidst the crew, she walks upon the board;
She eats, she drinks, she handles every cord:
And if she spews, 'tis thinking of her lord. 145
Now ask, for whom her friends and fame she lost?
What youth, what beauty could th' adulterer boast?
What was the face, for which she could sustain
To be call'd mistress to so base a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the best: 150
Deep scars were seen indented on his breast;
And all his batter'd limbs required their needful rest.
A promontory wen, with grisly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face:
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin: 155
His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were thin.
But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move:
'Tis arms and blood and cruelty they love.
But should he quit his trade, and sheathe his sword,
Her lover would begin to be her lord. 160
This was a private crime; but you shall hear
What fruits the sacred brows of monarchs bear:
The good old sluggard but began to snore,
When from his side up rose th' imperial whore:

Ver. 71. *On Ceres' feast,*] When the Roman women were forbidden to bed with their husbands.

Ver. 84. *Are Jove and Mars*] Of whom more fornicating stories are told than any of the other gods.

Ver. 118. *To wondering Pharos*] She fled to Egypt, which wondered at the enormity of her crime.

Ver. 163. He tells the famous story of Messalina, wife to the emperor Claudius.

referr'd the pleasures of the night 165
that are but impotent delight;
n the palace, with an eager pace,
ith a more masculine embrace;
e march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
train but one poor wench allow'd, 170
in secret service she could trust;
nd companion of her lust.
own brothel-house she takes her way;
nasty room gives double pay:
in which the rankest harlot lay. 175
for fight, expectingly she lies,
ing breasts, and with desiring eyes.
e drops, another takes his place,
d still succeeds to like disgrace.
when friendly darkness is expired, 180
strumpet from her cell retired,
ehind, and lingering at the gate,
oining sigh submits to fate:
ithout, and all a fire within,
the toil, unsated with the sin, 185
's bed the modest matron seeks;
of lamps still hanging on her cheeks,
nut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
him back the product of the night.
ould I sing what poisons they provide;
heir trumpery of charms beside; 191
eir arts of death: it would be known
smallest sin the sex can own.
ill, they say, is guiltless found
ice, by her own lord renown'd: 195
she may, she brought ten thousand
nd.
ght him wherewithal to be call'd
ste;
e is tied in golden fetters fast:
adores, and courts her every hour;
ld not do as much for such a dower? 200
love-letters to the youth in grace;
the wink before the cuckold's face;
t do more; her portion makes it
d;
s the privilege of widowhood.
ruths with his example you disprove, 205
his wife is monstrously in love:
him better; for I heard him swear,
at she 's his wife, but that she 's fair.
at have three wrinkles in her face,
es lessen, and her skin unbrace, 210
will hear the saucy steward say,
ith all your trinkets, and away;
offensive both at bed and board;
ers must be had to please my lord.
ne she 's absolute upon the throne: 215
wing time is precious, loses none:
have flocks of sheep, with wool more
e
and vineyards of the noblest wine;
oves of pages for her train she craves:
ps the prisons for attending slaves. 220
whatever in her eyes can come,
have abroad, she wants at home.
ter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows
ses white, she to the merchant goes;
tals of the rock she takes up there, 225
te vases, and old China ware:

Wealth has the privilege, &c.] His meaning ife who brings a large dowry may do what she d has all the privileges of a widow.

Then Berenice's ring her finger proves,
More precious made by her incestuous loves:
And infamously dear: a brother's bribe,
Ev'n God's anointed, and of Judah's tribe: 230
Where barefoot they approach the sacred shrine,
And think it only sin to feed on swine.
But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppose her free from strife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life; 235
Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
Dismiss'd their husbands', and their brothers' arms:
Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppose all these, and take a poet's word, 240
A black swan is not half so rare a bird.
A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders could support the weight!
Some country-girl, scarce to a curtsey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed: 245
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state,
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate. 250
O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Against my wife, and let my children go:
But sullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he lost;
Ev'n her who did her numerous offspring boast, 255
As fair and fruitful as the sow that carried
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.
What beauty or what chastity can bear
So great a price? if stately and severe,
She still insults, and you must still adore; 260
Grant that the honey 's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues she displays,
Seven hours in twelve, you loathe the wife you praise:
Some faults, though small, intolerable grow;
For what so nauseous and affected too, 265
As those that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learn'd to lisp the Grecian cant?
In Greece, their whole accomplishments they seek:
Their fashion, breeding, language, must be Greek:
But raw, in all that does to Rome belong, 270
They scorn to cultivate their mother tongue.
In Greek they flatter, all their fears they speak,
Tell all their secrets; nay, they scold in Greek:
Ev'n in the feat of love, they use that tongue.
Such affectations may become the young; 275
But thou, old hag, of threescore years and three,
Is showing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ! All those tender words
The momentary trembling bliss affords,

Ver. 227. —— *Berenice's ring*] A ring of great price, which Herod Agrippa gave to his sister Berenice. He was King of the Jews, but tributary to the Romans.

Ver. 245. —— *Cornelia*] Mother to the Gracchi, of the family of the Cornelii; from whence Scipio the African was descended, who triumphed over Hannibal.

Ver. 251. *O Pæan*, &c.] He alludes to the known fable of Niobe in Ovid. Amphion was her husband: Pæan is Apollo, who with his arrows killed her children, because she boasted that she was more fruitful than Latona, Apollo's mother.

Ver. 257. *The thirty pigs*, &c.] He alludes to the white sow, in Virgil, who farrowed thirty pigs.

Ver. 267. —— *the Grecian cant?*] Women then learnt Greek, as ours speak French.

The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets, 280
Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.
Those words have fingers; and their force is such,
They raise the dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandishment the slacken'd nerve can strain. 285
If then thy lawful spouse thou canst not love,
What reason should thy mind to marriage move?
Why all the charges of the nuptial feast,
Wine and desserts, and sweet-meats to digest?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight, 290
Given for their first and only happy night?
If thou art thus uxoriously inclined,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
But for no mercy from thy woman look. 295
For though, perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
To absolute dominion she aspires;
Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;
The better husband makes the wife the worse.
Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy, 300
All offices of ancient friendship die;
Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.
By thy imperious wife thou art bereft
A privilege, to pimps and pandars left;
Thy testament 's her will; where she prefers 305
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.
Go drag that slave to death: Your reason, why
Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate. 311
Call 'st thou that slave a man? the wife replies:
Proved, or unproved, the crime, the villain dies.
I have the sovereign power to save or kill;
And give no other reason but my will. 315
Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till pleased with change,
Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another subject-husband she desires:
Divorced from him, she to the first retires,
While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er, 320
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
So still the reck'ning rises; and appears,
In total sum, eight husbands in five years.
The title for a tomb-stone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ. 325
Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She sharpens her, instructs her how to flay
Her husband bare, and then divides the prey.
She takes love-letters, with a crafty smile,
And, in her daughter's answer, mends the style.
In vain the husband sets his watchful spies; 331
She cheats their cunning, or she bribes their eyes.
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is sick.
The panting stallion, at the closet-door, 335
Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er.
Canst thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known
Should teach her other manners than her own?
Her interest is in all th' advice she gives:
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives. 340

No cause is tried at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the process, all the briefs they write;
The topics furnish, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothless lawyer how to bite. 346
They turn viragos too; the wrestler's toil
They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil:
Against the post their wicker shields they crush,
Flourish the sword, and at the plastron push.
Of every exercise the mannish crew 352
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepared not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
But rout the gladiators on the stage.
What sense of shame in such a breast can lie,
Inured to arms, and her own sex to fly? 355
Yet to be wholly man she would disclaim;
To quit her tenfold pleasure at the game,
For frothy praises and an empty name.
Oh, what a decent sight 'tis to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction sold! 361
The belt, the crested plume, the several suits
Of armour, and the Spanish leather boots!
Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figured silks, and under sarcenet sweat.
Behold the strutting Amazonian whore, 365
She stands in guard with her right foot before:
Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions just,
She stamps and then cries, hah! at every thrust:
But laugh to see her, tired with many a bout,
Call for the pot, and like a man piss out. 370
The ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise,
Would grin to see their daughters play a prize.
Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
Then, when she has thee sure within the sheets, 375
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conscious of crimes herself, she teases first;
Thy servants are accused; thy whore is cursed;
She acts the jealous, and at will she cries;
For women's tears are but the sweat of eyes. 380
Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'st that love sincere,
And suck'st between her lips the falling tear:
But search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
Each tiller there with love-epistles lined.
Suppose her taken in a close embrace, 385
This you would think so manifest a case,
No rhetoric could defend, no impudence outface:
And yet ev'n then she cries the marriage-vow
A mental reservation must allow;
And there 's a silent bargain still implied, 390
The parties should be pleased on either side:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Though men yourselves, and women us you call,
Yet *homo* is a common name for all.
There 's nothing bolder than a woman caught; 395
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.
You ask from whence proceed these monstrous crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-roof'd houses, and bare walls of loam; 400
Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
And frugal sleep supplied the quiet night,
While, pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em straight;
When Hannibal was hovering at the gate:

Ver. 303. All the Romans, even the most inferior, and most infamous sort of them, had the power of making wills.

Ver. 308. *Go drag that slave*, &c.] These are the words of the wife.

Ibid. —— *Your reason, why*, &c.] The answer of the husband.

Ver. 312. *Call'st thou that slave a man?*] The wife again.

Ver. 404. —— *Hannibal*] A famous Carthaginian captain; who was upon the point of conquering the Romans.

nton now, and lolling at our ease, 405
ffer all th' inveterate ills of peace,
asteful riot; whose destructive charms
ge the vanquish'd world, of our victorious
arms.
me, no lustful postures are unknown;
Poverty, our guardian god, is gone: 410
laziness, and all luxurious arts,
ke a deluge in, from foreign parts:
old obscene and silver found the way,
e fashions with strange bullion to convey,
ar plain simple manners to betray. 415
t care our drunken dames to whom they
spread?
o distinction makes of tail or head;
ewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
t eringoes and fat oysters call:
rimmers to their fuddled noses thrust; 420
ers, the last provocatives of lust.
vapours to their swimming brains advance,
uble tapers on the tables dance.
think what bawdy dialogues they have,
Tullia talks to her confiding slave, 425
desty's old statue; when by night
nake a stand, and from their litters light:
od man early to the levee goes,
eads the nasty paddle of his spouse.
secrets of the goddess named the Good, 430
'n by boys and barbers understood:
the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
th their bums, and are for action ripe;
nusic raised, they spread abroad their hair;
ss their heads like an enamour'd mare: 435
la lays her garland by, and proves
imic lechery of manly loves.
l with the lady the cheap sinner lies;
re not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
g is feign'd in this venereal strife; 440
wnright lust, and acted to the life.
, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
ooking on, would make old Nestor young.
ent of delay, a general sound,
iversal groan of lust goes round; 445
en, and only then, the sex sincere is found.
s the time of action; Now begin,
ry, and let the lusty lovers in.
horesons are asleep; then bring the slaves,
atermen, a race of strong-back'd knaves. 450
sh, at least, our sacred rites were free
those pollutions of obscenity:
s well known what singer, how disguised,
l audacious action enterprised:
e fair, with women mix'd, he went, 455
with a huge two-handed instrument;
eful present to those holy quires,
the mouse, guilty of his sex, retires:
'n male-pictures modestly are veil'd;
profaneness on that age prevail'd; 460
ffers at religious rites are found;
h now, at every altar they abound.
ar your cautious counsel, you would say,
close your women under lock and key:

But who shall keep those keepers? Women, nursed 465
In craft: begin with those, and bribe 'em first.
The sex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And mistresses and maids are both the same.
The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow clothes, and chair, to see the play: 470
She, who before had mortgaged her estate,
And pawn'd the last remaining piece of plate.
Some are reduced their utmost shifts to try:
But women have no shame of poverty.
They live beyond their stint; as if their store, 475
The more exhausted, would increase the more:
Some men, instructed by the labouring ant,
Provide against th' extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear, 480
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.
There are, who in soft eunuchs place their bliss;
To shun the scrubbing of a bearded kiss;
And 'scape abortion; but their solid joy 485
Is when the page, already past a boy,
Is capon'd late; and to the gelder shown,
With his two pounders to perfection grown.
When all the navel-string could give, appears;
All but the beard, and that's the barber's loss, not theirs. 490
Seen from afar, and famous for his ware,
He struts into the bath, among the fair:
Th' admiring crew to their devotions fall;
And, kneeling, on their new Priapus call.
Kerved for his lady's use, and with her lies; 495
And let him drudge for her, if thou art wise,
Rather than trust him with thy fav'rite boy;
He proffers death, in proffering to enjoy.
If songs they love, the singer's voice they force
Beyond his compass till his quail-pipe 's hoarse;
His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn; 501
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the strings, and kiss the case;
And make love to it, in the master's place.
A certain lady once of high degree, 505
To Janus vow'd and Vesta's deity,
That Pollio might, in singing, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd, and bribed; what could she more have done
For a sick husband or an only son? 510
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The shameless suppliant at the altar stands;
The forms of prayer she solemnly pursues;
And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views.
Answer, ye Powers: for, if you heard her vow, 515
Your godships, sure, had little else to do.
This is not all; for actors they implore:
An impudence not known to heaven before.
Th' Aruspex, tired with this religious rout,
Is forced to stand so long, he gets the gout. 520

430. *The Good goddess.*] At whose feasts no men be present.

443. —— *Nestor*] Who lived three hundred years.

453. —— *what singer, &c.*] He alludes to the f P. Clodius, who, disguised in the habit of a woman, went into the house of Cæsar, where the the Good goddess was celebrated, to find an opporrith Cæsar's wife Pompeia.

Ver. 486. He taxes women with their loving eunuchs, who can get no children; but adds, that they only love such eunuchs as are gelded when they are already at the age of manhood.

Ver. 494. —— *Priapus*] The god of lust.

Ver. 507. —— *Pollio*] A famous singing boy.

Ver. 517. That such an actor whom they love might obtain the prize.

Ver. 519. *Th' Aruspex,*] He who inspects the entrails of the sacrifice, and, from thence, foretels the successor.

But suffer not thy wife abroad to roam;
If she loves singing, let her sing at home;
Not strut in streets, with Amazonian pace;
For that 's to cuckold thee before thy face.
Their endless itch of news comes next in play; 525
They vent their own, and hear what others say.
Know what in Thrace, or what in France is done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the stepdame, and the son.
Tell who loves who, what favours some partake;
And who is jilted for another's sake. 530
What pregnant widow in what month was made;
How oft she did, and doing, what she said.
She, first, beholds the raging comet rise:
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands destroys.
Still for the newest news she lies in wait; 535
And takes reports just entering at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires: whatever she can meet,
She spreads; and is the fame of every street.
This is a grievance; but the next is worse;
A very judgment, and her neighbours' curse: 540
For, if their barking dog disturb her ease,
No prayer can bind her, no excuse appease.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But first the master, who the cur maintain'd,
Must feel the scourge; by night she leaves her bed, 545
By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a less noise create;
She moves in tumult, and she sweats in state.
Meanwhile, her guests their appetites must keep;
Some gape for hunger, and some gasp for sleep.
At length she comes, all flush'd; but ere she sup, 551
Swallows a swinging preparation-cup;
And then to clear her stomach spews it up.
The deluge-vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the sour savour nauseates every nose. 555
She drinks again; again she spews a lake;
Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak;
But mutters many a curse against his wife;
And damns himself for choosing such a life.
But of all plagues, the greatest is untold: 560
The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic-dame, who at her table sits;
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has so far th' ascendant of the board, 565
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is non-pluss'd, in his suit;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating anvils, you would swear,
And Vulcan with his whole militia there. 570
Tabors and trumpets cease; for she alone
Is able to redeem the labouring Moon.
Ev'n wit 's a burthen, when it talks too long:
But she, who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard, 575
And mix among the philosophic herd.
Oh, what a midnight curse has he, whose side
Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride!

Let mine, ye gods! (if such must be my fate)
No logic learn, nor history translate; 580
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to school.
Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
Corrects her country neighbour; and, a-bed, 585
For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.
The gaudy gossip, when she 's set agog,
In jewels dress'd, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all she says or does is justified. 590
When poor, she 's scarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife 's a very devil.
She duly, once a month, renews her face;
Meantime, it lies in daub, and hid in grease;
Those are the husband's nights; she craves her due, 595
He takes fat kisses, and is stuck in glue.
But, to the loved adulterer when she steers,
Fresh from the bath, in brightness she appears:
For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum;
And precious oils from distant Indies come: 600
How haggardly soe'er she looks at home.
Th' eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
Is open'd, and restored to every grace,
The crust removed, her cheeks as smooth as silk,
Are polish'd with a wash of asses' milk; 605
And should she to the farthest North be sent,
A train of these attend her banishment.
But hadst thou seen her plaster'd up before,
'Twas so unlike a face, it seem'd a sore.
'Tis worth our while to know what all the day 610
They do, and how they pass their time away;
For, if o'er-night the husband has been slack,
Or counterfeited sleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be sure, the servants go to wrack.
The chambermaid and dresser are call'd whores;
The page is stripp'd, and beaten out of doors. 615
The whole house suffers for the master's crime:
And he himself is warn'd to wake another time.
She hires tormentors by the year; she treats
Her visitors, and talks: but still she beats; 620
Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
Casts up the day's account, and still beats on:
Tired out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids 'em in the devil's name be gone.
Compared with such a proud, insulting dame, 625
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if she hastes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Isis' church (the bawdy-house of prayer)
She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask. 630
Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,
Trembling, considers every sacred hair;
If any straggler from his rank be found,
A pinch must, for the mortal sin, compound.
Psecas is not in fault; but, in the glass, 635
The dame 's offended at her own ill face.
The maid is banish'd; and another girl
More dexterous, manages the comb and curl;

Ver. 570. —— *Vulcan*] The god of smiths.

Ver. 571. *Tabors and trumpets, &c.*] The ancients thought that with such sounds they could bring the moon out of her eclipse.

Ver. 578. —— *a mood and figure bride!*] A woman who has learned logic.

Ver. 586. A woman-grammarian, who corrects her husband for speaking false Latin, which is called breaking Priscian's head.

Ver. 607. *A train of these*] That is, of she-asses.

Ver. 626. *Sicilian tyrants*] Are grown to a proverb in Latin, for their cruelty.

re summon'd on a point so nice;
the grave old woman gives advice. 640
is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
r age, or wisdom, is renown'd:
sel. such deliberate care they take,
ife and honour lay at stake:
on curls, they build her head before, 645
it it with a formidable tower.
she seems; but look behind,
she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
d, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is,
must rise on tiptoes for a kiss. 650
, her husband's whole estate is spent;
bare, while she receives his rent.
him not; she lives not as a wife,
bawling neighbour, full of strife:
in this alone, that she extends 655
o all his servants and his friends.
s priests, an eunuch at their head,
streets a mad procession lead;
able gelding, large, and high,
the herd of his inferior fry. 660
ard clergymen about him prance;
the timbrels to their mystic dance.
f testicles, they tear their throats,
k, in treble, their unmanly notes.
, his cheeks the mitred prophet swells,
presages of the year foretels. 665
h eggs (his priestly hire) they haste
, and avert th' autumnal blast.
eside a murrey-colour'd vest,
their places, may receive the pest: 670
wn into the flood, their crimes may
r,
h' unlucky omens of the year.
sh'd matrons pay, before the rest;
s still obnoxious to the priest.
ice they beat, and plunge into the
am, 675
od has warn'd 'em in a dream.
heir limbs, but in devotion strong,
are hands and feet they crawl along
eld's length, the laughter of the throng.
(Io's priest I mean) command 680
age to Meroe's burning sand,
deserts they would seek the secret
ing;
water, for lustration, bring.
hey pay their priests too much respect,
e with heaven, and earthly gains neg-
t? 685
domestic gods discourse by night:
tended by his quire in white,
pate tribe runs madding through the
eet,
to see with how much ease they cheat.
ly sire forgives the wife's delights, 690
through frailty, on forbidden nights;
ts her husband in the holy time,
nal pleasure is a mortal crime.
ing image shakes his head, but he
abled prayers atones the deity. 695

This dressing up the head so high, which we was an ancient way amongst the Romans.

Bellona's priests.] Were a sort of fortune-the high-priest an eunuch.

And add beside, &c.] A garment was given to which he threw into the river; and that, they e all the sins of the people, which were drowned

The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
And they once bribed, the godhead must forgive.
No sooner these remove, but full of fear,
A gipsy Jewess whispers in your ear,
And begs an alms: an high-priest's daughter she, 701
Versed in their Talmud, and divinity,
And prophesies beneath a shady tree.
Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed,
She strolls, and, telling fortunes, gains her bread:
Farthings, and some small monies, are her fees;
Yet she interprets all your dreams for these. 706
Foretels th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,
And sees a sweetheart in the sacrifice.
Such toys a pigeon's entrails can disclose:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes: 710
In dogs, a victim more obscene, he rakes,
And murder'd infants for inspection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he pursues;
For gain, will his accomplices accuse.
More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans given: 715
What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heaven.
Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb.
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond astrologers relate. 720
Of these the most in vogue is he, who, sent
Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment;
His art who to aspiring Otho sold,
And sure succession to the crown foretold.
For his esteem is in his exile placed; 725
The more believed, the more he was disgraced.
No astrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been banish'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear. 730
From him your wife inquires the planets' will,
When the black jaundice shall her mother kill:
Her sister's and her uncle's end would know:
But, first, consults his art, when you shall go.
And, what's the greatest gift that heaven can give, 735
If, after her, th' adulterer shall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the rest:
If Mars and Saturn shall the world infest;
Or Jove and Venus, with their friendly rays,
Will interpose, and bring us better days. 740
Beware the woman too, and shun her sight,
Who in these studies does herself delight.
By whom a greasy almanac is borne,
With often handling, like chafed amber, worn:
Not now consulting, but consulted, she 745
Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
Stays safe at home, but lets her husband go.
If but a mile she travel out of town,
The planetary hour must first be known, 750
And lucky moment; if her eye but aches
Or itches, its decumbiture she takes:
No nourishment receives in her disease,
But what the stars and Ptolemy shall please.

Ver. 715. Chaldeans are thought to have been the first astrologers.

Ver. 723. Otho succeeded Galba in the empire: which was foretold him by an astrologer.

Ver. 738. Mars and Saturn are the two unfortunate planets; Jupiter and Venus, the two fortunate.

Ver. 754. —— *Ptolemy*] A famous astrologer, an Egyptian.

The middle sort who have not much to spare,
To chiromancers' cheaper art repair, 756
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.
But the rich matron, who has more to give,
Her answers from the Brachman will receive: 759
Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.
The poorest of the sex have still an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairymaid inquires if she shall take
The trusty tailor, and the cook forsake. 765
Yet these, though poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurses, their own infants rear:
You seldom hear of the rich mantle, spread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the power of herbs; such arts they use
To make them barren, or their fruit to lose. 771
But thou, whatever slops she will have bought,
Be thankful, and supply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-slaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for savin at her need. 775
For, if she holds till her nine months be run,
Thou may'st be father to an Æthiop's son;
A boy, who, ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that, should he cross the way, 780
His omen would discolour all the day.
I pass the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors exposed, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameless issue, the blind work of chance. 785
Indulgent Fortune does her care employ,
And, smiling, broods upon the naked boy:
Her garment spreads, and laps him in the fold,
And covers, with her wings, from nightly cold:
Gives him her blessing; puts him in a way; 790
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
Him she promotes; she favours him alone,
And makes provision for him as her own.
The craving wife the force of magic tries,
And philters for th' unable husband buys: 795
The potion works not on the part design'd;
But turns his brains, and stupefies his mind.
The sotted moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
Sees his own business by another done:
A long oblivion, a benumbing frost, 800
Constrains his head; and yesterday is lost:
Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave,
Like that Cæsonia to her Caius gave:
Who, plucking from the forehead of the foal
His mother's love, infused it in the bowl: 805
The boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.

Ver. 759. The Brachmans are Indian philosophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after Pythagoras, the translation of souls from one body to another.

Ver. 777. —— *to an Æthiop's son;*] His meaning is, help her to any kind of slops, which may cause her to miscarry; for fear she may be brought to bed of a blackmoor, which thou, being her husband, art bound to father; and that bastard may, by law, inherit thy estate.

Ver. 781. *His omen*, &c.] The Romans thought it ominous to see a blackmoor in the morning, if he were the first man they met.

Ver. 803. Cæsonia, wife to Caius Caligula, the great tyrant: 'tis said she gave him a love-potion, which, flying up into his head, distracted him, and was the occasion of his committing so many acts of cruelty.

The Thunderer was not half so much on fire
When Juno's girdle kindled his desire. 810
What woman will not use the poisoning trade,
When Cæsar's wife the precedent has made!
Let Agrippina's mushroom be forgot,
Given to a slavering, old, unuseful sot;
That only closed the driveling dotard's eyes,
And sent his godhead downward to the skies. 814
But this fierce potion calls for fire and sword;
Nor spares the commons, when it strikes the lord:
So many mischiefs were in one combined;
So much one single poisoner cost mankind.
If stepdames seek their sons-in-law to kill, 820
'Tis venial trespass; let them have their will:
But let the child, entrusted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food she reaches with her hand;
The morsel is intended for thy land. 825
Thy tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat;
There's poison in thy drink, and in thy meat.
You think this feign'd; the satire in a rage
Struts in the buskins of the tragic stage,
Forgets his business is to laugh and bite; 830
And will of deaths and direful revenges write.
Would it were all a fable that you read!
But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
I (she confesses) in the fact was caught,
Two sons despatching at one deadly draught. 834
What, two! two sons, thou viper, in one day!
Yes, seven, she cries, if seven were in my way.
Medea's legend is no more a lie;
One age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign, 838
And murders then were done; but not for gain.
Less admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they through wrath, or through revenge, pursue.
For, weak of reason, impotent of will,
The sex is hurried headlong into ill: 842
And, like a cliff from its foundations torn,
By raging earthquakes, into seas is borne.
But those are fiends, who crimes from thought begin:
And, cool in mischief, meditate the sin.
They read th' example of a pious wife, 846
Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would save their lapdog sooner than their lord.
Where'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
And Clytemnestras grow in every street: 854

Ver. 808. *The Thunderer*, &c.] The story is in Homer; where Juno borrowed the girdle of Venus, called Cestos, to make Jupiter in love with her, while the Grecians and Trojans were fighting, that he might not help the latter.

Ver. 812. Agrippina was the mother of the tyrant Nero, who poisoned her husband Claudius, that Nero might succeed, who was her son, and not Britannicus, who was the son of Claudius, by a former wife.

Ver. 833. The widow of Drymon poisoned her sons, that she might succeed to their estate. This was done either in the poet's time, or just before it.

Ver. 838. Medea, out of revenge to Jason, who had forsaken her, killed the children which she had by him.

Ver. 854. —— *the Belides*] Who were fifty sisters, married to fifty young men, their cousin-germans; and killed them all on their wedding-night, excepting Hypermnestra, who saved her husband Linus.

Ver. 855. —— *Clytemnestra*] The wife of Agamemnon, who, in favour to her adulterer Ægysthus was consenting to his murder.

But here 's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
Was a gross butcher, with a bloody knife;
But murder now is to perfection grown,
And subtle poisons are employ'd alone;
Unless some antidote prevents their arts, 860
And lines with balsam all the nobler parts:
In such a case, reserved for such a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet's design, in this divine Satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial achievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes, therefore, that since we generally choose so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven, lies within a very small compass. 'Tis but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or knowing it, pursue!
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun, 5
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?
Whole houses, of their whole desires possess'd,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire. 10
With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.
The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast,
In that presuming confidence was lost: 15
But more have been by avarice oppress'd,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest:
Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshall'd figures can account.
To which the stores of Crœsus, in the scale, 20
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize 25
The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charged with the carriage of a paltry plate, 30
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush;
And sees a red-coat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.
Of all the vows, the first and chief request 35
Of each is, to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl;
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine. 40
Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued, by several ways?
One pitied, one contemn'd the woful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies, 45
What store of brine supplied the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ache;
Though in his country-town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor axe, nor tribune did appear; 50
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow.
What had he done, had he beheld on high
Our prætor seated, in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place, 55
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back?
A suit of hangings had not more oppress'd
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest: 60
A heavy gewgaw (call'd a crown), that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head:
And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight:
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride, 65
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
Add now th' imperial eagle, raised on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty),
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white: 70

Ver. 863. *Rather than fail,*] It will easily be understood why it was impossible to make a single observation on this Sixth Satire, which, as he finely says in another place, is,

Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read.

Yet Lud. Pratellis wrote long notes for the use of the Dauphin, under the inspection of Bossuet. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 1. *Look round*] There is not perhaps in our language a poem, of the moral and didactic species, written with more vigorous and strong sentiments, more penetrating and useful observations on life, in a diction remarkably close and compact, than the Vanity of Human Wishes, by Dr. Johnson, in imitation of this Tenth Satire of his favourite Juvenal. In point of sprightliness, and poignancy of wit and sarcasm, it may not be equal to his imitation of the Third; but indeed the nature and tone of the two pieces are essentially different; for here all is serious, solemn, and even devout. The evils of life are indeed aggravated and painted in the darkest and most disagreeable colours; but such an unwarrantable representation was a favourite topic with our author, touched as he was with a morbid melancholy; but surely to magnify and dwell too much on these evils, is, after all, very false philosophy, and an affront to our most benevolent and bounteous Creator. Those who hold this uncomfortable and gloomy opinion, would do well to consider attentively what such men as Cudworth, Archbishop King, Hutcheson, and Balguy, have so strongly urged in confutation of this opinion of the prepollence of evil in the world. It may not be unpleasant to lay before the reader some passages of Johnson's imitations, which seem particularly happy in the accommodation of modern facts and characters to the ancient; and we may imagine he put forth all his strength when he was to contend with Dryden. He certainly would not have succeeded co well if he had ever attempted to imitate Horace. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 14. Milo, of Crotona, who, for a trial of his strength, going to rend an oak, perished in the attempt; for his arms were caught in the trunk of it, and he was devoured by wild beasts.

Ver. 53. *What had he done,*] All this is false, on the unavoidable marks of state and distinction in every country. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 66. *To mortify*] One of his happiest alliterations. Dr. J. Warton.

In their own natures false and flattering tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind:
Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs 75
With ditches fenced, a heaven fat with fogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state;
And make the neighbouring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears: 80
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.
Some ask for envied power; which public hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate: 85
Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd,
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
The same effects of vulgar fury feel: 90
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke;
Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid 95
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made
Pans, cans, and piss-pots, a whole kitchen trade.
Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk-white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a rope is dragg'd along, 100
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence, 105
(The saviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:
Nay, Sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more, 110
He 's guilty; and the question 's out of door.

How goes the mob? (for that 's a mighty thing,)
When the king 's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die. 115
But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cried Sejanus, with a shout as loud;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour bless'd)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress'd.
But long, long since, the times have changed their face, 120
The people grown degenerate and base;
Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.
Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command; 125
All offices of trust, themselves disposed;
Raised whom they pleased, and whom they pleased deposed.
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enslaved posterity betray,
Are now reduced to beg an alms, and go 130
On holidays to see a puppet-show.
There was a damn'd design, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already issued out;
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He 's dipp'd for certain, and plays least in sight: 135
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defence!
Come, let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corpse of Cæsar's foe:
But let our slaves be present there, lest they 140
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, would'st thou change thy fate
To be, like him, first minister of state? 145
To have thy levees crowded with resort
Of a depending, gaping, servile court:
Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and sway 150
That monarch, whom the master'd world obey?
While he, intent on secret lusts alone,
Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
Coop'd in a narrow isle, observing dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes!
I well believe, thou would'st be great as he; 155
For every man 's a fool to that degree;
All wish the dire prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they would have the power, who want the will: 160
But would'st thou have thy wishes understood,
To take the bad together with the good,
Would'st thou not rather choose a small renown,
To be the mayor of some poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak;
To pound false weights, and scanty measures break? 165
Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In every wish, and knew not how to pray:

Ver. 93. Sejanus was Tiberius's first favourite, and while he continued so had the highest marks of honour bestowed on him: statues and triumphal chariots were everywhere erected to him; but as soon as he fell into disgrace with the emperor, these were all immediately dismounted, and the senate and common people insulted over him as meanly as they had fawned on him before.

Ver. 94. *The great Sejanus,*] Modern history could not afford a more proper substitute for Sejanus, to exemplify the lamentable end of ambitious projects, than what Johnson has given us in the following lines, in the character and fate of *Wolsey:*—

"In full-blown dignity see *Wolsey* stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate;
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly:
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord;
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings."

Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 135. —— *plays least*] One of his vulgar modern ideas. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 146. *To have*] Here are six nervous and finished lines to atone for 135. Dr. J Warton.

Ver. 154. The island of Capreæ, which lies about a league out at sea from the Campanian shore, was the scene of Tiberius's pleasures in the latter part of his reign. There he lived for some years with diviners, soothsayers, and worse company; and from thence despatched all his orders to the senate.

For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Raised a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,
Which, mouldering, crush'd him underneath the weight. 171
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd him, who, greater than the Great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What else but his immoderate lust of power, 176
Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declined a noun, 181
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes; 185
But both those orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggrel, or who punn'd in prose.
"Fortune foretuned the dying notes of Rome, 190
Till I, thy consul sole, consoled thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhymes
Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times, 195
Than that Philippic, fatally divine,
Which is inscribed the second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres, and sway'd the state 200
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate;
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the blear-eyed Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars his forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn the unlucky art of wheedling fools. 205
With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain:
The spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne, 210
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chapfall'n beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below; 215
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame:
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirst of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good. 221
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursued,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude: 225
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse 230
The characters of all the lying verse:
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh; 235
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with the Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides, 240
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyreneans pass'd,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that Nature cast:
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent. 245
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his headlong rage on Italy;

Ver. 173. Julius Cæsar, who got the better of Pompey, that was styled the Great.

Ver. 185. Demosthenes and Tully both died for their oratory. Demosthenes gave himself poison to avoid being carried to Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, who had then made himself master of Athens. Tully was murdered by Marc Anthony's order, in return for those invectives he had made against him.

Ver. 186. *But both those orators,*] *Lydiat*, mentioned by Johnson in the subsequent imitation, was not generally known, though a very learned man, and able mathematician, and many persons inquired who he was. *Galileo* was well chosen to exemplify the hard fate of a very illustrious philosopher.

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried Merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear *Lydiat's* life, and *Galileo's* end."

I cannot forbear adding, that *Johnson* made an alteration in the fourth of these lines; at first it stood,

Toil, envy, want, the *garret*, and the jail.

When Lord Chesterfield disappointed him of the patronage he expected, he suddenly altered it to

——— the *patron*, and the jail.

This Mr. William Collins informed me of, who was present at the time. He himself at last met with a suitable reward for his labours, by the gracious and generous pension which the King gave him of 300*l.* a year. And a superb monument and statue of him is erected in St. Paul's cathedral. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 190. The Latin of this couplet is a famous verse of Tully's, in which he sets out the happiness of his own consulship; famous for the vanity, and the ill poetry of it; for Tully, as he had a good deal of the one, so he had no great share of the other.

Ver. 196. The orations of Tully against Marc Anthony were styled by him Philippics, in imitation of Demosthenes, who had given that name before to those he made against Philip of Macedon.

Ver. 205. *To learn*] A just definition of eloquence, and its abuse, especially in democracies. Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 208. This is a mock account of a Roman triumph.

Ver. 247. *He pours his headlong*] Charles XII. of Sweden was a very favourite character of Dr. Johnson. Though he condemned so many of the other works of Voltaire, yet he used to speak in the terms of high approbation of his history of this extraordinary warrior.

"On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let *Swedish Charles* decide:
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire,
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire;
O'er love, o'er fear extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign.
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain,
'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till nought remain.
On Moscow's walls till *Gothic* standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait.
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realm of frost:

In three victorious battles overrun;
Yet, still uneasy, cries, There 's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid; 250
And Punic flags on Roman towers display'd.
Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture scarcely would deserve a frame:
A sign-post dauber would disdain to paint
The one-eyed hero on his elephant. 255
Now what 's his end, O charming Glory! say,
What rare fifth act to crown this huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is banish'd from his native home;
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there 260
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repulsed by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wondrous sort of death has heaven design'd,
Distinguish'd from the herd of human kind, 265
For so untamed, so turbulent a mind!
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doom'd to avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate. 270
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.
One world sufficed not Alexander's mind:
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confined:
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out. 275
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he tried
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:
"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul, how small a body holds!" 280
Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore:
Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees, 285
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;

He comes; nor want, nor cold, his course delay.
Hide, blushing glory, hide *Pultowa's* day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands.
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did not subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

I do not recollect any passage in the works of Pope, of greater energy and force of expression than the foregoing passage. The last lines do not tally with the original; for contempt is heightened by the address,

"I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut *pueris* placeas et *declamatio* fias."

DR. J. WARTON.

Ver. 278. Babylon, where Alexander died.

Ver. 282. Xerxes is represented in history after a very romantic manner, affecting fame beyond measure, and doing the most extravagant things to compass it. Mount Athos made a prodigious promontory in the Ægæan sea; he is said to have cut a channel through it, and to have sailed round it. He made a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, where it was three miles broad; and ordered a whipping for the winds and seas, because they had once crossed his designs, as we have a very solemn account of it in Herodotus. But after all these vain boasts, he was shamefully beaten by Themistocles at Salamis, and returned home, leaving most of his fleet behind him.

With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the bousy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipp'd the winds, and made the sea his slave? 290
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prisons under-ground;)
What god so mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So merciless a tyrant to obey! 295
But how return'd he? let us ask again:
In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
Choked with the slaughter'd bodies of his train.
For fame he pray'd, but let the event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer. 300
Jove, grant me length of life, and years good store
Heap on my bending back, I ask no more.
Both sick and healthful, old and young, conspire
In this one silly mischievous desire.
Mistaken blessing, which old age they call, 305
'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatured, and a skin of buff.
A stitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw 310
For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.
In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong; 315
But the same foulness does to age belong.
The self-same palsy, both in limbs and tongue.
The skull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain:
Besides the eternal drivel, that supplies 320
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth, and eyes.
His wife and children loathe him, and, what's worse,
Himself does his offensive carrion curse!
Flatterers forsake him too; for who would kill
Himself, to be remember'd in a will? 325
His taste, not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat.
The limber nerve, in vain provoked to rise,
Inglorious from the field of battle flies:
Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance 330
With his blue head-piece, and his broken lance?
Add, that endeavouring still without effect,
A lust more sordid justly we suspect.
Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat. 335
What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre, he sits to see;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear; 340
Under an actor's nose he 's never near.
His boy must bawl, to make him understand
The hour o' th' day, or such a lord 's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins
Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains. 345
In fine, he wears no limb about him sound:
With sores and sicknesses beleaguer'd round:

Ver. 295. Mercury, who was a god of the lowest size, and employed always in errands between heaven and hell; and mortals used him accordingly, for his statues were anciently placed where roads met, with directions on the fingers of them pointing out the several ways to travellers.

sk me their names, I sooner could relate
ow many drudges on salt Hippia wait;
hat crowds of patients the town-doctor kills, 350
r how, last fall, he raised the weekly bills:
hat provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
hat herds of heirs by guardians are beguiled:
ow many bouts a day that bitch has tried;
ow many boys that pedagogue can ride! 355
hat lands and lordships for their owner know
ly quondam barber, but his worship now.
This dotard of his broken back complains,
ne, his legs fail, and one, his shoulder pains:
nother is of both his eyes bereft; 360
nd envies who has one for aiming left.
fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
s in his childhood, cramm'd by others' hands:
ne, who at sight of supper open'd wide
is jaws before, and whetted grinders tried; 365
ow only yawns, and waits to be supplied:
ike a young swallow, when with weary wings
xpected food her fasting mother brings.
His loss of members is a heavy curse,
ut all his faculties decay'd, a worse! 370
is servants' names he has forgotten quite;
nows not his friend who supp'd with him last night;
ot ev'n the children he begot and bred;
r his will knows 'em not: for, in their stead,
form of law, a common hackney jade, 375
le heir, for secret services, is made:
lewd, and such a batter'd brothel whore,
hat she defies all comers at her door.
ell, yet suppose his senses are his own,
e lives to be chief mourner for his son: 380
efore his face his wife and brother burns;
e numbers all his kindred in their urns.
hese are the fines he pays for living long;
nd dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
riefs always green, a household still in tears, 385
d pomps, a threshold throng'd with daily biers,
nd liveries of black for length of years.
Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king
as longest lived of any two-logg'd thing;
ess'd, to defraud the grave so long, to mount 390
is number'd years, and on his right hand count;
hree hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine:
ut, hold a while, and hear himself repine
t fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
hich, merciless in length, the midmost sister drew. 395

When his brave son upon the funeral pyre
He saw extended, and his beard on fire,
He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his friends, what crime
Had cursed his age to this unhappy time?
Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain, 400
And thus Ulysses' father did complain.
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Among his ancestors a mighty shade,
While Troy yet stood; when Hector, with the race
Of royal bastards, might his funeral grace; 405
Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had heaven so bless'd him, he had died before
The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produced; he lived to see 410
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
In fine, the feeble sire, reduced by fate
To change his sceptre for a sword, too late,
His last effort before Jove's altar tries;
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice: 415
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.
At least, he died a man; his queen survived,
To howl, and in a barking body lived.
I hasten to our own; nor will relate 420
Great Mithridates', and rich Crœsus' fate;
Whom Solon wisely counsell'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.
That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread, 425
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young?
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets; descending from his state, 430
In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have died of all admired,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expired.
Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent fever sent; 435
But public prayers imposed on heaven, to give
Their much-loved leader an unkind reprieve.

Ver. 383. *These are the fines*] There is something very nder and pathetic in the following lines of Johnson on is subject:—

"Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings,
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay;
Still drops some joy from withering life away.
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage;
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted Worth retire to peace."

Dr. J. Warton.

Ver. 388. Nestor, king of Pylos, who was 300 years old, cording to Homer's account; at least, as he is understood his expositors.

Ver. 391. The ancients counted by their fingers; their t hands served them till they came up to an hundred; er that they used their right, to express all greater mbers.

Ver. 395 The Fates were three sisters, which had all some peculiar business assigned them by the poets, in relation to the lives of men. The first held the distaff, the second spun the thread, and the third cut it.

Ver. 414. Whilst Troy was sacking by the Greeks, old King Priam is said to have buckled on his armour to oppose them; which he had no sooner done, but he was met by Pyrrhus, and slain before the altar of Jupiter, in his own palace, as we have the story finely told in Virgil's second Æneid.

Ver. 418. Hecuba, his queen, escaped the swords of the Grecians, and outlived him. It seems she behaved herself so fiercely and uneasily to her husband's murtherers while she lived, that the poets thought fit to turn her into a bitch, when she died.

Ver. 421. Mithridates, after he had disputed the empire of the world, for forty years together, with the Romans, was at last deprived of life and empire by Pompey the Great.

Ibid. Crœsus, in the midst of his prosperity, making his boast to Solon how happy he was, received this answer from the wise man: "That no one could pronounce himself happy till he saw what his end should be." The truth of this Crœsus found, when he was put in chains by Cyrus, and condemned to die.

Ver. 435. Pompey, in the midst of his glory, fell into a dangerous fit of sickness at Naples; a great many cities then made public supplications for him; he recovered, was beaten at Pharsalia, fled to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, and, instead of receiving protection at his court, had his head struck off by his order, to please Cæsar.

The city's fate and his conspired to save
The head, reserved for an Egyptian slave.
Cethegus, though a traitor to the state, 440
And tortured, 'scaped this ignominious fate:
And Sergius, who a bad cause bravely tried,
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, died.
To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
That all her sons and daughters may be fair: 445
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends;
But, for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They must be finish'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud,
And pleased, to see the wondering people pray 450
To the new-rising sister of the day.
And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair Virginia would her fate bestow
On Rutila; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her camel back. 455
But, for his mother's boy, the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!
Form join'd with virtue is a sight too rare:
Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.
Suppose the same traditionary strain 460
Of rigid manners in the house remain;
Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infused into his soul a sober grace,
And blush'd a modest blood into his face, 465
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)
Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes and presents can;)
Ev'n with a parent, where persuasions fail, 470
Money is impudent, and will prevail.
We never read of such a tyrant king,
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page: 475
Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain back, and belly, from the game
Cross-barr'd: but both his sexes well became.
Go, boast your springal, by his beauty cursed
To ills, nor think I have declared the worst: 480
His form procures him journey-work; a strife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.
Adulterers are with dangers round beset; 485
Born under Mars, they cannot 'scape the net;
And from revengeful husbands oft have tried
Worse handling than severest laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
Makes colon suffer for the peccant part. 490
But your Endymion, your smooth, smock-faced boy,
Unrivall'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy:
Not so: one more salacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold:
Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he loathes,
She keeps him high in equipage and clothes: 496

Ver. 440. Cethegus was one that conspired with Catiline, and was put to death by the Senate.

Ver. 442. Catiline died fighting.

Ver. 453. Virginia was killed by her own father, to prevent her being exposed to the lust of Appius Claudius, who had ill designs upon her. The story at large is in Livy's third book; and it is a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the power of the Decemviri, of whom Appius was one.

She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean.
She may be handsome, yet be chaste, you say;
Good observator, not so fast away:
Did it not cost the modest youth his life,
Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
And was not t' other stripling forced to fly,
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny,
And pleaded laws of hospitality?
The ladies charged 'em home, and turn'd the tale;
With shame they redden'd, and with spite grew pale.
'Tis dangerous to deny the longing dame;
She loses pity, who has lost her shame.
Now Silius wants thy counsel, give advice;
Wed Cæsar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes she darts on every grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.
Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state;
The public notaries and Aruspex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden dress'd:
The portion paid, and every rite express'd,
Which in a Roman marriage is profess'd.
'Tis no stol'n wedding this, rejecting awe,
She scorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moot case, your judgment: to refuse
Is present death, besides the night you lose:
If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious life you gain:
Till loud reports through all the town have pass'd
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the last.
Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing;
For not to take is but the self-same thing;
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we deprived of will;
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my counsel, and securely move;
Entrust thy fortune to the Powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness as in greatness they excel;
Ah that we loved ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.
Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confined
To health of body, and content of mind:

Ver. 503. Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, was loved by his mother-in-law Phædra; but he not complying with her, she procured his death.

Ver. 505. Bellerophon, the son of king Glaucus, residing some time at the court of Pætus, king of the Argives, the queen, Sthenobæa, fell in love with him; but he refusing her, she turned the accusation upon him, and he narrowly escaped Pætus's vengeance.

Ver. 512. Messalina, wife to the emperor Claudius, infamous for her lewdness. She set her eyes upon C. Silius, a fine youth, forced him to quit his own wife, and marry her with all the formalities of a wedding, whilst Claudius Cæsar was sacrificing at Hostia. Upon his return, he put both Silius and her to death.

Ver. 546. *Yet not to rob*] He could not forbear dragging in an improper and ill-applied sarcasm on priests. Dr. Warton.

A soul, that can securely death defy, 550
And count it nature's privilege, to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercised in pain:
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire.
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules 556
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.
The path to peace is virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worshipp'd by the wise; 560
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

THE

SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet, in this Satire, proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a countryman: first, because a countryman, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier; who is only to be judged by a court-martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick despatch: whereas the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court. The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage or relations, which is denied to all other Romans. This Satire was written by Juvenal, when he was a commander in Egypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finished. And if it be well observed, you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me my good stars, and all goes right: 5
One happy hour is to a soldier better
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
My suit, and own the kindness done to her.
See what our common privileges are: 10
As, first, no saucy citizen shall dare
To strike a soldier, nor, when struck, resent
The wrong, for fear of farther punishment:
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise, 15
Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
Not by the statute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus order'd, to confine 20
The brawls of soldiers to the trench and line:
A wise provision; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a soldier's cause should hear:
And taking cognizance of wrongs received,
An honest man may hope to be relieved. 25
So far 'tis well: but with a general cry
The regiment will rise in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refused, will threaten to disband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace; 30
The remedy is worse than the disease:
This cause is worthy him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But would'st thou, friend, who hast two legs alone,
(Which, heaven be praised! thou yet may'st call thy own) 35
Would'st thou to run the gauntlet these expose
To a whole company of hobnail'd shoes?
Sure the good-breeding of wise citizens
Should teach 'em more good-nature to their shins.
Besides, whom canst thou think so much thy friend, 40
Who dares appear thy business to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuse,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse:
The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.
Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist, 45
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,
To witness truth? When I see one so brave,
The dead, think I, are risen from the grave;
And with their long spade beards, and matted hair,
Our honest ancestors are come to take the air. 50
Against a clown, with more security,
A witness may be brought to swear a lie,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth against a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights, 55
Which are a standing army's perquisites.
If any rogue vexatious suits advance
Against me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the sacred landmark from my bounds,
Those bounds which, with procession and with prayer, 61
And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:

Ver. 550. *A soul, that*] These six following lines in Dryden are highly finished in his best manner. Yet we may perhaps read Dr. Johnson's admirable conclusion of this satire with great pleasure:—

"Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill,
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death, kind nature's signal of retreat;
These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain.
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find."

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1. *What vast prerogatives,*] This Satire is much inferior to the rest. The old scholiast denies that it is by Juvenal. I suppose Dryden was forced to add it to fill up his volume.—Barten Holyday's notes, added to his translation of Juvenal, are worth reading. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 7. Juno was mother to Mars, the god of war: Venus was his mistress.

Ver. 20. Camillus, (who being first banished by his ungrateful countrymen the Romans, afterwards returned, and freed them from the Gauls,) made a law, which prohibited the soldiers from quarrelling without the camp, lest upon that pretence they might happen to be absent when they ought to be on duty.

Ver. 32. *This cause is worthy him*, &c.] The poet names a Modenese lawyer, whom he calls Vagellius; who was so impudent that he would plead any cause, right or wrong, without shame or fear.

Ver. 37. ——— *hobnail'd shoes?*] The Roman soldiers wore plates of iron under their shoes, or stuck them with nails as countrymen do now.

Ver. 62. Landmarks were used by the Romans, almost in the same manner as now: and as we go once a-year in procession, about the bounds of parishes, and renew them, so they offered cakes upon the stone, or landmark

Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
I must with patience all the terms attend, 65
Among the common causes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is still encumber'd with some new delay:
Perhaps the cloth of state is only spread,
Some of the quorum may be sick a-bed; 70
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er-night was bousy, and goes out to piss:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on:
But buff and beltmen never know these cares, 75
No time, nor trick of law, their action bars:
Their cause they to an easier issue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another branch of their revenue still
Remains, beyond their boundless right to kill, 80

Ver. 60. The courts of judicature were hung and spread, as with us; but spread only before the hundred judges who were to sit and judge public causes, which were called by lot.

Their father yet alive, empower'd to make a will.
For, what their prowess gain'd the law declares,
Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs:
No share of that goes back to the begetter.
But if the son fights well, and plunders better, 85
Like stout Coranus, his old shaking sire
Does a remembrance in his will desire:
Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the slain:
But still he lives, and, rising by the war, 90
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare:
For-'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cherish valour, and reward desert:
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore;
Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor. 95

Ver. 81. The Roman soldiers had the privilege of making a will, in their father's life-time, of what they had purchased in the wars, as being no part of their patrimony. By this will they had power of excluding their own parents, and giving the estate so gotten to whom they pleased. Therefore, says the poet, Coranus, (a soldier contemporary with Juvenal, who had raised his fortune by the wars) was courted by his own father, to make him his heir.

TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

THE

FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT OF THE PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

The design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his Satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first Satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

I NEVER did on cleft Parnassus dream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
Nor can remember when my brain, inspired,
Was, by the Muses, into madness fired.

Ver. 1. Parnassus and Helicon were hills consecrated to the Muses; and the supposed place of their abode. Parnassus was forked on the top; and from Helicon ran a stream, the spring of which was called the Muses' well.

My share in pale Pyrene I resign; 5
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler song:
Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown, 10
Before the shrine I lay my rugged numbers down.
Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endued the chattering pie?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appease:
Want taught their masters, and their masters these. 15
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
Pies, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring:
You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

Ver. 5. —— *Pyrene*] A fountain in Corinth; consecrated also to the Muses.

Ver. 7. *Statues*, &c.] The statues of the poets were crowned with ivy about their brows.

Ver. 11. *Before the shrine*] That is, before the shrine of Apollo, in his temple at Rome, called the Palatine.

THE FIRST SATIRE.

IN DIALOGUE BETWIXT THE POET AND HIS FRIEND OR MONITOR.

THE ARGUMENT.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this Satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed, and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortune, set up for wits and judges. The Satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives.—The reader may observe that our poet was a Stoic philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his Satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

PERSIUS.

How anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our desires!

FRIEND.

Thy spleen contain:
For none will read thy satires.

PERSIUS.

This to me? 5

FRIEND.

None, or what 's next to none, but two or three.
'Tis hard I grant.

PERSIUS.

'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the Town, 10
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend:
Their smiles and censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail: 16
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of every mind;
"Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."
But where 's that Roman?—Somewhat I would say, 20
But Fear;—let Fear, for once, to Truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoic courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
From the first pastimes of our infant age,
To elder cares, and man's severer page; 25
When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
But thus provoked, I must speak out, or burst.

FRIEND.

Once more forbear. 30

PERSIUS.

I cannot rule my spleen;
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.
First, to begin at home; our authors write
In lonely rooms, secured from public sight;
Whether in prose or verse, 'tis all the same: 35
The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.
All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
Labouring with sound, that little sense affords.
They comb, and then they order every hair:
A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear:
A birthday jewel bobbing at their ear. 41
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepared.
They mount, a God's name, to be seen and heard,
From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they speak. 45
The nauseous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice, 50
And slimy jests applaud with broken voice.
Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread?
Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays: 54
And gives the sign where he expects their praise.
Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if thus confined,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool, 60
Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school;
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "science is not science till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admired, to see
The crowd with pointing fingers, cry, That 's he: 65
That 's he whose wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorged and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse; 70
And add to wine the luxury of verse.
One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme:
Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note,
Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat: 75
Then graciously the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a god?
Are not his manes bless'd, such praise to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roses (while his loud applause they sing) 80
Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?
All these, you cry, but light objections are;
Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.

Ver. 1. *How anxious*] None of my author's hard metaphors or forced expressions, says Dryden, are in my translation. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 11. —— *Labeo's stuff*] Nothing is remaining of Atticus Labeo, (so he is called by the learned Casaubon) nor is he mentioned by any other poet, besides Persius; Casaubon, from an old commentator on Persius, says, that he made a very foolish translation of Homer's Iliads.

Ver. 39. *They comb*, &c.] He describes a poet preparing himself to rehearse his works in public, which was commonly performed in August. A room was hired, or lent by some friend; a scaffold was raised, and a pulpit placed for him, who was to hold forth; who borrowed a new gown, or scoured his old one, and adorned his ears with jewels, &c.

Ver. 58. —— *my wild fig-tree*,] Trees of that kind grow wild in many parts of Italy, and make their way through rocks, sometimes splitting the tombstones.

For does there breathe a man, who can reject
A general fame, and his own lines neglect? 85
In cedar tablets worthy to appear,
That need not fish, or frankincense to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear,
Be answer'd thus: If I by chance succeed
In what I write (and that 's a chance indeed), 90
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserved reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only, cause.
Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize; 95
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's spite. 100
Them and their woful works the Muse defies:
Products of citron beds, and golden canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart
To make a supper, with a fine dessert;
And to thy threadbare friend, a cast old suit impart. 105
Thus bribed, thou thus bespeak'st him: Tell me, friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend,)
What says the world of me and of my Muse?
The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news:
But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loss of time. 111
Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.
All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadst thou but, Janus-like, a face behind, 115
To see the people, what splay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When most athirst, of an Apulian bitch:
But noble scribblers are with flattery fed; 120
For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
To pass the poets of patrician blood,
What is 't the common reader takes for good?
The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
Soft without sense, and without spirit slow: 125
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The rivet where the polish'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with such a steady view,
As if he shut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings, 130
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes no rise, and fears no fall.

FRIEND.

Hourly we see some raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing; 135
Who for false quantities was whipp'd at school
But t' other day, and breaking grammar rule,
Whose trivial art was never tried above
The bare description of a native grove:
Who knows not how to praise the country store,
The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted boar; 141
Nor paint the flowery fields, that paint themselves before.
Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
Whose shining ploughshare was in furrows worn,
Met by his trembling wife, returning home, 145
And rustically joy'd as chief of Rome:
She wiped the sweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;
The lictors bore in state their lord's triumphant plough.
Some love to hear the fustian poet roar; 150
And some on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for sense; and think those only good
Who labour most, and least are understood.
When thou shalt see the blear-eyed fathers teach
Their sons this harsh and mouldy sort of speech;
Or others new affected ways to try, 156
Of wanton smoothness, female poetry;
One would inquire from whence this motley style
Did first our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their seat; 160
But leap and catch at all that 's obsolete.
Others, by foolish ostentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to save their head,
Bring trifling tropes, instead of solid sense; 164
And mind their figures more than their defence:
Are pleased to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry,
Well moved, oh finely said, and decently!
Theft (says the accuser) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius! what does gentle Pedius say?
Studious to please the genius of the times, 170
With periods, points, and tropes, he slurs his crimes:
"He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
And took but with intention to restore."
He lards with flourishes his long harangue;
'Tis fine, say'st thou: What, to be praised, and hang! 175
Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his woe,
Would'st thou be moved to pity, or bestow
An alms? What 's more preposterous than to see
A merry beggar? Mirth in misery! 181

PERSIUS.

He seems a trap, for charity to lay:
And cons, by night, his lesson for the day.

FRIEND.

But to raw numbers, and unfinish'd verse,
Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse: 186

Ver. 86. The Romans wrote on cedar and cypress tables, in regard of the duration of the wood: ill verses might justly be afraid of frankincense; for the papers in which they were written were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

Ver. 102. *Products of citron beds, &c.*] Writings of noblemen, whose bedsteads were of the wood of citron.

Ver. 115. —— *Janus-like, &c.*] Janus was the first king of Italy; who refuged Saturn when he was expelled by his son Jupiter from Crete, or, as we now call it, Candia. From his name the first month of the year is called January. He was pictured with two faces, one before and one behind, as regarding the past time and the future. Some of the mythologists think he was Noah, for the reason given above.

Ver. 143. *Where Romulus, &c.*] He speaks of the country in the foregoing verses, the praises of which are the most easy theme for poets; but which a bad poet cannot naturally describe; then he makes a digression to Romulus, the first king of Rome, who had a rustical education; and enlarges upon Quintius Cincinnatus, a Roman senator, who was called from the plough, to be dictator of Rome.

Ver. 171. *With periods, &c.*] Persius here names antitheses, or seeming contradictions, which in this place are meant for rhetorical flourishes, as I think with Casaubon.

tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
nid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
olphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd
Appennine."

PERSIUS.

is is doggrel stuff. 190

FRIEND.

What if I bring
ler verse? "Arms and the man I sing."

PERSIUS.

ame you Virgil with such fops as these?
ruly great, and must for ever please;
erce, but awful is his manly page; 195
s his strength, but sober is his rage.

FRIEND.

poems think you soft? and to be read
languishing regards, and bending head?

PERSIUS.

ir crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
blasts inspired; and Bassaris who slew 200
cornful calf, with sword advanced on high,
from his neck his haughty head to fly.
Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
d the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around;
from woods and floods repairing echoes
sound." 205
ld such rude lines a Roman mouth become,
any manly greatness left in Rome?
s and Atys in the mouth were bred;
ever hatch'd within the labouring head:
ood from bitten nails those poems drew: 210
hurn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.

FRIEND.

istian all; 'tis execrably bad:
they will be fools, must you be mad?
satires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
reat will never bear so blunt a verse. 215
doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
if you please, but you shall snarl without.
t such pay as railing rhymes deserve,
re in a very hopeful way to serve.

PERSIUS.

r than so, uncensured let 'em be; 220
ll is admirably well, for me.
armless rhyme shall 'scape the dire disgrace
mmon-shores, and every pissing-place.

Two painted serpents shall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you must not urine here. 225
This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.
Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought; 230
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And, with a sly insinuating grace, 234
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face:
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently probed the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguiled:
But made the desperate passes, when he smiled.
Could he do this, and is my Muse controll'd 240
By servile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the trusty earth commit the sound:
The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a snout, and asses' ears." 245
This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt not buy,
Nor will I change, for all the flashy wit,
That flattering Labeo in his Iliads writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this base town, 250
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inspired
With zeal, and equal indignation fired;
Who, at enormous villany, turns pale,
And steers against it with a full-blown sail, 255
Like Aristophanes, let him but smile
On this my honest work, though writ in homely style:
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear less drossy, read those lines again.
May they perform their author's just intent, 260
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe: 265
Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eyesight, when the mind is clear.
When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate;

.186. —— *Berecynthian Atys*, &c.] Foolish verses ro, which the poet repeats, and which cannot be ted properly into English.

. 192. —— "*Arms and the man*," &c.] The first line gil's Æneids.

. 199. "*Their crooked horns*," &c.] Other verses of that were mere bombast. I only note, that the repe- of these and the former verses of Nero, might justly e poet a caution to conceal his name.

. 208. *Mænas and Atys*] Poems on the Mænades, ere priestesses of Bacchus; and of Atys, who made lf an eunuch, to attend on the sacrifices of Cybele, Berecynthia by the poets; she was mother of the

Ver. 224. *Two painted serpents*, &c.] Two snakes twined with each other were painted on the walls, by the ancients, to show the place was holy.

Ver. 228. *Yet old Lucilius*, &c.] Lucilius wrote long before Horace, who imitates his manner of satire, but far excels him in the design.

Ver. 245. "*King Midas*," &c.] The story is vulgar, that Midas, king of Phrygia, was made judge betwixt Apollo and Pan, who was the best musician; he gave the prize to Pan; and Apollo in revenge gave him asses' ears. He wore his hair long to hide them; but his barber discovering them, and not daring to divulge the secret, dug a hole in the ground, and whispered into it; the place was marshy, and when the reeds grew up, they repeated the words which were spoken by the barber. By Midas the poet meant Nero.

Ver. 251. Eupolis and Cratinus, as also Aristophanes mentioned afterwards, were all Athenian poets, who wrote that sort of comedy which was called the old comedy, where the people were named who were satirised by those authors.

Ver. 264. *Who fortune's fault*, &c.] The people of Rome, in the time of Persius, were apt to scorn the Grecian philosophers, particularly the Cynics and Stoics who were the poorest of them.

Whose power extends no farther than to speak 270
Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.
Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
Who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys;
And, with his foot, the sacred dust destroys: 275
Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
A Cynic's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the business of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their afternoon. 280

THE

SECOND SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS MACRINUS, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth Satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the Second Alcibiades. Our author has induced it with great mastery of art, by taking his rise from the birthday of his friend; on which occasions, prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The Satire is divided into three parts. The first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests. The third part consists in showing the repugnances of those prayers and wishes to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shows the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them; and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to Heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

LET this auspicious morning be express'd
With a white stone, distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul, 5
Till thy wit sparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the test of heaven will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the gods aside to hear:
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come; 10
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye Powers, and make me just: 15
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust:
In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove!
Or—O thou Thunderer's son, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous deity would please 20
To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' the head;
I should possess the estate, if he were dead!
He 's so far gone with rickets, and with the evil, 25
That one small dose will send him to the devil.
This is my neighbour Nerius his third spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rids his house.
But my eternal wife!—Grant heaven I may
Survive to see the fellow of this day! 30
Thus, that thou may'st the better bring about
Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To wash the obscenities of night away.
But pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a small request) 35
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possess'd!
Would'st thou prefer him to some man? Suppose
I dipp'd among the worst, and Staius chose?
Which of the two would thy wise head declare
The trustier tutor to an orphan heir? 40
Or, put it thus: Unfold to Staius, straight,
What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:
He 'll stare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
Canst thou indulge him in this villany!
And think'st thou, Jove himself, with patience, then, 45
Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
And leaves his business to be done by fate?
Because his thunder splits some burly tree,
And is not darted at thy house and thee? 50
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the perpetration of thy crime:
And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's prayer and sacrifice?
What well-fed offering to appease the god, 55
What powerful present to procure a nod,
Hast thou in store? What bribe hast thou prepared,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?
Our superstitions with our life begin:
The obscene old grandam, or the next of kin, 60
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration makes:

Ver. 275. *And, with his foot, &c.*] Arithmetic and geometry were taught on floors which were strewed with dust or sand, in which the numbers and diagrams were made and drawn, which they might strike out again at pleasure.

Ver. 280. *On dice,*] Barten Holyday observes that "in Persius the difficulty is to find a meaning; in Juvenal to choose a meaning: so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal. So much is the understanding employed in the one, and so much the judgment in the other. So difficult is it to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 2. —— *white stone,*] The Romans were used to mark their fortunate days, or any thing that luckily befell them, with a white stone which they had from the island Creta; and their unfortunate, with a coal.

Ver. 19. Hercules was thought to have the key and power of bestowing all hidden treasure.

Ver. 33. The ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by night itself, as well as bad dreams in the night, and therefore purified themselves by washing their heads and hands every morning; which custom the Turks observe to this day.

Ver. 54. When any one was thunderstruck, the soothsayer (who is here called Ergenna) immediately repaired to the place to expiate the displeasure of the gods, by sacrificing two sheep.

Ver. 62. The poet laughs at the superstitious ceremonies which the old women made use of in their lustration or purification days, when they named their children, which was done on the eighth day to females, and on the ninth to males.

Then in the spawl her middle finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magic to prevent, 65
By virtue of her nasty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer
That heaven would make him some rich miser's heir,
Lucky to ladies, and, in time, a king;
Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.70
But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer:
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear;
Not though she prays in white, with lifted hands:
A body made of brass the crone demands
For her loved nursling, strung with nerves of wire,75
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire:
Unconscionable vows, which when we use,
We teach the gods, in reason, to refuse.
Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish:
Yet the fat entrails, in the spacious dish, 80
Would stop the grant: the very over-care,
And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;85
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's grease!
And think'st that when the fatten'd flames aspire,
Thou seest the accomplishment of thy desire!
Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain, 90
And showers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purse declares his money gone.
Should I present thee with rare figured plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight; 95
O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat!
Thou measurest by thyself the Powers Divine;
Thy gods are burnish'd gold, and silver is their shrine.
Thy puny godlings of inferior race, 100
Whose humble statues are content with brass,
Should some of these, in visions purged from phlegm,
Fortell events, or in a morning dream;
Ev'n those thou would'st in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give 'em beards of gold. 105

The priests in temples now no longer care
For Saturn's brass, or Numa's earthen ware;
Or vestal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put 'em all to flight.
O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found, 110
Fat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
And think what pleases us must please the gods.
Of oil and cassia one the ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes: 115
Another finds the way to dye in grain,
And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian stain;
Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the mass: all these are vanities! 120
Yet still some profit from their pains may rise:
But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold?
The wretch, that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the Powers to give him more:
As maids to Venus offer baby-toys, 125
To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great chargers cannot bear:
A soul, where laws, both human and divine, 130
In practice more than speculation shine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind:
When with such offerings to the gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb. 135

Ver. 102. ——— *in visions purged from phlegm*, &c.] It was the opinion both of Grecians and Romans, that the gods, in visions or dreams, often revealed to their favourites a cure for their diseases, and sometimes those of others. Thus Alexander dreamt of an herb which cured Ptolemy. These gods were principally Apollo and Æsculapius; but, in after times, the same virtue and good will was attributed to Isis and Osiris; which brings to my remembrance an odd passage in Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici, or in his Vulgar Errors; the sense whereof is, "That we are beholding, for many of our discoveries in physic, to the courteous revelation of spirits." By the expression of visions purged from phlegm, our author means such dreams or visions as proceed not from natural causes, or humours of the body, but such as are sent from heaven, and are, therefore certain remedies.

Ver. 107. *For Saturn's brass*, &c.] Brazen vessels, in which the public treasure of the Romans was kept: it may be the poet means only old vessels, which were all called Κρόνια, from the Greek name of Saturn. Note also, that the Roman Treasury was in the temple of Saturn.

Ibid. ——— *Numa's earthen ware;*] Under Numa, the second king of Rome, and for a long time after him, the holy vessels for sacrifice were of earthen ware, according to the superstitious rites which were introduced by the same Numa; though afterwards, when Mummius had taken Corinth, and Paulus Emilius had conquered Macedonia, luxury began amongst the Romans; and then their utensils of devotion were of gold and silver, &c.

Ver. 117. *And make Calabrian wool*, &c. The wool of Calabria was of the finest sort in Italy: as Juvenal also tells us.—The Tyrian stain is the purple colour dyed at Tyrus; and I suppose, but dare not positively affirm, that the richest of that dye was nearest our crimson, and not scarlet, or that other colour more approaching to the blue. I have not room to justify my conjecture.

Ver. 126. *As maids to Venus*, &c.] Those baby-toys were little babies, or poppets, as we call them; in Latin, Pupæ; which the girls, when they came to the age of puberty, or child-bearing, offered to Venus; as the boys at fourteen or fifteen years of age offered their Bullæ, or bosses.

Ver. 135. *A cake, thus given*, &c.] A cake of barley, or coarse wheat meal, with the bran in it: the meaning is, that God is pleased with the pure and spotless heart of the offerer, and not with the riches of the offering. Laberius, in the fragments of his Mimes, has a verse like this: "Puras, Deus, non plenas aspicit manus." What I had forgotten before, in its due place, I must here tell the reader: that the first half of this Satire was translated by one of my sons, now in Italy; but I thought so well of it, that I let it pass without any alteration.

THE

THIRD SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author has made two Satires concerning study; the first and the third: the first related to men; this to young students, whom he desired to be educated in the Stoic philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, or preceptor, in this admirable Satire, where he upbraids the youth of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow-students with late rising to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part, of the teacher: and addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that, by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this Satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was *The Reproach of Idleness:* though in others of the scholiasts it is inscribed, *Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich.* In both of which the intention of the poet is pursued; but principally in the former.

I remember I translated this Satire, when I was a King's scholar at Westminster-school, for a Thursday-night's Exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my Exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the Reverend Doctor Busby.

Is this thy daily course? The glaring sun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To shades, and noon-tide rays of summer shun:
Yet plunged in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with fumes of undigested wine. 5
This grave advice some sober student bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
Than rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate; 10
And cries, I thought it had not been so late:
My clothes; make haste: why when! if none be near,
He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat. 15
With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the papers; lays 'em down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink 's too thick; 21
Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin,
It sinks, nor can the character be seen.
O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away? 25
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry;
Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
No more accuse thy pen; but charge the crime 30
On native sloth, and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy master or thy friends to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyself, and that 's a worse deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;
Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown. 35
A flaw is in thy ill-baked vessel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.
Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mould; now bend thy mind to feel
The first sharp motions of the forming wheel. 40
But thou hast land; a country-seat, secure
By a just title; costly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy Lares to appease:
What need of learning when a man 's at ease? 45
If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree;
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree; 50
Who, clad in purple, canst thy censor greet,
And loudly call him cousin in the street.
Such pageantry be to the people shown;
There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within 55
Thy shallow centre, to thy outmost skin:
Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest?
But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep; 60
Fatten'd in vice; so callous and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.
Great father of the gods, when, for our crimes, 65
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus punish him: set virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright: 70
But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!
Sicilian tortures and the brazen bull
Are emblems, rather than express the full
Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more: 75
The wretch, who, sitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword

Ver. 17. *And parchment,* &c.] The students used to write their notes on parchments; the inside, on which they wrote, was white; the other side was hairy, and commonly yellow. Quintilian reproves this custom, and advises rather table-books, lined with wax, and a stile, like that we use in our vellum table-books, as more easy.

Ver. 44. *A fuming-pan,* &c.] Before eating, it was customary to cut off some part of the meat, which was first put into a pan, or little dish; then into the fire; as an offering to the household gods; this they called a libation.

Ver. 49. *Drawn from the root,* &c.] The Tuscans were accounted of most ancient nobility. Horace observes this, in most of his compliments to Mæcenas; who was derived from the old kings of Tuscany, now the dominion of the great duke.

Ver. 51. *Who, clad in purple,* &c.] The Roman knights, attired in the robe called Trabea, were summoned by the censor to appear before him; and to salute him, in passing by, as their names were called over. They led their horses in their hand. See more of this, in Pompey's life, written by Plutarch.

Ver. 73. *Sicilian tortures,* &c.] Some of the Sicilian kings were so great tyrants, that the name is become proverbial. The brazen bull is a known story of Phalaris, one of those tyrants, who, when Perillus, a famous artist, had presented him with a bull of that metal hollowed within, which, when the condemned person was inclosed in it, would render the sound of a bull's roaring, caused the workman to make the first experiment.—"Doceatque iniquum mugire juvencum."

Ver. 76. *The wretch, who, sitting,* &c.] He alludes to the story of Damocles, a flatterer of one of those Sicilian tyrants, namely Dionysius. Damocles had infinitely extolled the happiness of kings. Dionysius, to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a feast, and clothed him in purple; but caused a sword with the point downward, to be

Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
Ev'n in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife, 80
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife:
Down, down he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.
When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil to stay from school:
Averse from pains, and loth to learn the part 85
Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart:
Though much my master that stern virtue praised,
Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd raised;
And my pleased father came with pride to see 90
His boy defend the Roman liberty.
But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dexterously to throw the lucky sice:
To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they should convey 95
False bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.
Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What 's good or ill, and both their ends discern:
Thou in the Stoic Porch, severely bred, 101
Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
There on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand:
Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures rise,
Roused from their slumbers to be early wise: 106
Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,
From pampering riot the young stomach weans:
And where the Samian Y directs thy steps to run
To Virtue's narrow steep, and broad-way Vice to shun. 110
And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken breath,
Sour with debauch, and sleep'st the sleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body as dissolved as is thy mind.
Hast thou not, yet, proposed some certain end,
To which thy life, thy every act may tend? 116
Hast thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
Or like a boy pursuest the carrion crow
With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree;
A fruitless toil; and liv'st *extempore?* 120
Watch the disease in time: for, when within
The dropsy rages and extends the skin,
In vain for hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late for cure, he proffers half his wealth; 125
Conquest and Guibbons cannot give him health.
Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
And the great moral end of human kind.

Study thyself, what rank or what degree 130
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the offices of that estate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
Pray justly, to be heard: nor more desire
Than what the decencies of life require. 135
Learn what thou ow'st thy country, and thy friend;
What 's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the store
Of the greased advocate, that grinds the poor;
Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws; 140
And only gains the wealthy client's cause:
To whom the Marsians more provision send,
Than he and all his family can spend.
Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
And potted fowl, and fish, come in so fast. 145
That, ere the first is out, the second stinks:
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit,
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store; 150
And he 's a rascal who pretends to more.
Dammee, whate'er those book-learn'd blockheads say,
Solon 's the veriest fool in all the play.
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
(As over-ballasted within the crown!) 155
Muttering betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
Which, well examined, is flat conjuring,
Mere madmen's dreams: for what the schools have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought. 160
Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accoutred, are they seen,
And made the may-game of the public spleen?
Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A story, which is just thy parallel. 166
A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell sick, and thus to his physician said:
Methinks I am not right in every part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart: 170
My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong:
Besides a filthy furr upon my tongue.
The doctor heard him, exercised his skill:
And, after, bid him for four days be still.
Three days he took good counsel, and began 175
To mend, and look like a recovering man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends
His boy to one of his old trusty friends;
Adjuring him, by all the Powers Divine,
To pity his distress, who could not dine 180
Without a flagon of his healing wine.
He drinks a swilling draught; and, lined within,
Will supple in the bath his outward skin.
Whom should he find but his physician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware: 185
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
'Tis nothing, says the fool: But, says the friend,
This nothing, sir, will bring you to your end.

hung over his head, by a silken twine; which, when he perceived, he could eat nothing of the delicates that were set before him.

Ver. 101. *Thou in the Stoic Porch, &c.*] The Stoics taught their philosophy under a Porticus, to secure their scholars from the weather. Zeno was the chief of that sect.

Ver. 103. ——————— *Polygnotus'*] A famous painter, who drew the pictures of the Medes and Persians, conquered by Miltiades, Themistocles, and other Athenian captains, on the walls of the portico, in their natural habits.

Ver. 109. *And where the Samian Y, &c.*] Pythagoras of Samos made the allusion of the Y, or Greek Upsilon, to vice and virtue. One side of the letter, being broad, characters vice, to which the ascent is wide and easy. The other side represents virtue, to which the passage is strait and difficult; and perhaps our Saviour might also allude to this, in those noted words of the evangelist, "The way to heaven," &c.

Ver. 140. *Fat fees, &c.*] Casaubon here notes, that, among all the Romans who were brought up to learning, few besides the orators, or lawyers, grew rich.

Ver. 142. The Marsians and Umbrians were the most plentiful of all the provinces in Italy.

Do I not see your dropsy-belly swell? 190
Your yellow skin?—No more of that; I'm well.
I have already buried two or three
That stood betwixt a fair estate and me;
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee. 194
Thou tell'st me, I look ill, and thou look'st worse.
I've done, says the physician; take your course.
The laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching steam:
Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seized, 201
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseased,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl;
And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll:
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul: 205
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate;
And slaves, now manumized, on their dead master wait. 210
They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole;
And there 's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what 's thy fulsome parable to me?
My body is from all diseases free:
My temperate pulse does regularly beat; 215
Feel, and be satisfied, my hands and feet:
These are not cold, nor those oppress'd with heat.
Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in every part.
I grant this true: but, still, the deadly wound
Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not sound. 221
Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;
Then, when she casts on thee a side-long glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance. 225
Some coarse cold salad is before thee set;
Bread, with the bran perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:
What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth? 230
Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy palate sore?
That beet and radishes will make thee roar?
Such is the unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy passions in extremes, and unconfined:
Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears, 235
As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears:
And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow,
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips, and sparkling eyes, 240
Thou say'st, and dost, in such outrageous wise,
That mad Orestes, if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.*

Ver. 209. *His heels stretch'd out*, &c.] The Romans were buried without the city; for which reason the poet says, that the dead man's heels were stretched out towards the gate.

Ver. 242. *That mad Orestes,*] Orestes was son to Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Agamemnon, at his return from the Trojan wars, was slain by Ægysthus, the adulterer of Clytemnestra. Orestes, to revenge his father's death, slew both Ægysthus and his mother; for which he was punished with madness by the Eumenides or furies, who continually haunted him.

* Æschylus calls smoke the brother of fire, and dust he calls the brother of mud. The first passage is in Septem contra Thebas, v. 500. The latter in Agamemnon, v. 503. Yet there are commentators who admire these affected expressions, and compare it with the "Sylvæ filia nobilis" of Horace. Persius abounds in the most harsh and conceited expressions, and in far-sought and almost unintelligible metaphors. Æschines called some expressions in Demosthenes himself Θαύματα not ἐρέματα. But, says Quintilian, "Pervasit jam multos ista persuasio, ut id jam demum eleganter, atque exquisitè dictum putent, quod interpretandum sit." It would be too invidious to name one or two late writers, who might have profited by attending to this passage of Quintilian. Dr. J. Warton.

THE

FOURTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his Pharsalia: for his very compliment looked asquint, as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this Satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirise his prodigality and voluptuousness; to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a Pathique, though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the Second and Third Satires, but he inverted the order of them: for the Third Satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators before Casaubon were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy: but this excellent scholiast has unravelled the whole mystery; and made it apparent that the sting of this Satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

Whoe'er thou art, whose forward years are bent
On state-affairs, to guide the government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the loved youth, whom he, at Athens, bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles, 5
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost prepare
To undertake, so young, so vast a care?
Perhaps thy wit: (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the beard:) 10
'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young
Know when to speak, and when to hold their tongue.

Ver. 3. Socrates, whom the oracle of Delphos praised as the wisest man of his age, lived in the time of the Peloponnesian war. He, finding the uncertainty of natural philosophy, applied himself wholly to the moral. He was master to Xenophon and Plato, and to many of the Athenian young noblemen; amongst the rest, to Alcibiades, the most lovely youth then living; afterwards a famous captain, whose life is written by Plutarch.

Ver. 5. Pericles was tutor, or rather overseer of the will of Clinias, father to Alcibiades. While Pericles lived, who was a wise man, and an excellent orator, as well as a great general, the Athenians had the better of the war.

Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty: and command 15
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
Then to bespeak 'em thus: Athenians, know
Against right reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other question proper for debate. 20
But, thou, no doubt, canst set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the scale:
Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail: 25
And, taught by inspiration, in a trice,
Canst punish crimes, and brand offending vice.
Leave, leave to fathom such high points as these,
Nor be ambitious, ere thy time, to please:
Unseasonably wise, till age and cares 30
Have form'd thy soul, to manage great affairs.
Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain;
Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain:
Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep, and purge thy brain.
What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy care, 35
In what thy utmost good? Delicious fare;
And, then, to sun thyself in open air.
Hold, hold; are all thy empty wishes such?
A good old woman would have said as much.
But thou art nobly born: 'tis true; go boast 40
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valuest most:
Besides thou art a beau: what 's that, my child?
A fop well dress'd, extravagant, and wild:
She, that cries herbs, has less impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common sense. 45
None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:
But every one is eagle-eyed, to see
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, dost thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch 50
Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely stretch;
Cover the country, that a sailing kite
Can scarce o'er-fly 'em, in a day and night;
Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his store,
Is ever craving, and will still be poor? 55
Who cheats for halfpence, and who doffs his coat,
To save a farthing in a ferry-boat?
Ever a glutton, at another's cost,
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves; 60
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curse and anger of the gods,
And that indulgent Genius he defrauds?

At harvest-home, and on the shearing-day,
When he should thanks to Pan and Pales pay, 65
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He essays the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirsty servants but a smack.
To a short meal he makes a tedious grace, 70
Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
Then bids fall on: himself, for saving charges,
A peel'd sliced onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whose life 's a dream
Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extreme. 75
'Tis all thy business, business how to shun;
To bask thy naked body in the sun;
Suppling thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
Then, in thy spacious garden, walk a while,
To suck the moisture up, and soak it in; 80
And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen.
But, know, thou art observed; and there are those
Who, if they durst, would all thy secret sins expose.
The depilation of thy modest part:
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart, 85
His engine-hand, and every lewder art:
When prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst not give.
With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of these thy barbers take a costly care, 91
While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.
Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can smooth the roughness of thy shameful parts.
Not five, the strongest that the Circus breeds, 95
From the rank soil can root those wicked weeds:
Though suppled first with soap, to ease thy pain,
The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again.
Thus others we with defamations wound.
While they stab us; and so the jest goes round.
Vain are thy hopes to 'scape censorious eyes; 101
Truth will appear through all the thin disguise:
Thou hast an ulcer which no leech can heal,
Though thy broad shoulder-belt the wound conceal.

Ver. 27. *Canst punish crimes*, &c.] That is by death. When the judges would condemn a malefactor, they cast their votes into an urn, as, according to the modern custom, a balloting-box. If the suffrages were marked with Θ they signified the sentence of death to the offender, as being the first letter of Θάνατος, which in English is death.

Ver. 34. *Drink hellebore*, &c.] The poet would say, that such an ignorant young man, as he here describes, is fitter to be governed himself, than to govern others. He therefore advises him to drink hellebore, which purges the brain.

Ver. 50. *Say, dost thou know Vectidius?* &c.] The name of Vectidius is here used appellatively to signify any rich covetous man; though perhaps there might be a man of that name then living. I have translated this passage paraphrastically, and loosely: and leave it for those to look on, who are not unlike the picture.

Ver. 65. *When he should thanks*, &c.] Pan, the god of shepherds, and Pales, the goddess presiding over rural affairs, whom Virgil invocates in the beginning of his second Georgic. I give the epithet of *better* to Ceres, because she first taught the use of corn for bread, as the poets tell us men, in the first rude ages, feeding only on acorns or mast, instead of bread.

Ver. 84. *The depilation of thy modest part:* &c.] Our author here taxes Nero covertly with that effeminate custom, now used in Italy, and especially by Harlots of smoothing their bellies, and taking off the hairs which grow about their secrets. In Nero's times they were pulled off with pincers, but now they use a paste, which, if applied to those parts, when it is removed, carries away with it those excrescences.

Ver. 95. *Not five, the strongest*, &c.] The learned Holyday (who has made us amends for his bad poetry in this and the rest of these Satires, with his excellent illustrations) here tells us from good authority, that the number five does not allude to the five fingers of one man, who used them all in taking off the hairs before-mentioned; but to five strong men, such as were skilful in the five robust exercises then in practice at Rome, and were performed in the Circus, or public place ordained for them. These five he reckons up in this manner: 1. The Cæstus, or whirlbats, described by Virgil, in his fifth Æneid; and this was the most dangerous of all the rest. The second was the foot-race; the third the Discus, like the throwing a weighty ball, a sport now used in Cornwall, and other parts of England; we may see it daily practised in Red-Lion-fields. The fourth was the Saltus, or leaping; and the fifth wrestling naked, and besmeared with oil. They who were practised in these five manly exercises were called Πένταθλοι.

Say thou art sound and hale in every part, 105
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.
We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor canst thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'st the crowd.
But when they praise me, in the neighbourhood,
When the pleased people take me for a god, 110
Shall I refuse their incense? Not receive
The loud applauses which the vulgar give?
If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And, greedily, art gaping after gold;
If some alluring girl, in gliding by, 115
Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye,
And thou, with a consenting glance, reply;
If thou thy own solicitor become,
And bidd'st arise the lumpish pendulum:
If thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm, 120
And prompts to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy guards, thou scour'st the streets by night,
And dost in murthers, rapes, and spoils delight;
Please not thyself, the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis fulsome stuff to feed thy itching ear. 125
Reject the nauseous praises of the times;
Give thy base poets back their cobbled rhymes:
Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

THE

FIFTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

INSCRIBED TO THE

REVEREND DR. BUSBY.

THE SPEAKERS, PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The judicious Casaubon, in his proem to this Satire, tells us, that Aristophanes, the grammarian, being asked, what poem of Archilochus his Iambics he preferred before the rest, answered, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this Fifth Satire; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: for this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master, Dr. Busby; to whom I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons, but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment of his unworthy scholar, at the distance of forty-two years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This Satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the Stoic philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor to our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From hence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty: here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoics, which affirms, that the wise or virtuous man is only free, and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable Satire.

PERSIUS.

Of ancient use to poets it belongs,
To wish themselves an hundred mouths and tongues:
Whether to the well-lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the stage,
Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies, 5
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why would'st thou these mighty morsels choose,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choke the muse?
Let fustian poets with their stuff be gone,
And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon; 10
When Progne or Thyestes' feast they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning mass
Of melting ore, nor canst thou strain thy throat, 15
Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note,
Like rolling thunder, till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonsense is discharged aloud.
Soft elocution does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown: 20
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage permit
Raw-head and Bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragouts for Tereus or Thyestes dress'd; 25
'Tis task enough for thee to expose a Roman feast.

PERSIUS.

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of my heart; 30
And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, through the veil of words, thou view'st the naked mind. 35
For this a hundred voices I desire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily express'd,
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
When first my childish robe resign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfined, to live at large; 40

Ver. 108. —— *thy nerve*, &c.] That is, thou canst not deceive thy obscene part, which is weak or impotent, though thou makest ostentation of thy performances with women.

Ver. 122. *If, with thy guards*, &c.] Persius durst not have been so bold with Nero, as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publicly speak; I mean of Nero's walking the streets by night in disguise; and committing all sorts of outrages; for which he was sometimes well beaten.

Ver. 128. *Survey thy soul*, &c.] That is, look into thyself, and examine thy own conscience; there thou shalt find, that, how wealthy soever thou appearest to the world, yet thou art but a beggar, because thou art destitute of all virtues; which are the riches of the soul. This also was a paradox of the Stoic school.

Ver. 11. Progne was wife to Tereus, king of Thracia: Tereus fell in love with Philomela, sister to Progne, ravished her, and cut out her tongue: in revenge of which, Progne killed Itys, her own son by Tereus, and served him up at a feast, to be eaten by his father.

Ibid. Thyestes and Atreus were brothers, both kings: Atreus, to revenge himself of his unnatural brother, killed the sons of Thyestes, and invited him to eat them.

Ver. 40. By the childish robe is meant the Prætexta, or first gowns which the Roman children of quality wore: these were welted with purple, and on those welts were

When now my golden Bulla (hung on high
To household gods) declared me past a boy;
And my white shield proclaim'd my liberty;
When with my wild companions, I could roll 45
From street to street, and sin without control;
Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
I then deposed myself, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wise bosom I reposed my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred. 50
Then thy straight rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand:
Long summer-days thy precepts I rehearse; 55
And winter-nights were short in our converse:
One was our labour, one was our repose,
One frugal supper did our studies close.
Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone;
And, as our souls, our horoscope was one: 60
Whether the mounting Twins did heaven adorn,
Or with the rising Balance we were born;
Both have the same impressions from above,
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What star I know not, but some star I find, 65
Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

CORNUTUS.

Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will, and few the same:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun; 70
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering for spices their Italian ware:
The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep:
One bribes for high preferments in the state; 75
A second shakes the box, and sits up late:
Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joints appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
Rots like a dodder'd oak, and piecemeal falls to ground; 80
Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
And his past years, that in a mist were spent.

PERSIUS.

But thou art pale, in nightly studies, grown,
To make the Stoic institutes thy own;
Thou long, with studious care, hast till'd our youth, 85
And sown our well-purged ears with wholesome truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The bounds of good and evil to discern.

CORNUTUS.

Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PERSIUS.

But is one day of ease too much to borrow?

CORNUTUS.

Yes, sure: for yesterday was once to-morrow.
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd; 95
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art cursed,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
O freedom! first delight of human kind! 100
Not that which bondmen from their masters find,
The privilege of doles; not yet to inscribe
Their names in this or t' other Roman tribe:
That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made citizens by turning round. 105
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he lied:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became; 110
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, He said it, is enough. 115
A will is to be proved; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscribed his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What can we farther from our caps receive,
Than as we please without control to live? 120
Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, says the Stoic, your assumption's wrong:

fastened the Bullæ, or little bells, which, when they came to the age of puberty, were hung up, and consecrated to the Lares, or household gods.

Ver. 44. The first shields which the Roman youths wore were white, and without any impress or device on them, to show they had yet achieved nothing in the wars.

Ver. 50. Socrates by the Oracle was declared to be the wisest of mankind: he instructed many of the Athenian young noblemen in morality, and amongst the rest Alcibiades.

Ver. 60. Astrologers divide the heaven into twelve parts, according to the number of the twelve signs of the zodiac: the sign or constellation which rises in the east, at the birth of any man, is called the ascendant: Persius, therefore, judges that Cornutus and he had the same, or a like nativity.

Ver. 61. The sign of Gemini.

Ver. 62. The sign of Libra.

Ver. 64. Astrologers have an axiom, that whatsoever Saturn ties is loosed by Jupiter: they account Saturn to be a planet of a malevolent nature, and Jupiter of a propitious influence.

Ver. 84. Zeno was the great master of the Stoic philosophy, and Cleanthes was second to him in reputation. Cornutus, who was master or tutor to Persius, was of the same school.

Ver 102. When a slave was made free, he had the privilege of a Roman born, which was to have a share in the donatives or doles of bread, &c., which were distributed by the magistrates amongst the people.

Ver. 103. The Roman people was distributed into several tribes: he who was made free was enrolled into some one of them, and thereupon enjoyed the common privileges of a Roman citizen.

Ver. 105. The master, who intended to enfranchise a slave, carried him before the city prætor, and turned him round, using these words, "I will that this man be free."

Ver. 111. Slaves had only one name before their freedom; after it they were admitted to a Prænomen, like our christened names; so Dama is now called Marcus Dama.

Ver. 117. At the proof of a testament, the magistrates were to subscribe their names, as allowing the legality of the will.

Ver. 119. Slaves, when they were set free, had a cap given them, in sign of their liberty.

Ver. 121. Brutus freed the Roman people from the tyranny of the Tarquins, and changed the form of the government into a glorious commonwealth.

I grant true freedom you have well defined:
But, living as you list, and to your mind,
Are loosely tack'd, and must be left behind. 125
What! since the prætor did my fetters loose,
And left me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting still the letter of the law?
Hear me with patience, while thy mind I free 130
From those fond notions of false liberty:
'Tis not the prætor's province to bestow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourselves, or to our friends, we owe.
He could not set thee free from cares and strife, 135
Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:
As well he for an ass a harp might string,
Which is against the reason of the thing;
For reason still is whispering in your ear,
Where you are sure to fail, the attempt forbear. 140
No need of public sanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to pursue the work, to which we're not design'd.
Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou should'st try
To mix it, and mistake the quantity, 145
The rules of physic would against thee cry.
The high-shoe'd ploughman, should he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artless of stars, and of the moving sand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all shame was lost in human kind. 151
Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the skill,
So nicely to distinguish good from ill?
Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
What piece is tinkers' metal, what will pass? 155
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never craving, or oppress'd with care?
The baits of gifts and money to despise, 160
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by heaven's consent, and mine.
But thou, who lately of the common strain,
Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain 165
The same ill-habits, the same follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a saint-like show,
Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
Thou canst not wag thy finger, or begin 170
"The least light motion, but it tends to sin."
How 's this? Not wag my finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wise.
"Virtue and Vice are never in one soul: 175
A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three steps with a becoming air.

PERSIUS.

In spite of this, my freedom still remains.

Ver. 129. The text of the Roman laws was written in red letters, which was called the Rubric, translated here, in more general words, "The Letter of the Law."

Ver. 175. The Stoics held this paradox, that any one vice, or notorious folly, which they called madness, hindered a man from being virtuous; that a man was of a piece, without a mixture, either wholly vicious or good, one virtue or vice according to them, including all the rest.

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with so many chains?
Canst thou no other master understand 181
Than him that freed thee by the prætor's wand?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,
To servile duties, thou would'st fear no more; 185
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
Art thou not still a slave, and still oppress'd?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap: 190
Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command the unwilling sluggard wakes:
What must I do? he cries: What? says his lord: 195
Why, rise, make ready, and go straight abroad:
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tired camel's back; 200
And with post-haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny: lie and swear;
'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear:
Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even:
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heaven? 205
Resolved for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back;
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unless
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuousness;
And he may ask this civil question: Friend, 210
What dost thou make a-shipboard? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea?
Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,
On a brown george, with lousy swobbers fed, 215
Dead wine, that stinks of the borachio, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup?
Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store
From six i' the hundred, to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give; 220
For, not to live at ease, is not to live;
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale. 225
Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, choose
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a slave.
Nor think when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone: 231
The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.
Says Phædria to his man, Believe me, friend,
To this uneasy love I 'll put an end: 235

Ver. 182. The prætor held a wand in his hand, with which he softly struck the slave on the head when he declared him free.

Ver. 234. This alludes to the play of Terence called the Eunuch, which was excellently imitated of late in English by Sir Charles Sedley. In the first scene of that comedy, Phædria was introduced with his man Pamphilus, discoursing, whether he should leave his mistress Thais, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

Shall I run out of all? My friends disgrace,
And be the first lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours' nightly rest invade
At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?
Well hast thou freed thyself, his man replies, 240
Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice.
Ah, says the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak soul! and blindly to destruction led!
She break her heart! she'll sooner break your head. 245
She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.
But shall I not return? Now, when she sues?
Shall I my own and her desires refuse?
Sir, take your course; but my advice is plain: 250
Once freed, 'tis madness to resume your chain.
Ay; there's the man, who, loosed from lust and pelf,
Less to the prætor owes, than to himself.
But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud,
With presents begs preferments from the crowd; 255
That early suppliant, who salutes the tribes,
And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes:
That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
On holidays may tell, that such a feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare. 260
Thy superstition too may claim a share:
When flowers are strew'd, and lamps in order placed,
And windows with illuminations graced,
On Herod's day; when sparkling bowls go round,
And tunny's tails in savoury sauce are drown'd, 265
Thou mutter'st prayers obscene; nor dost refuse
The fasts and sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-shell thy sick fancy frights,
Besides the childish fear of walking sprights.
Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid; 270
The timbrel, and the squintifego maid
Of Isis, awe thee; lest the gods, for sin,
Should, with a swelling dropsy, stuff thy skin:
Unless three garlic heads the curse avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart. 275
Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st thou,
And see if they thy doctrine will allow:
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note;
And prize a hundred Zenos just as much 280
As a clipp'd sixpence, or a schilling Dutch.

Ver. 256. He who sued for any office amongst the Romans was called a candidate, because he wore a white gown, and sometimes chalked it to make it appear whiter. He rose early, and went to the levees of those who headed the people; saluted also the tribes severally, when they were gathered together to choose their magistrates, and distributed a largess amongst them, to engage them for their voices, much resembling our elections of parliament men.

Ver. 264. The commentators are divided what Herod this was whom our author mentions; whether Herod the Great, whose birth-day might possibly be celebrated after his death by the Herodians, a sect amongst the Jews, who thought him their Messiah, or Herod Agrippa, living in the author's time, and after it. The latter seems the more probable opinion.

Ver. 268. The ancients had a superstition, contrary to ours, concerning egg-shells; they thought that if an egg-shell were cracked, or a hole bored in the bottom of it, they were subject to the power of sorcery: we as vainly break the bottom of an egg-shell, and cross it when we have eaten the egg, lest some hag should make use of it in bewitching us, or sailing over the sea in it if it were whole. The rest, of the priests of Isis, and her one-eyed or squinting priestess, is more largely treated in the Sixth Satire of Juvenal, where the superstitions of women are related.

THE

SIXTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Sixth Satire treats an admirable common-place of Moral Philosophy; of the true Use of Riches. They are certainly intended, by the Power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves, and of administering to the wants of others who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse extreme. The mean betwixt these, is the opinion of the Stoics; which is, that riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well, is called liberality; and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this Satire; wherein he not only shows the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those which consist in the defects of giving or spending, or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus, his friend, and a poet also; inquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his vices; and particularly that he is combating ambition, and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice; and being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole Satire.

Has winter caused thee, friend, to change thy seat,
And seek, in Sabine air, a warm retreat?
Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?
Great master of the muse, inspired to sing 5
The beauties of the first created spring;
The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse;
Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth; 10
Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.
For me, my warmer constitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore to my native shores retired, 15
I view the coast old Ennius once admired;
Where clifts on either side their points display;
And, after opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard 20
The port of Luna, says our learned bard;

Ver. 2. *And seek, in Sabine air, &c.*] All the studious, and particularly the poets, about the end of August, began to set themselves on work, refraining from writing during the heats of the summer. They wrote by night, and sate up the greatest part of it; for which reason, the product of their studies was called their Elucubrations, or nightly labours. They who had country seats retired to them while they studied; as Persius did to his, which was near the Port of the Moon in Etruria; and Bassus to his, which was in the country of the Sabines, nearer Rome.

Ver. 9. *Now sporting on thy lyre, &c.*] This proves Cæsius Bassus to have been a lyric poet. 'Tis said of him, that by an eruption of the flaming mountain Vesuvius, near which the greatest part of his fortune lay, he was burnt himself, together with all his writings.

Who, in a drunken dream, beheld his soul
The fifth within the transmigrating roll;
Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras; 25
And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.
Secure and free from business of the state,
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare:
Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine, 31
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear 35
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer;
Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
Of cask; nor in a nasty flagon drink.
Let others stuff their guts with homely fare:
For men of different inclinations are; 40
Though born, perhaps, beneath one common star.
In minds and manners twins opposed we see
In the same sign, almost the same degree:
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine,
Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine, 45
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine:
Prepared as priest of his own rites to stand,
He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.
His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
Laughs at his thrift; and lavish of expence, 50
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I 'll use my own; and take my share;
Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare;
Nor be so nice in taste myself to know
If what I swallow be a thrush, or no. 55
Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshing-floor;
Next harvest promises as much, or more.
Thus I would live; but friendship's holy band,
And offices of kindness hold my hand: 60
My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
His riches in the Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shivering on the coast;
Where, destitute of help, forlorn, and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless prayer. 65
Their images, the relics of the wrack,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and, rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shows her open'd side, 70
And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
From thy new hope, and from thy growing store,
Now lend assistance and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will set him free. 75
Let him not bear the badges of a wrack,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
'Tis mine that wealth thou squander'st thus away.
What is 't to thee, if he neglect thy urn, 80
Or without spices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy ashes he refuse,
Or buys corrupted cassia from the Jews?
All these, the wiser Bestius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead men's luxury: 85
We never knew this vain expence, before
The effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unsinew'd Rome:
Our sweating hinds their salads, now, defile, 90
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But, to thy fortune be not thou a slave:
For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap'st for my estate, draw near;
For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear. 95
Hear'st thou the news, my friend? the express is come
With laurell'd letters from the camp to Rome:
Cæsar salutes the queen and senate thus:
My arms are on the Rhine victorious.

Ver. 22. *Who, in a drunken dream*, &c.] I call it a drunken dream of Ennius, not that my author in this place gives me any encouragement for the epithet, but because Horace, and all who mention Ennius, say he was an excessive drinker of wine. In a dream, or vision, call you it which you please, he thought it was revealed to him that the soul of Pythagoras was transmigrated into him; as Pythagoras before him believed that himself had been Euphorbus in the wars of Troy. Commentators differ in placing the order of this soul, and who had it first. I have here given it to the peacock, because it looks more according to the order of nature, that it should lodge in a creature of an inferior species, and so by gradation rise to the informing of a man. And Persius favours me by saying that Ennius was the fifth from the Pythagorean peacock.

Ver. 61. *My friend is shipwreck'd on*, &c.] Perhaps this is only a fine transition of the poet, to introduce the business of the Satire, and not that any such accident had happened to one of the friends of Persius. But, however, this is the most poetical description of any in our author; and since he and Lucan were so great friends, I know not but Lucan might help him in two or three of these verses, which seem to be written in his style: certain it is that, besides this description of a shipwreck, and two lines more, which are at the end of the Second Satire, our poet has written nothing elegantly. I will, therefore, transcribe both the passages to justify my opinion. The following are the last verses, saving one, of the Second Satire:—

Compositum jus, fasque animi; sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto:

The others are those in this present Satire, which are subjoined:—

——————— trabe ruptâ, Bruttia Saxa
Prendit amicus inops; remque omnem, surdaque vota
Condidit Ionio; jacet ipse in littore; et unà
Ingentes de puppe Dei; jamque obvia mergis
Costa ratis laceræ.———

Ver. 72. *From thy new hope*, &c.] The Latin is, *Nunc et de cæspite vivo, frange aliquid.* Casaubon only opposes the *cæspes vivus*, which, word for word, is the living turf, to the harvest or annual income. I suppose the poet rather means, sell a piece of land already sown, and give the money of it to my friend, who has lost all by shipwreck; that is, do not stay till thou hast reaped, but help him immediately, as his wants require.

Ver. 77. *Nor beg with a blue table*, &c.] Holyday translates it a green table; the sense is the same; for the table was painted of the sea colour, which the shipwrecked person carried on his back, expressing his losses thereby, to excite the charity of the spectators.

Ver. 81. *Or without spices*, &c.] The bodies of the rich, before they were burnt, were embalmed with spices, or rather spices were put into the urn, with the relics of the ashes. Our author here names cinnamon and cassia, which cassia was sophisticated with cherry gum, and probably enough by the Jews, who adulterate all things which they sell. But whether the ancients were acquainted with the spices of the Molucca Islands, Ceylon, and other parts of the Indies, or whether their pepper and cinnamon, &c., were the same with ours, is another question. As for nutmegs and mace, it is plain that the Latin names of them are modern.

Ver. 98. *Cæsar salutes*, &c.] The Cæsar here mentioned is Caius Caligula, who affected to triumph over the Germans, whom he never conquered, as he did over the Britons; and accordingly sent letters, wrapt about with laurels, to the Senate, and the Empress Cæsonia, whom I here call Queen, though I know that name was not used amongst the Romans; but the word Empress would not stand in that verse, for which reason I adjourned it to another. The dust which was to be swept away from the altars was either the ashes which were left there after the last sacrifice for victory, or might, perhaps, mean the dust or ashes which were left on the altars since some former

From mourning altars sweep the dust away : 100
Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving day.
The goodly empress, jollily inclined,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind :
And, setting her good housewif'ry aside,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride. 105
The captive Germans, of gigantic size,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize :
The spoils of kings and conquer'd camps we boast,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post.
Now, for so many glorious actions done 110
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won ;
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health ;
Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators. 115
Say, would'st thou hinder me from this expence ?
I disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take offence.
Yet more, a public largess I design
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine :
Control me not, for fear I change my will. 120
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still :
You give as if you were the Persian king :
Your land does no such large revenues bring.
Well ; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir :
If thou car'st little, less shall be my care : 125
Were none of all my father's sisters left ;
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft ;
None by an uncle's or a grandame's side,
Yet I could some adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day 130
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
Where fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I choose : What him, of humble birth,
Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth ?
Obscure ? Why, prythee what am I ? I know 135
My father, grandsire, and great grandsire too :
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
The rest of my forgotten ancestors
Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores. 140
Yet why would'st thou, old covetous wretch, aspire
To be my heir, who might'st have been my sire ?
In nature's race, should'st thou demand of me
My torch, when I in course run after thee ?
Think I approach thee like the god of gain, 145
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign :
Thy moderate fortune from my gift receive ;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and ask no more.
What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store ? 150
Where 's all thy father left ? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgaged, to supply my want :
The legacies of Tadius too are flown :
All spent, and on the self-same errand gone.
How little then to my poor share will fall ! 155
Little indeed ; but yet that little 's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful still of the main chance, my son ;
Put out the principal in trusty hands :
Live of the use ; and never dip thy lands : 160
But yet what 's left for me ? What 's left, my friend !
Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
Is not my fortune at my own command ?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my salads, boy : shall I be fed 165
With sodden nettles, and a singed sow's head ?
'Tis holiday ; provide me better cheer ;
'Tis holiday, and shall be round the year.
Shall I my household gods and Genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat, 170
That he may loll at ease ; and pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet-pie ?
And when his throbbing lust extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain ?
Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he 175
His paunch in triumph may before him see ?
Go, miser, go ; for lucre sell thy soul ;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole :
That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son ! 180
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves !
Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store :
'Tis done : Now double that, and swell the score ;
To every thousand add ten thousand more. 185
Then say, Chrysippus, thou who would'st confine
Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

defeat of the Romans by the Germans : after which overthrow the altars had been neglected.

Ver. 102. Cæsonia, wife to Caius Caligula, who afterwards, in the reign of Claudius, was proposed, but ineffectually, to be married to him, after he had executed Messalina for adultery.

Ver. 106. *The captive Germans*, &c.] He means only such as were to pass for Germans in the triumph; large-bodied men, as they are still, whom the Empress clothed new, with coarse garments, for the greater ostentation of the victory.

Ver. 115. *Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.*] A hundred pair of gladiators were beyond the purse of a private man to give; therefore, this is only a threatening to his heir, that he could do what he pleased with his estate.

Ver. 143. —— *should'st thou demand of me*
My torch, &c.]
Why should'st thou who art an old fellow, hope to outlive me, and be my heir, who am much younger. He who was first in the course, or race, delivered the torch, which he carried, to him who was second.

Ver. 182. *Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves !*] Who were famous for their lustiness, and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were set on a stall when they were exposed to sale, to show the good habit of their body, and made to play tricks before the buyers, to show their activity and strength.

Ver. 186. *Then say, Chrysippus*, &c.] Chrysippus, the Stoic, invented a kind of argument, consisting of more than three propositions, which is called Sorites, or a heap. But as Chrysippus could never bring his propositions to a certain stint, so neither can a covetous man bring his craving desires to any certain measure of riches, beyond which he could not wish for any more.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.

THE

FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryses, priest of Apollo, brings presents to the Grecian princes, to ransom his daughter, Chryseis, who was prisoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whose captive and mistress the young lady was, refuses to deliver her, threatens the venerable old man, and dismisses him with contumely.—The priest craves vengeance of his god, who sends a plague among the Greeks, which occasions Achilles, their great champion, to summon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the reason why the gods were so much incensed against them.—Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: then, emboldened by the hero, he accuses the general as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refusing the presents offered for her ransom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against his will, to restore Chryseis, with gifts, that he might appease the wrath of Phœbus; but, at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave, Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother, Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensible of his injustice. At the same time he retires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her suit. Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her husband, for his grant; till Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and sends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' son, O Muse, resound;*
Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were sent, in early youth, to shades of night:
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made: 5
So was the sovereign will of Jove obey'd;
From that ill-omen'd hour when strife begun,
Betwixt Atrides great, and Thetis' god-like son.
What Power provoked, and for what cause, relate,
Sow'd in their breasts the seeds of stern debate: 10
Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
In vengeance of his violated priest,
Against the king of men; who, swoll'n with pride,
Refused his presents, and his prayers denied.
For this the god a swift contagion spread 15
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.
For venerable Chryses came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood;
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god: 20
Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his sceptre of command.
His suit was common; but above the rest,
To both the brother-princes thus address'd:
Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers, 25
So may the gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
Succeed your siege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take;
So, by their happy conduct, may you come
With conquest back to your sweet native home;
As you receive the ransom which I bring,
(Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting King,)
And break my daughter's bonds, at my desire;
And glad with her return her grieving sire.
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree[1]
To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
The king of men alone with fury burn'd;
And, haughty, these opprobrious words return'd:
Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my sight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight: 40
Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
Lest not that idle sceptre in thy hand,
Nor thy god's crown, my vow'd revenge withstand
Hence on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
Whom not for price or prayers I will resign: 45
Mine she shall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and consumed her prime.
Till then my royal bed she shall attend;
And, having first adorn'd it, late ascend:
This, for the night; by day, the web and loom, 50
And homely household-task, shall be her doom.
Far from thy loved embrace, and her sweet native home.
He said: the helpless priest replied no more,
But sped his steps along the hoarse-resounding shore:
Silent he fled; secure at length he stood, 55
Devoutly cursed his foes, and thus invoked his god:
O source of sacred light, attend my prayer,
God with the silver bow, and golden hair;
Whom Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whose broad eye their happy soil surveys; 60
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy shrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid!
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy shafts attest
How much thy power is injured in thy priest.
He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urged his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;

* Pope made a ridiculous blunder, misled by an old Latin translation of Diodorus Siculus, where Homer was called Medicus by an error of the press for Mendicus; whence Pope affirmed that Homer was a physician.

This is not the place to enter into a long dissertation on the admirable disposition and economy of the Iliad. We may however just observe one or two circumstances. It is an essential beauty in a well-constituted epic poem, that there should be an apparent necessity for every incident that arises. It was absolutely necessary that each of the Grecian chiefs should be brought forward, in order to heighten the effects of the absence and anger of Achilles. It was absolutely necessary for Vulcan to make a shield for Achilles, because the Trojans had seized and carried away his armour. It was absolutely necessary that funeral games should be performed on the death of Patroclus; but not so nece[illegible] Æneas should stop in Sicily, to which island b[illegible] to be driven by contrary winds, and there [illegible]iversary of his father's death. Neither [illegible]olute a necessity for the beautiful expe-[illegible]nd Euryalus, as for that of Dolon and [illegible] WARTON.

His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew. 70
Black as a stormy night, he ranged around
The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and sumpters sent,
The essay of rage; on faithful dogs the next; 75
And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The god nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heaven's awful sceptre in her hand, 80
A council summon'd: for the goddess grieved
Her favour'd host should perish unrelieved.
The kings, assembled, soon their chief enclose;
Then from his seat the goddess-born arose,
And thus undaunted spoke: What now remains, 85
But that once more we tempt the watery plains,
And, wandering homeward, seek our safety hence,
In flight at least, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompass us about,
The plague within the camp, the sword without. 90
Consult, O king, the prophets of the event:
And whence these ills, and what the god's intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove are sent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incense, 95
To deal his deadly shafts? What may remove
His settled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our spoils.
Thus to the king of men the hero spoke, 100
Then Calchas the desired occasion took:
Calchas the sacred seer, who had in view
Things present and the past; and things to come foreknew.
Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian powers to Troy's destruction brought.
Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes, 106
The reverend priest in graceful act arose;
And thus bespoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all the immortal Powers above;
Would'st thou the seeds deep sown of mischief know, 110
And why, provoked, Apollo bends his bow?
Plight first thy faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those ills, that may ensue.
For I shall tell ungrateful truths to those,
Whose boundless powers of life and death dispose. 115
And sovereigns, ever jealous of their state,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n though the offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like embers raked, within their breast,
Bursts forth in flames; whose unresisted power
Will seize the unwary wretch, and soon devour.
Such, and no less is he, on whom depends 122
The sum of things; and whom my tongue of force offends.
Secure me then from his foreseen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may prevent. 125

Ver. 71. *Black as a stormy*] No epithet is added to *night* in the original, which is more emphatical; and so thought Milton. Dr. J. Warton.

To this the stern Achilles made reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To speak what Phœbus has inspired thy soul
For common good; and speak without control.
His godhead I invoke, by him I swear, 130
That while my nostrils draw this vital air,
None shall presume to violate those bands;
Or touch thy person with unhallow'd hands:
Ev'n not the king of men, that all commands.
At this, resuming heart, the prophet said: 135
Nor hecatomb unslain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks accursed this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares resist,
Affronts the godhead in his injured priest: 140
He keeps the damsel captive in his chain,
And presents are refused, and prayers preferr'd in vain.
For this the avenging Power employs his darts,
And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus will persist, relentless in his ire, 145
Till the fair slave be render'd to her sire;
And ransom-free restored to his abode,
With sacrifice to reconcile the god:
Then he, perhaps, atoned by prayer, may cease
His vengeance justly vow'd, and give the peace. 150
Thus having said, he sate: thus answer'd then,
Upstarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breast with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
Which, rolling round, he shot in sparkles on the sire:
Augur of ill, whose tongue was never found 155
Without a priestly curse, or boding sound;
For not one bless'd event foretold to me
Pass'd through that mouth, or pass'd unwillingly
And now thou dost with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy slandering trade. 160
Obtending heaven, for whate'er ills befal;
And sputtering under specious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provoked, his rites and laws
Are in his priest profaned, and I the cause:
Since I detain a slave, my sovereign prize; 165
And sacred gold, your idol-god, despise.
I love her well: and well her merits claim
To stand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytemnestra's self in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better plied the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour, 171
With every household-grace adorn'd, to bless my nuptial bower.
Yet shall she be restored; since public good
For private interest ought not to be withstood,
To save the effusion of my people's blood. 175
But right requires, if I resign my own,
I should not suffer for your sakes alone;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common suffrage have obtain'd.
The slave without a ransom shall be sent: 180
It rests for you to make the equivalent.
To this the fierce Thessalian prince replied:
O first in power, but passing all in pride,
Griping, and still tenacious of thy hold,
Would'st thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely soul'd, 185
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
And with their loss thy sacrilege restore?
Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot:
Which to resume, were both unjust and base; 190
Not to be borne but by a servile race.

But this we can: if Saturn's son bestows
The sack of Troy, which he by promise owes;
Then shall the conquering Greeks thy loss restore,
And with large interest make the advantage more.
To this Atrides answer'd: Though thy boast 196
Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Controll'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right, 200
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'st Briseis in thy bands,
By priestly glossing on the god's commands?
Resolve on this, (a short alternative)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give; 205
Else I, assure thy soul, by sovereign right
Will seize thy captive in thy own despite;
Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
What other prize my fancy shall prefer.
Then softly murmur, or aloud complain, 210
Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us pass.
A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare;
Proud in her trim; and put on board the fair, 215
With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of prayer.
The crew well chosen, the command shall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or, if I please, in thee:
Most fit thyself to see perform'd the intent 220
For which my prisoner from my sight is sent;
(Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may relent.
At this, Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king askant; and thus replies:
O impudent, regardful of thy own, 225
Whose thoughts are centred on thyself alone,
Advanced to sovereign sway for better ends
Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urged by thy command,
Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand? 230
Not I: nor such enforced respect I owe:
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong, from Troy remote, could I sustain,
To leave my fruitful soil, and happy reign,
And plough the surges of the stormy main? 235
Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on the throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redress 240
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'st, with unjust decree,
To punish thy affronting heaven, on me;
To seize the prize which I so dearly bought,
By common suffrage given, confirm'd by lot. 245
Mean match to thine: for still above the rest,
Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best;
Though mine are first in fight, to force the prey,
And last sustain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give; 250
Nor murmuring take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who would'st engross
The whole, insatiate, enviest as thy loss.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn, 255
Than from an equal here sustain the public scorn.
The king, whose brows with shining gold were bound,
Who saw his throne with sceptred slaves encompass'd round,
Thus answer'd stern: Go, at thy pleasure, go:
We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.
There will not want to follow me in fight: 260
Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art least at my command, and most my foe.
Debates, dissensions, uproars are thy joy; 265
Provoked without offence, and practised to destroy.
Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone;
At least 'tis lent from heaven; and not thy own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command. 270
But mark this menace; since I must resign
My black-eyed maid, to please the Powers divine;
(A well-rigg'd vessel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)
The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode, 275
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-shooting god.
This thus dispatch'd, I owe myself the care
My fame and injured honour to repair:
From thy own tent, proud man, in thy despite,
This hand shall ravish thy pretended right. 280
Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see
What odds of awful power I have on thee:
That others at thy cost may learn the difference of degree.
At this the impatient hero sourly smiled:
His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd, 285
And justled by two tides of equal sway,
Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.
Betwixt his reason and his rage untamed:
One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
That only counsell'd to the safer side; 290
This to the sword his ready hand applied.
Unpunish'd to support the affront was hard:
Nor easy was the attempt to force the guard.
But soon the thirst of vengeance fired his blood:
Half shone his falchion, and half sheathed it stood. 295
In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commission'd by the imperial wife of Jove,
Descended swift: (the white-arm'd Queen was loth
The fight should follow; for she favour'd both:)
Just as in act he stood, in clouds enshrined, 300
Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow curls she drew;
To him, and him alone confess'd in view.
Tamed by superior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with surprise: 305
But by her sparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus bespoke:
Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs?
Thus he. The blue-eyed goddess thus rejoin'd:
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind, 310
If reason will resume her sovereign sway,
And, sent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal she loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian gods their due respect, 315
And cease contention; be thy words severe,
Sharp as he merits: but the sword forbear.
An hour unhoped already wings her way,
When he his dire affront shall dearly pay:
When the proud king shall sue, with treble gain, 320
To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain.
But thou, secure of my unfailing word,
Compose thy swelling soul, and sheathe the sword.
The youth thus answer'd mild: Auspicious Maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.

The gods are just, and when, subduing sense, 325
We serve their powers, provide the recompense.
He said; with surly faith believed her word,
And in the sheath, reluctant, plunged the sword.
Her message done, she mounts the bless'd abodes.
And mix'd among the senate of the gods. 331
At her departure his disdain return'd:
The fire she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent: 335
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight;
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled prease,
Content to bide the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul; 340
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to control.
Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary power,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour:
These, traitor, are thy talents; safer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war. 345
Nor could'st thou thus have dared the common hate,
Were not their souls as abject as their state.
But, by this sceptre, solemnly I swear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch shall bear;
Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to those 350
Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift shall bribe it, and no prayer persuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conquering arms, with corpse to strow the field, 355
Then shalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confess
My wrong repented, when 'tis past redress.
He said: and with disdain, in open view,
Against the ground his golden sceptre threw;
Then sate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd, 360
And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.
But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,
With reasoning mild, their madness to compose:
Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd, 365
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once famed for courage; still in council great.
What worse, he said, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than these distemper'd heats, if both the lights 370
Of Greece their private interest disunites?
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increased,
And let these youthful passions be repress'd:
I flourish'd long before your birth; and then
Lived equal with a race of braver men 375
Than these dim eyes shall e'er behold again.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With these I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to share. 380
Nor idle stood with unassisting hands,
When salvage beasts, and men's more salvage bands,
Their virtuous toil subdued: yet those I sway'd,
With powerful speech: I spoke, and they obey'd.
If such as those my counsels could reclaim, 385
Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd name
Shall lose of lustre, by subjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienced age.
Thou, king of men, stretch not thy sovereign sway
Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey: 390
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Achieved in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
Before whose throne ev'n kings their lower'd sceptres bend.
The head of action he, and thou the hand; 395
Matchless thy force, but mightier his command:
Thou first, O king, release the rights of sway;
Power, self-restrain'd, the people best obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
Command thyself, whom no commands can force. 400
The son of Thetis, rampire of our host,
Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my prayers be lost.
Thus Nestor said, and ceased: Atrides broke
His silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke:
Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey, 405
But this proud man affects imperial sway.
Controlling kings, and trampling on our state,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The gods have given him strength: but whence the style
Of lawless power assumed, or licence to revile?
Achilles cut him short; and thus replied:
My worth, allow'd in words, is in effect denied.
For who but a poltroon, possess'd with fear,
Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?
Command thy slaves: my freeborn soul disdains
A tyrant's curb; and restive breaks the reins. 416
Take this along; that no dispute shall rise
(Though mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:
But, she excepted, as unworthy strife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life, 420
Touch aught of mine beside, by lot my due,
But stand aloof, and think profane to view:
This fauchion, else, not hitherto withstood,
These hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood.
He said; and rose the first: the council broke;
And all their grave consults dissolved in smoke.
The royal youth retired, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.
Meantime, the king with gifts a vessel stores;
Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars: 430
And next, to reconcile the shooter god,
Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he stow'd:
Chryseis last was set on board; whose hand
Ulysses took, intrusted with command:
They plough the liquid seas, and leave the lessening land. 435
Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
Bade purify the sin-polluted host.
With perfect hecatombs the god they graced;
Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
Black bulls, and bearded goats on altars lie; 440
And clouds of savoury stench involve the sky.
These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
For show; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd intent. 445
Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust,
He call'd, and thus bespoke: Haste hence your way;
And from the goddess-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive; if denied, 450
The king (so tell him) shall chastise his pride:
And with arm'd multitudes in person come
To vindicate his power, and justify his doom.
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren shore pursue their way, 455
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Thessalians lay.

Their sovereign seated on his chair they find;
His pensive cheek upon his hand reclined,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
With gloomy looks he saw them entering in
Without salute: nor durst they first begin,
Fearful of rash offence and death foreseen.
He soon, the cause divining, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of speech allow:
Interpreters of gods and men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontroll'd:
Howe'er unpleasing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the heralds' hand.
But you authentic witnesses I bring,
Before the gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifest: that never more
This hand shall combat on the crooked shore:
No, let the Grecian powers, oppress'd in fight,
Unpitied perish in their tyrant's sight.
Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head:
Forced from the field in trenches to contend,
And his insulted camp from foes defend.
He said, and soon, obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent;
Then to the intrusted messengers resign'd:
She wept, and often cast her eyes behind:
Forced from the man she loved: they led her thence,
Along the shore, a prisoner to their prince.
Sole on the barren sands the suffering chief
Roar'd out for anguish, and indulged his grief.
Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus bespoke:
Unhappy parent of a short-lived son,
Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with shame?
Suffering his king of men to force my slave,
Whom, well deserved in war, the Grecians gave?
Set by old Ocean's side the goddess heard;
Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd;
Rose like a morning-mist; and thus begun
To soothe the sorrows of her plaintive son:
Why cries my care, and why conceals his smart?
Let thy afflicted parent share her part.
Then, sighing from the bottom of his breast,
To the sea-goddess thus the goddess-born address'd:
Thou know'st my pain, which telling but recalls:
By force of arms we raised the Theban walls;
The ransack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden spoils;
Equal we shared them; but before the rest,
The proud prerogative had seized the best;
Chryseis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryseis, rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
Her sire, Apollo's priest, arrived to buy,
With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood,
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god:
Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his sceptre of command.
His suit was common, but above the rest,
To both the brother princes was address'd.

With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to set the prisoner free.
Not so the tyrant, who with scorn the priest
Received, and with opprobrious words dismiss'd.
The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
For vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd:
The godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held so dear;
In an ill hour his piercing shafts he sped;
And heaps on heaps of slaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he ranged: at length arose
A seer, who well divined; and durst disclose
The source of all our ills: I took the word;
And urged the sacred slave to be restored,
The god appeased: the swelling monarch storm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he since perform'd.
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal priest his daughter sent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And seized, by his command, my captive dame,
By common suffrage given; but, thou, be won,
If in thy power, to avenge thy injured son:
Ascend the skies; and supplicating move
Thy just complaint to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed hast wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that: for often hast thou said
Thy power was once not useless in his aid,
When he, who high above the highest reigns,
Surprised by traitor gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fired,
And his blue brother of the seas conspired,
Thou freed'st the sovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in heaven, but mortal men below
By his terrestrial name Ægæon know:
Twice stronger than his sire, who sate above
Assessor to the throne of thundering Jove.)
The gods, dismay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durst their unaccomplish'd crime pursue.
That action to his grateful mind recall:
Embrace his knees, and at his footstool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp inclose:
Ours, beaten to the shore, the siege forsake;
And what their king deserves, with him partake;
That the proud tyrant, at his proper cost,
May learn the value of the man he lost.
To whom the Mother-goddess thus replied,
Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke she cried:
Ah wretched me! by fates averse decreed
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heaven not otherwise ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ships thou should'st remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.
But now thy planet sheds his poisonous rays,
And short and full of sorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heaven I will ascend,
And at the Thunderer's throne thy suit commend.
Till then, secure in ships, abstain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy spite.
For yesterday the court of heaven with Jove
Removed: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the gods their solemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameless Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake

Roar'd out] One of the finest lines in the rendered."—Dr. J. Warton.

Embrace his knees, and suppliant to the sire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy desire.
She said: and, parting, left him on the place,
Swoll'n with disdain, resenting his disgrace: 591
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pined.
Meantime with prosperous gales Ulysses brought
The slave, and ship with sacrifices fraught, 595
To Chrysa's port; where, entering with the tide,
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he plied;
Furl'd every sail, and, drawing down the mast,
His vessel moor'd, and made with haulsers fast.
Descending on the plain, ashore they bring 600
The hecatomb to please the shooter King.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulysses led; and thus bespoke her sire:
Reverenced be thou, and be thy god adored:
The king of men thy daughter has restored; 605
And sent by me with presents and with prayer;
He recommends him to thy pious care;
That Phœbus at thy suit his wrath may cease,
And give the penitent offenders peace.
He said, and gave her to her father's hands, 610
Who glad received her, free from servile bands.
This done, in order they, with sober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place;
Then wash'd, and took the cakes; while Chryses stood
With hands upheld, and thus invoked his god: 615
God of the silver bow, whose eyes survey
The sacred Cilla, thou, whose awful sway
Chrysa the bless'd, and Tenedos obey:
Now hear, as thou before my prayer hast heard,
Against the Grecians, and their prince, preferr'd:
Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again 621
Thy priest; nor let his second vows be vain.
But from the afflicted host and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and cease thy pestilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his disdain, 625
Unbent his bow, and Greece respired again.
Now when the solemn rites of prayer were past,
Their salted cakes on crackling flames they cast.
Then, turning back, the sacrifice they sped;
The fatted oxen slew, and flead the dead; 630
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepared
To involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with skewers prick'd
About the sides; imbibing what they deck'd.
The priest with holy hands was seen to tine 635
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and, as it burn'd,
On five sharp broachers rank'd, the roast they turn'd;
These morsels stay'd their stomachs; then the rest
They cut in legs and fillets for the feast; 640
Which drawn and served, their hunger they appease
With savoury meat, and set their minds at ease.
Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.
The first libations to the gods they pour: 645
And then with songs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch! till day to night they bring,
With hymns and pæans to the bowyer King.

Ver. 632. *To involve*] The words—*lean, cauls, lard, collops, sweet-breads*, and *skewers*, make a strange appearance in epic poetry. Dr. J. WARTON.

At sunset to their ship they make return,
And snore secure on decks, till rosy morn. 650
The skies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awaked, with labouring oars they leave the shore:
The Power, appeased, with winds sufficed the sail,
The bellying canvas strutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with surly pride, 655
And press against the sides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
Then, hauling on the strand, their galley moor,
And pitch their tents along the crooked shore. 660
Meantime the goddess-born in secret pined;
Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But, keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:
And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds, 665
And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear the dying sounds.
Now, when twelve days complete had run their race,
The gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.
Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
A shoal of puny Powers attend his way. 670
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Pursued their track; and waken'd from his rest,
Before the sovereign stood, a morning guest.
Him in the circle, but apart, she found: 675
The rest at awful distance stood around.
She bow'd, and ere she durst her suit begin,
One hand embraced his knees, one propp'd his chin.
Then thus: If I, celestial sire, in aught
Have served thy will, or gratified thy thought, 680
One glimpse of glory to my issue give;
Graced for the little time he has to live.
Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands:
His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my son's defence, 685
Assume thy power, assert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece the affront has paid
With doubled honours, and redeem'd his aid.
She ceased, but the considering god was mute:
Till she, resolved to win, renew'd her suit; 690
Nor loosed her hold, but forced him to reply:
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face
That I, of all the gods, am least in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And sighing first, this answer he return'd: 695
Know'st thou what clamours will disturb my reign,
What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain?
In council she gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong. 700
And now she will my partial power upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely, 705
When nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky.
This ratifies the irrevocable doom:
The sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come:
The stamp of heaven, and seal of fate. He said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head. 710
With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill:
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.

The goddess goes exulting from his sight,
And seeks the seas profound; and leaves the realms of light.
He moves into his hall: the Powers resort, 715
Each from his house, to fill the sovereign's court;
Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood,
But met with reverence, and received the god.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But sullen discontent sate lowering on her face. 720
With jealous eyes at distance she had seen,
Whispering with Jove, the silver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her silence broke),
Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke:
Author of ills, and close contriver Jove, 725
Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old service done, some new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that 's your special care,
The consort never must the council share. 730
One gracious word is for a wife too much:
Such is a marriage vow, and Jove's own faith is such.
Then thus the Sire of gods, and men below:
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know. 735
Ev'n goddesses are women: and no wife
Has power to regulate her husband's life:
Counsel she may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
What I transact with others, or alone, 740
Beware to learn; nor press too near the throne.
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies!
When did I search the secrets of thy reign,
Though privileged to know, but privileged in vain?
But well thou dost, to hide from common sight
Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the light. 746
Nor doubt I, but the silver-footed dame,
Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,
To grace her issue, at the Grecians' cost,
And for one peevish man destroy an host. 750
To whom the Thunderer made this stern reply:
My household curse, my lawful plague, the spy
Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye;
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be master still, and Juno fail. 755
Should thy suspicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'st more odious to my sight
For this attempt: uneasy life to me,
Still watch'd and importuned, but worse for thee.
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late 760
The gods behold, and tremble at thy fate:
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To lift a hand against Omnipotence.
This heard, the imperious Queen sate mute with fear,
Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke: 765
Nor could the gods abash'd sustain their sovereign's look.

The limping Smith observed the sadden'd feast,
And hopping here and there (himself a jest)
Put in his word, that neither might offend; 770
To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heaven will be of civil war,
If gods of pleasure will for mortals jar?
Such discord but disturbs our jovial feast;
One grain of bad embitters all the best. 775
Mother, though wise yourself, my counsel weigh;
'Tis much unsafe my sire to disobey.
Not only you provoke him to your cost,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good cheer is lost.
Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has power 780
To throw you headlong from his heavenly tower.
But one submissive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good humour with us all.
He said no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid: 785
Then put it to her hand; and thus pursued:
This cursed quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still;
Though grieved, yet subject to her husband's will.
I would not see you beaten; yet afraid 790
Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, since that hapless hour
When I and all the gods employ'd our power
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er heaven's battlements with fury threw:
All day I fell; my flight at morn begun, 795
And ended not but with the setting sun.
Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Received my batter'd skull, the Sinthians heal'd my wound.
At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother smiled,
And smiling took the cup the clown had fill'd. 801
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which, emptied, the rude skinker still restored.
Loud fits of laughter seized the guests to see
The limping god so deft at his new ministry. 805
The feast continued till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they loved, and then 'twas night.
Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muses sung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart, 810
Each to his house; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect: the thundering god
Ev'n he withdrew to rest, and had his load.
His swimming head to needful sleep applied;
And Juno lay unheeded by his side. 815

Ver. 768. *The limping Smith*] Boileau used to hint, among his intimate friends, that he thought the reason why Homer sometimes introduced his gods and goddesses in scenes of ludicrousness, was to soften the general severity of his poem, and relieve the reader from the perpetual prospect of the slaughters and deaths with which the Iliad abounded. Dr. J. Warton.

THE LAST PARTING OF

TOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE

SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

ning from the field of battle, to visit Helen, his w, and his brother Paris, who had fought ully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence own palace to see his wife, Andromache, and son, Astyanax. The description of that inter- e subject of this translation.

ng said, brave Hector went to see
us wife, the fair Andromache.
her not at home; for she was gone,
by her maid and infant son,
the steepy tower of Ilion: 5
nce, with heavy heart, she might survey
y business of the dreadful day.
nful eyes she cast around the plain,
t the lord of her desires in vain.
who thought his peopled palace bare, 10
, his only comfort, was not there,
he gate, and ask'd of every one,
y she took, and whither she was gone:
ourt, or, with his mother's train,
rocession to Minerva's fane? 15
nts answer'd, Neither to the court,
iam's sons and daughters did resort,
e temple was she gone, to move
ers the blue-eyed progeny of Jove;
solicitous for him alone, 20
heir safety, to the tower was gone,
survey the labours of the field,
e Greeks conquer, and the Trojans
ld;
e pass'd, with fear and fury wild;
went lagging after with the child. 25
ard, the noble Hector made no stay:
ring throng divide to give him way;
through every street, by which he
ne,
e gate he met the mournful dame.
e beheld him, and with eager pace 30
is arms, to meet a dear embrace:
who brought in dower Cilicia's crown,
rself a greater dower alone:
eir, who on the woody plain
placus did in Thebe reign. 35
she flew, with joy and passion wild:
came lagging after with the child.
al babe upon her breast was laid;
the morning star, his beams display'd.
ius was his name, which Hector gave, 40
t fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
Astyanax the Trojans call,
great father, who defends the wall.
beheld him with a silent smile:
r wife stood weeping by the while: 45
her own, his warlike hand she took,
'd, and thus prophetically spoke:
untless heart (which I foresee too late)
g man, will urge thee to thy fate:
thou pity, with a parent's mind, 50
less orphan, whom thou leav'st behind;
Nor me, the unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppress thy single might: 55
Better it were for miserable me
To die, before the fate which I foresee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?
Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears 60
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By stern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father slew; 65
He slew Aetion, but despoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
And reverenced thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he raised; the mountain nymphs around 70
Inclosed with planted elms the holy ground.
My seven brave brothers in one fatal day
To Death's dark mansions took the mournful way;
Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep. 75
My mother, who the royal sceptre sway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for soon Diana's dart, 80
In an unhappy chace, transfix'd her heart.
But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one.
Oh, kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the dusty plain; 85
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and son are in thy ruin lost;
This is a husband's and a father's post.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marshal all thy soldiers as they go; 90
And hence with other hands repel the foe.
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
And thither all their powers are daily bent;
The two Ajaces have I often seen,
And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan queen: 95
With him his greater brother; and with these
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury or chance,
But by this easy rise they all advance;
Guard well that pass, secure of all beside. 100
To whom the noble Hector thus replied:
That and the rest are in my daily care;
But, should I shun the dangers of the war,
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains.
The Grecian swords and lances I can bear; 105
But loss of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birthright yield,
Belie his courage, and forsake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight, 110
And still have been the foremost in the fight:

Ver. 82. *But thou,*] In the interview between Hector and Andromache, both Pope and Dryden have omitted an epithet which they, perhaps, looked on as *otiosum epitheton.* I will cite the Greek passage:—

Ἀλλ' Ἕκτορ σύ μοι ἐσσὶ πατὴρ, καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
Ἠδὲ κασίγνητος, σὺ δέ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης.

The epithet θαλερὸς is here a term of affection and endearment, and heightens the pathos: it is not, as many Homeric epithets are, general, but is designed to mark strongly the wife's affection for her blooming and youthful husband. JOHN WARTON.

With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage,
That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage. 115
The fatal day draws on, when I must fall,
And universal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itself, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown, 120
Whose valour yet defends the unhappy town;
Not these, nor all their fates which I foresee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I see, I see thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power; 125
Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living stream to take, 130
And on thy weary shoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy shame. 135
This when they say, thy sorrows will increase
With anxious thoughts of former happiness;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress.
But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more. 140
He said—
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurse's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father shunning with affright, 145
And looking back on so uncouth a sight;
Daunted to see a face with steel o'er-spread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His sire and mother smiled with silent joy;
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy; 150
Dismiss'd his burnish'd helm, that shone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
The illustrious babe, thus reconciled, he took;
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke:
Parent of gods and men, propitious Jove, 155
And you bright synod of the Powers above;
On this my son your gracious gifts bestow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To shield the people, and assert the crown: 160
That when hereafter he from war shall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May say, The son in fortitude and fame 165
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at these words his mother may rejoice,
And add her suffrage to the public voice.
Thus having said,
He first with suppliant hands the gods adored: 170
Then to the mother's arms the child restored:
With tears and smiles she took her son, and press'd
The illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulged her grief,
And eased her sorrows with this last relief: 175
My wife and mistress, drive thy fears away,
Nor give so bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly 180
The irrevocable doom of destiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There task thy maids, and exercise the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war and feats of chivalry 185
Belong to men, and most of all to me.
At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But laced his crested helm, and strode away.
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And looking often back in silence mourn'd: 190
Home when she came, her secret woe she vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
These loud laments her echoing maids restore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

Ver. 129. *Gracing with* Trojan *fights a* Grecian *room;*] fine improvement on the simple original:

Καί κεν ἐν Ἄργει ἐοῦσα, πρὸς ἄλλης ἱστὸν ὑφαίνοις.

by the addition of a circumstance which considerably heightens the distress. So the sacred historian aggravates the misery of the prodigal son, by relating that he was sent into the fields to feed swine, animals held in detestation and abhorrence by the Jews. This little natural stroke Pope has transferred into his translation without acknowledgment. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 194. *And Hector*] Such was the attempt of Dryden on the Iliad; considering what a translation we have since seen, we cannot regret that he did not finish it. We all know his very spirited, if not accurate, translation of the Æneid, and must think Swift's censure of it too violent and undeserved.

"On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared in shining armour, completely fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple-grey steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with desire to find an object worthy of his valour; when, behold, upon a sorrel gelding, of a monstrous size, appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizard of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within, which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave Antient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together; for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the pent-house of a modern perriwig; and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good Antient, called him Father, and, by large deductions of genealogies, made it plainly appear that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented, (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes) though his was of gold, and cost an hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the Modern yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount."—Tale of a Tub. Dr. J. WARTON.

THE ART OF POETRY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS translation of Monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, desired his revisal of it. I saw the manuscript lie in Mr. Dryden's hands for above six months, who made very considerable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth Canto: and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to English writers, than keep to the French names, as it was first translated, Sir William desired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

The poem was first published in the year 1683; Sir William was after sent ambassador to Constantinople, in the reign of king James, but died in the voyage.

J. T.

CANTO I.

RASH author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime,
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme:
If at thy birth the stars that ruled thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence;
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound, 5
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.
You then that burn with the desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry;
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
Or take for genius the desire of rhyme; 10
Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
And well consider your own force and weight.
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find:
One may in verse describe an amorous flame, 15
Another sharpen a short epigram:
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Spenser sing Rosalind in pastoral:
But authors that themselves too much esteem,
Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme; 20
Thus in times past Dubartas vainly writ,
Allaying sacred truth with trifling wit,
Impertinently, and without delight,
Described the Israelites' triumphant flight,
And following Moses o'er the sandy plain, 25
Perish'd with Pharaoh in the Arabian main.
Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rhyme:
Falsely they seem each other to oppose;
Rhyme must be made with reason's laws to close: 30
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble course;
To reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine:
But if neglected will as easily stray, 35
And master reason which she should obey.
Love reason then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Most writers, mounted on a resty muse,
Extravagant and senseless objects choose; 40
They think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that 's plain or natural:
Fly this excess; and let Italians be
Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at sense; but most in vain 45
Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain:
You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
Reason to go has often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Pursues its object till it's over-wrought; 50
If he describes a house, he shows the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are ballustred with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls, 55
"The festoons, friezes, and the astragals:"
Tired with his tedious pomp away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
And shun their barren superfluity. 60
All that is needless carefully avoid;
The mind once satisfied is quickly cloy'd:
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one fault he makes a hundred more:
A verse was weak, you turn it, much too strong, 65
And grow obscure, for fear you should be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another soars too high.
Would you of every one deserve the praise,
In writing vary your discourse and phrase; 70

A frozen style that neither ebbs nor flows,
Instead of pleasing makes us gape and doze.
Those tedious authors are esteem'd by none,
Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.
Happy who in his verse can gently steer, 75
From grave to light; from pleasant to severe:
His works will be admired wherever found,
And oft with buyers will be compass'd round.
In all you write be neither low nor vile:
The meanest theme may have a proper style. 80
The dull burlesque appear'd with impudence,
And pleased by novelty in spite of sense.
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate:
Boundless and mad, disorder'd rhyme was seen: 85
Disguised Apollo changed to Harlequin.
This plague, which first in country towns began,
Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran;
The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
And the Mock Tempest was a while renown'd: 90
But this low stuff the town at last despised,
And scorn'd the folly that they once had prized;
Distinguish'd dull from natural and plain,
And left the villages to Flecnoe's reign.
Let not so mean a style your muse debase; 95
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace:
And let burlesque in ballads be employ'd;
Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
"Millions of mourning mountains of the slain:" 100
Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,
And periwig with wool the baldpate woods.
Choose a just style; be grave without constraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint:
Write what your reader may be pleased to hear: 105
And for the measure have a careful ear.
On easy numbers fix your happy choice;
Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise:
The fullest verse and the most labour'd sense
Displease us, if the ear once take offence. 110
Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeasured, overclogg'd with rhymes;
Number and cadence, that have since been shown,
To those unpolish'd writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age, 115
By his just rules restrain'd poetic rage;
Spenser did next in Pastorals excel,
And taught the noble art of writing well:
To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein. 120
Then Davenant came; who, with a new-found art,
Changed all, spoil'd all, and had his way apart:
His haughty muse all others did despise,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
'Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times, 125
In their Mock-Gondibert, exposed his rhymes;
The laurels he pretended did refuse,
And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring muse.
This headstrong writer, falling from on high,
Made following authors take less liberty. 130
Waller came last, but was the first whose art
Just weight and measure did to verse impart;
That of a well-placed word could teach the force,
And show'd for poetry a nobler course:
His happy genius did our tongue refine, 135
And easy words with pleasing numbers join:
His verses to good method did apply,
And changed hard discord to soft harmony.
All own'd his laws; which, long approved and tried,
To present authors now may be a guide. 140

Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes astray;
And from your vain discourse I turn my mind, 145
Nor search an author troublesome to find.
There is a kind of writer pleased with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compass'd round;
No reason can disperse them with its light:
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write. 150
As your idea 's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows perfect or impure:
What we conceive with ease we can express:
Words to the notions flow with readiness.
Observe the language well in all you write, 155
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offence:
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve;
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love. 160
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast.
A rapid poem, with such fury writ, 165
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleased we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy shore. 170
Gently make haste, of labour not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you 've said:
Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
'Tis not enough when swarming faults are writ, 175
That here and there are scatter'd sparks of wit:
Each object must be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace:
Till by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd. 180
Keep to your subject close in all you say;
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.
Fantastic wits their darling follies love: 185
But find you faithful friends that will reprove,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies:
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry, 190
Who seems to like, but means not what he says:
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.
A sycophant will everything admire:
Each verse, each sentence sets his soul on fire:
All is divine! there 's not a word amiss! 195
He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness;
He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous ways:
A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame; 200
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine.
Reprove of words the too affected sound: 205
Here the sense flags, and your expression 's round,
Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
Your terms improper, make them just and plain.
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use;
But authors, partial to their darling muse,
Think to protect it they have just pretence,
And at your friendly counsel take offence. 210

Said you of this, that the expression 's flat?
Your servant, Sir, you must excuse me that,
He answers you. This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out: That, Sir, 's the properest place.
This turn I like not: 'Tis approved by all. 215
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
If there 's a syllable of which you doubt,
'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out.
Yet still he says you may his faults confute,
And over him your power is absolute: 220
But of his feign'd humility take heed;
'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his muse,
Restless he runs some other to abuse,
And often finds; for, in our scribbling times 225
No fool can want a sot to praise his rhymes;
The flattest work has ever, in the court,
Met with some zealous ass for its support:
And in all times a forward scribbling fop
Has found some greater fool to cry him up. 230

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
But without gold, or pearl, or costly scents,
Gathers from neighbouring fields her ornaments;
Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal, 235
Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral:
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verse:
There native beauty pleases, and excites,
And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights. 240
But in this style a poet, often spent,
In rage throws by his rural instrument,
And vainly, when disorder'd thoughts abound,
Amidst the Eclogue makes the trumpet sound:
Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods, 245
And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.
Opposed to this another, low in style,
Makes shepherds speak a language base and vile:
His writings, flat and heavy, without sound,
Kissing the earth, and creeping on the ground; 250
You 'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,
Again was quavering to the country swains,
And changing, without care of sound or dress,
Strephon and Phyllis into Tom and Bess.
'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite: 256
Be their just writings, by the gods inspired,
Your constant pattern practised and admired.
By them alone you 'll easily comprehend
How poets, without shame, may condescend 260
To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
To stir up shepherds, and to tune the flute;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narcissus made a flower,
And by what means the Eclogue yet has power 265
To make the woods worthy a conqueror:
This of their writings is the grace and flight:
Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

ELEGY.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful style,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile; 270
It paints the lover's torments and delights,
A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites;
But well these raptures if you 'll make us see,
You must know love as well as poetry.
I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forced fire
In a cold style describes a hot desire, 276
That sigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
Their sluggish muse whip to an amorous mood:
Their feign'd transports appear but flat and vain;
They always sigh, and always hug their chain, 280
Adore their prison, and their sufferings bless,
Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
'Twas not of old in this affected tone,
That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;
Nor Ovid, when, instructed from above, 285
By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
The heart in Elegies forms the discourse.

ODE.

The Ode is bolder, and has greater force.
Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight; 290
Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course:
To Simois' streams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee, 295
And robs the flowers by nature's chemistry,
Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and bliss,
And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
When gently she resists with feign'd remorse,
That what she grants may seem to be by force: 300
Her generous style at random oft will part,
And by a brave disorder shows her art.
Unlike those fearful poets, whose cold rhyme
In all their raptures keeps exactest time,
That sing the illustrious hero's mighty praise 305
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and days;
And dare not from least circumstances part,
But take all towns by strictest rules of art:
Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
And some have said, that once the humorous god,
Resolving all such scribblers to confound, 311
For the short Sonnet order'd this strict bound:
Set rules for the just measure, and the time,
The easy running and alternate rhyme;
But above all, those licenses denied 315
Which in these writings the lame sense supplied;
Forbad an useless line should find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultless Sonnet, finish'd thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry. 320
A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
Believe they have this only phœnix found:
When yet the exactest scarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free.
The rest but little read, regarded less, 325
Are shovell'd to the pastry from the press.
Closing the sense within the measured time.
'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rhyme

EPIGRAM.

The Epigram, with little art composed,
Is one good sentence in a distich closed. 330
These points, that by Italians first were prized,
Our ancient authors knew not, or despised:
The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
To their false pleasures quickly they invite:

But public favour so increased their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parnassus with their tide.
The Madrigal at first was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;
With these grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites:
A hero never fail'd them on the stage,
Without his point a lover durst not rage;
The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
True to their point, than faithful to their love.
Each word like Janus had a double face:
And prose, as well as verse, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his speech,
The parson without quibbling could not preach.
At last affronted reason look'd about,
And from all serious matters shut them out:
Declared that none should use them without shame,
Except a scattering in the Epigram;
Provided that by art, and in due time
They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.
Thus in all parts disorders did abate:
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate:
Insipid jesters, and unpleasant fools,
A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'Tis not, but that sometimes a dexterous muse
May with advantage a turn'd sense abuse,
And on a word may trifle with address;
But above all avoid the fond excess;
And think not when your verse and sense are lame,
With a dull point to tag your Epigram.
Each poem his perfection has apart;
The British round in plainness shows his art.
The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;
The Madrigal may softer passions move,
And breathe the tender ecstasies of love.
Desire to show itself, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue first with Satire in its tongue.

SATIRE.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
Protected humble goodness from reproach,
Show'd worth on foot, and rascals in the coach.
Horace his pleasing wit to this did add,
And none uncensured could be fool or mad:
Unhappy was that wretch, whose name might be
Squared to the rules of their sharp poetry.
Persius obscure, but full of sense and wit,
Affected brevity in all he writ:
And Juvenal, learned as those times could be,
Too far did stretch his sharp hyperbole;
Though horrid truths through all his labours shine,
In what he writes there 's something of divine,
Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
Or that he makes the trembling senate come
To the stern tyrant to receive their doom;
Or Roman vice in coarsest habits shows,
And paints an empress reeking from the stews:
In all he writes appears a noble fire;
To follow such a master then desire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this solid base,
In his old style conserves a modern grace:
Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
Offended not the method of our times.
The Latin writers decency neglect;
But modern authors challenge our respect,
And at immodest writings take offence,
If clean expression cover not the sense.
I love sharp Satire, from obsceneness free;
Not impudence that preaches modesty:
Our English, who in malice never fail,
Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;
Pleasant detraction, that by singing goes
From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows:
Our freedom in our poetry we see,
That child of joy begot by liberty.
But, vain blasphemer, tremble when you choose
God for the subject of your impious muse:
At last those jests, which libertines invent,
Bring the lewd author to just punishment.
Ev'n in a song there must be art and sense:
Yet sometimes we have seen that wine, or chance,
Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers mettle,
And furnish'd out a scene for Mr. Settle.
But for one lucky hit, that made thee please,
Let not thy folly grow to a disease,
Nor think thyself a wit; for in our age
If a warm fancy does some fop engage,
He neither eats nor sleeps till he has writ,
But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
Nay 'tis a wonder, if, in his dire rage,
He prints not his dull follies for the stage;
And in the front of all his senseless plays,
Makes David Logan crown his head with bays.

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

There 's not a monster bred beneath the sky,
But, well-disposed by art, may please the eye:
A curious workman, by his skill divine,
From an ill object makes a good design.
Thus to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
For Œdipus, provokes our hopes and fears:
For parricide Orestes ask relief;
And to increase our pleasure causes grief.
You then that in this noble art would rise,
Come; and in lofty verse dispute the prize.
Would you upon the stage acquire renown,
And for your judges summon all the town?
Would you your works for ever should remain,
And after ages pass'd be sought again?
In all you write, observe with care and art
To move the passions, and incline the heart.
If in a labour'd act, the pleasing rage
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise;
In vain with learned scenes you fill your plays:
Your cold discourse can never move the mind
Of a stern critic, naturally unkind;
Who, justly tired with your pedantic flight,
Or falls asleep, or censures all you write.
The secret is, attention first to gain;
To move our minds, and then to entertain:
That from the very opening of the scenes,
The first may show us what the author means.
I 'm tired to see an actor on the stage,
That knows not whether he 's to laugh or rage;
Who, an intrigue unravelling in vain,
Instead of pleasing keeps my mind in pain.
I 'd rather much the nauseous dunce should say
Downright, my name is Hector in the play·

Than with a mass of miracles, ill-join'd,
Confound my ears and not instruct my mind.
The subject 's never soon enough express'd; 465
Your place of action must be fix'd, and rest.
A Spanish poet may, with good event,
In one day's space whole ages represent;
There oft the hero of a wandering stage
Begins a child, and ends the play of age: 470
But we that are by reason's rules confined,
Will, that with art the poem be design'd,
That unity of action, time, and place,
Keep the stage full, and all our labours grace.
Write not what cannot be with ease conceived; 475
Some truths may be too strong to be believed.
A foolish wonder cannot entertain:
My mind 's not moved if your discourse be vain.
You may relate what would offend the eye:
Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy; 480
But there are objects that a curious art
Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
The mind is most agreeably surprised,
When a well-woven subject, long disguised,
You on a sudden artfully unfold, 485
And give the whole another face and mould.
At first the Tragedy was void of art;
A song; where each man danced and sung his part,
And, of god Bacchus roaring out the praise,
Sought a good vintage for their jolly days: 490
Then wine and joy were seen in each man's eyes,
And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.
Thespis was first, who, all besmear'd with lee,
Began this pleasure for posterity;
And with his carted actors, and a song, 495
Amused the people as he pass'd along.
Next, Æschylus the different persons placed,
And with a better mask his players graced:
Upon a theatre his verse express'd,
And show'd his hero with a buskin dress'd. 500
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increased the pomp and beauty of the stage,
Engaged the chorus song in every part,
And polish'd rugged verse by rules of art:

Ver. 467. *A Spanish poet may, &c.*] This remark on the Spanish drama may be illustrated by a citation from an entertaining work on the origin of Spanish Poetry; where the pleasing elegance of nature is said to have been disfigured by a combination of pedants, *in the seventeenth century;* "who losing sight of every beautiful idea, contemning at the same time the rules of art, made way for their insipid vagaries. These unmerciful despoilers may be classed under three heads in Spain: The first violated all the laws of the drama, and introduced innumerable defects on the stage, which have never been eradicated. Of these Christoval de Virues, Lope de Vega, and Montalban, were the principal leaders; and were followed by Calderon, Salazar, Candamo, Zamora, and others; who, to the most glaring improprieties, superadded a ridiculous bombast and affectation of language, which became superlatively intolerable and absurd. The second class consisted of those, who, in imitation of the Italians and their unnatural *concetti*, introduced such an extravagant profusion of false sentiment, equivocal expression, and swollen periods, as recalled to mind those ancient times, when such men had been so severely handled by Horace; and not content with doing so much injury to the drama, they further extended it to lyric compositions. The third class was distinguished by the pedantic appellation of *cultos*, or 'the refined,' which comprehended a set of puritans, who, out of false zeal for the chastity of the muses, endeavoured to introduce a greater purity of diction, but, by their awkward and ignorant presumption, substituted obscure and unknown expressions to a new and turgid dialect," &c. Letters from an English Traveller in Spain, in 1778, on the Origin and Progress of poetry in that Kingdom. 8vo. Lond. 1781. p. 203, et seq. Todd.

He in the Greek did those perfections gain, 505
Which the weak Latin never could attain.
Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
As impious and profane, abhorr'd the stage;
A troop of silly pilgrims, as 'tis said,
Foolishly zealous, scandalously play'd, 510
Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
The angels, God, the Virgin, and the saints.
At last, right reason did his laws reveal,
And show'd the folly of their ill-placed zeal,
Silenced those nonconformists of the age, 515
And raised the lawful heroes of the stage:
Only the Athenian mask was laid aside,
And chorus by the music was supplied.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts: 520
This passion never could resistance find,
But knows the shortest passage to the mind.
Paint then, I 'm pleased my hero be in love;
But let him not like a tame shepherd move;
Let not Achilles be like Thyrsis seen, 525
Or for a Cyrus show an Artamen;
That struggling oft his passions we may find,
The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes shun the low design;
Yet to great hearts some human frailties join: 530
Achilles must with Homer's heat engage;
For an affront I 'm pleased to see him rage.
Those little failings in your hero's heart
Show that of man and nature he has part:
To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd; 535
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rites austere;
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humours know;
From different climates different customs grow: 540
And strive to shun their fault who vainly dress
An antique hero like some modern ass;
Who make old Romans like our English move,
Show Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
In a romance those errors are excused: 545
There 'tis enough that, reading, we 're amused:
Rules too severe would there be useless found;
But the strict scene must have a juster bound:
Exact decorum we must always find.
If then you form some hero in your mind, 550
Be sure your image with itself agree;
For what he first appears, he still must be.
Affected wits will naturally incline
To paint their figures by their own design:
Your bully poets, bully heroes write: 555
Chapman in Bussy D'Ambois took delight,
And thought perfection was to huff and fight.
Wise nature by variety does please;
Clothe differing passions in a differing dress:
Bold anger in rough haughty words appears: 560
Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
And show a ranting grief upon the stage;
Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
His sevenfold waters to the Euxine shore: 565
These swoll'n expressions, this affected noise,
Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys.
In sorrow you must softer methods keep;
And to excite our tears yourself must weep.
Those noisy words, with which ill plays abound, 570
Come not from hearts that are in sadness drown'd.
The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
Is a bold venture in our knowing times:

An author cannot easily purchase fame;
Critics are always apt to hiss, and blame: 575
You may be judged by every ass in town,
The privilege is bought for half-a-crown.
To please, you must a hundred changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high:
In noble thoughts must everywhere abound, 580
Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound:
To these you must surprising touches join,
And show us a new wonder in each line;
That all, in a just method well-design'd,
May leave a strong impression in the mind. 585
These are the arts that Tragedy maintain:

THE EPIC.

But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.
In the narration of some great design,
Invention, art, and fable, all must join:
Here fiction must employ its utmost grace; 590
All must assume a body, mind, and face:
Each virtue a divinity is seen;
Prudence is Pallas, beauty Paphos' queen.
'Tis not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly;
But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky: 595
Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain;
But angry Neptune ploughing up the main:
Echo 's no more an empty airy sound;
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus, in the endless treasure of his mind, 600
The poet does a thousand figures find:
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And strows with lavish hand his opening flowers.
'Tis not a wonder if a tempest bore
The Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore; 605
From faithless fortune this is no surprise,
For every day 'tis common to our eyes;
But angry Juno, that she might destroy
And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy;
That Æolus, with the fierce goddess join'd, 610
Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind;
Till angry Neptune, looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,
Their vessels from the dangerous quicksands steers;
These are the springs that move our hopes and fears; 615
Without these ornaments before our eyes,
The unsinew'd poem languishes and dies:
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull insipid tale.
In vain have our mistaken authors tried 620
To lay these ancient ornaments aside,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,
Might act like those the poets did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel; 625
The mysteries which Christians must believe,
Disdain such shifting pageants to receive:
The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or punishment for faults;
And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries, 630
Would make our sacred truths appear like lies.
Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining Lucifer,
Whose rage at your imagined hero flies,
And oft with God himself disputes the prize? 635
Tasso you 'll say has done it with applause:
It is not here I mean to judge his cause:
Yet though our age has so extoll'd his name,
His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies 640
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
'Tis not, that Christian poems ought to be
Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry; 645
But in a common subject to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect
To banish Tritons who the seas invade,
To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat, 650
To pass the shepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
And search perfection you can never find:
As well they may forbid us to present
Prudence or Justice for an ornament, 655
To paint old Janus with his front of brass,
And take from Time his scythe, his wings and glass;
And everywhere, as 'twere idolatry,
Banish descriptions from our poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to pursue; 660
But let our reason such vain fears subdue:
And let us not, amongst our vanities,
Of the true God create a God of lies.
In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
And the smooth names seem made for poetry; 665
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
To choose king Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name, being well or ill applied, 670
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never should be tired!
Choose some great hero, fit to be admired,
In courage signal, and in virtue bright,
Let e'en his very failings give delight; 675
Let his great actions our attention bind,
Like Cæsar, or like Scipio, frame his mind,
And not like Œdipus his perjured race;
A common conqueror is a theme too base.
Choose not your tale of accidents too full; 680
Too much variety may make it dull:
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,
Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
Be your narrations lively, short, and smart;
In your descriptions show your noblest art; 685
There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd;
Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.
Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,
Placed on the sides, to see their armies pass, 690
The fishes staring through the liquid glass;
Described a child, who, with his little hand,
Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.
Such objects are too mean to stay our sight;
Allow your work a just and nobler flight. 695
Be your beginning plain; and take good heed
Too soon you mount not on the airy steed;
Nor tell your reader in a thundering verse,
"I sing the conqueror of the universe."
What can an author after this produce! 700
The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
Much better are we pleased with his address,
Who, without making such vast promises,
Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,
"I sing the combats of that pious prince, 705
Who from the Phrygian coast his armies bore,
And landed first on the Lavinian shore."

His opening muse sets not the world on fire,
And yet performs more than we can require:
Quickly you 'll hear him celebrate the fame 710
And future glory of the Roman name;
Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,
And Cæsar's wandering in the Elysian woods:
With figures numberless his story grace,
And everything in beauteous colours trace. 715
At once you may be pleasing and sublime:
I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:
I 'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
Than a dull author always stiff and stale,
Who thinks himself dishonour'd in his style, 720
If on his works the Graces do but smile.
'Tis said, that Homer, matchless in his art,
Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:
His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,
And whatsoe'er he touches turns to gold: 725
All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
He always pleases, and can never tire.
A happy warmth he everywhere may boast;
Nor is he in too long digressions lost:
His verses without rule a method find, 730
And of themselves appear in order join'd:
All without trouble answers his intent;
Each syllable is tending to the event.
Let his example your endeavours raise:
To love his writings is a kind of praise. 735
A poem, where we all perfections find,
Is not the work of a fantastic mind:
There must be care, and time, and skill, and pains;
Not the first heat of unexperienced brains.
Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage 740
Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,
And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;
Their fustian muse each accident confounds;
Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds, 745
Till, their small stock of learning quickly spent,
Their poem dies for want of nourishment.
In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool decries,
No branding censures can unveil his eyes;
With impudence the laurel they invade, 750
Resolved to like the monsters they have made.
Virgil, compared to them, is flat and dry;
And Homer understood not poetry:
Against their merit if this age rebel,
To future times for justice they appeal. 755
But waiting till mankind shall do them right,
And bring their works triumphantly to light;
Neglected heaps we in bye-corners lay,
Where they become to worms and moths a prey;
Forgot, in dust and cobwebs let them rest, 760
Whilst we return from whence we first digress'd.
The great success which tragic writers found,
In Athens first the comedy renown'd,
The abusive Grecian there, by pleasing ways,
Dispersed his natural malice in his plays: 765
Wisdom and virtue, honour, wit, and sense,
Were subject to buffooning insolence:
Poets were publicly approved, and sought,
That vice extoll'd, and virtue set at nought;
A Socrates himself, in that loose age, 770
Was made the pastime of a scoffing stage.
At last the public took in hand the cause,
And cured this madness by the power of laws;
Forbad at any time, or any place,
To name the person, or describe the face. 775
The stage its ancient fury thus let fall,
And comedy diverted without gall:
By mild reproofs recover'd minds diseased,
And sparing persons innocently pleased.
Each one was nicely shown in this new glass, 780
And smiled to think he was not meant the ass:
A miser oft would laugh at first, to find
A faithful draught of his own sordid mind;
And fops were with such care and cunning writ,
They liked the piece for which themselves did sit.
You then that would the comic laurels wear, 785
To study nature be your only care:
Whoe'er knows man and by a curious art
Discerns the hidden secrets of the heart;
He who observes, and naturally can paint 790
The jealous fool, the fawning sycophant,
A sober wit, an enterprising ass,
A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras;
May safely in those noble lists engage,
And make them act and speak upon the stage. 795
Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may please the sight.
Nature in various figures does abound;
And in each mind are different humours found:
A glance, a touch, discovers to the wise; 800
But every man has not discerning eyes.
All-changing time does also change the mind;
And different ages different pleasures find:
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flattering vice is easily led away; 805
Vain in discourse, inconstant in desire,
In censure, rash; in pleasures, all on fire.
The manly age does steadier thoughts enjoy;
Power and ambition do his soul employ:
Against the turns of fate he sets his mind; 810
And by the past the future hopes to find.
Decrepit age, still adding to his stores,
For others heaps the treasure he adores;
In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
Past times extols, the present to debase: 815
Incapable of pleasures youth abuse,
In others blames what age does him refuse.
Your actors must by reason be controll'd;
Let young men speak like young, old men like old:
Observe the town, and study well the court; 820
For thither various characters resort:
Thus 'twas great Jonson purchased his renown,
And in his art had borne away the crown;
If, less desirous of the people's praise,
He had not with low farce debased his plays; 825
Mixing dull buffoon'ry with wit refined,
And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
When in the Fox I see the tortoise hiss'd,
I lose the author of the Alchemist.
The comic wit, born with a smiling air, 830
Must tragic grief and pompous verse forbear;
Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
With bawdy jests amuse the populace:
With well-bred conversation you must please,
And your intrigue unravell'd be with ease: 835
Your action still should reason's rules obey,
Nor in an empty scene may lose its way.
Your humble style must sometimes gently rise;
And your discourse sententious be, and wise:
The passions must to nature be confined; 840
And scenes to scenes with artful weaving join'd.
Your wit must not unseasonably play;
But follow business, never lead the way.
Observe how Terence does this error shun;
A careful father chides his amorous son: 845

Then see that son, whom no advice can move,
Forget those orders, and pursue his love:
'Tis not a well-drawn picture we discover:
'Tis a true son, a father, and a lover.
I like an author that reforms the age, 850
And keeps the right decorum of the stage;
That always pleases by just reason's rule:
But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
Who with low nauseous bawdry fills his plays;
Let him be gone, and on two trestles raise 855
Some Smithfield stage, where he may act his pranks,
And make Jack-Puddings speak to mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

In Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The scourge of God, and terror of the town,
Who all the cant of physic had by heart, 860
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public mischief was his private gain;
Children their slaughter'd parents sought in vain:
A brother here his poison'd brother wept;
Some bloodless died, and some by opium slept. 865
Colds, at his presence, would to frenzies turn;
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at last, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his store,
In his new country-house affords him place; 870
'Twas a rich abbot, and a building ass:
Here first the doctor's talent came in play,
He seems inspired, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place; 875
Designs the staircase at the other end.
His friend approves, does for his mason send:
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.
In short, to finish this our humorous tale,
He Galen's dangerous science does reject, 880
And from ill doctor turns good architect.
In this example we may have our part:
Rather be mason, 'tis a useful art!
Than a dull poet; for that trade accursed
Admits no mean betwixt the best and worst. 885
In other sciences, without disgrace,
A candidate may fill a second place;
But poetry no medium can admit,
No reader suffers an indifferent wit:
The ruin'd stationers against him bawl, 890
And Herringman degrades him from his stall.
Burlesque, at least, our laughter may excite;
But a cold writer never can delight.
The Counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
Than the stiff formal style of Gondibert. 895
Be not affected with that empty praise
Which your vain flatterers will sometimes raise,
And when you read, with ecstasy will say,
"The finish'd piece! the admirable play!"
Which, when exposed to censure and to light, 900
Cannot endure a critics' piercing sight.
A hundred authors' fates have been foretold,
And Shadwell's works are printed, but not sold.
Hear all the world; consider every thought;
A fool by chance may stumble on a fault: 905
Yet, when Apollo does your muse inspire,
Be not impatient to expose your fire;
Nor imitate the Settles of our times,
Those tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes,
Who seize on all the acquaintance they can meet,
And stop the passengers that walk the street: 911
There is no sanctuary you can choose
For a defence from their pursuing muse.
I've said before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better is no shame. 915
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes conceited sceptics void of sense,
By their false taste, condemn some finish'd part,
And blame the noblest flights of wit and art.
In vain their fond opinions you deride, 919
With their loved follies they are satisfied;
And their weak judgment, void of sense and light,
Thinks nothing can escape their feeble sight:
Their dangerous counsels do not cure, but wound;
To shun the storm they run your verse aground,
And thinking to escape a rock, are drown'd. 925
Choose a sure judge to censure what you write,
Whose reason leads, and knowledge gives you light,
Whose steady hand will prove your faithful guide,
And touch the darling follies you would hide: 930
He, in your doubts, will carefully advise,
And clear the mist before your feeble eyes.
'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
A generous muse may sometimes take her flight;
When, too much fetter'd with the rules of art, 935
May from her stricter bounds and limits part:
But such a perfect judge is hard to see,
And every rhymer knows not poetry;
Nay, some there are for writing verse extoll'd,
Who know not Lucan's dross from Virgil's gold.
Would you in this great art acquire renown? 941
Authors, observe the rules I here lay down.
In prudent lessons every where abound;
With pleasant join the useful and the sound:
A sober reader a vain tale will slight; 945
He seeks as well instruction as delight.
Let all your thoughts to virtue be confined,
Still offering nobler figures to our mind.
I like not those loose writers, who employ
Their guilty muse, good manners to destroy; 950
Who with false colours still deceive our eyes,
And show us vice dress'd in a fair disguise.
Yet do I not their sullen muse approve,
Who from all modest writings banish love;
That strip the play-house of its chief intrigue, 955
And make a murderer of Roderigue:
The lightest love, if decently express'd,
Will raise no vicious motions in our breast:
Dido in vain may weep, and ask relief;
I blame her folly, whilst I share her grief. 960
A virtuous author, in his charming art,
To please the sense needs not corrupt the heart:
His heat will never cause a guilty fire;
To follow virtue then be your desire.
In vain your art and vigour are express'd; 965
The obscene expression shows the infected breast.
But, above all, base jealousies avoid,
In which detracting poets are employ'd.
A noble wit dares liberally commend;
And scorns to grudge at his deserving friend. 970
Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing still against it with the great,
Maliciously aspire to gain renown,
By standing up, and pulling others down.
Never debase yourself by treacherous ways, 975
Nor by such abject methods seek for praise:

Let not your only business be to write;
Be virtuous, just, and in your friends delight.
'Tis not enough your poems be admired;
But strive your conversation be desired: 980
Write for immortal fame; nor ever choose
Gold for the object of a generous muse.
I know a noble wit may, without crime,
Receive a lawful tribute for his time:
Yet I abhor those writers, who despise 985
Their honour; and alone their profits prize;
Who their Apollo basely will degrade,
And of a noble science make a trade.
Before kind reason did her light display,
And government taught morals to obey, 990
Men, like wild beasts, did nature's laws pursue,
They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew:
Their brutal force, on lust and rapine bent,
Committed murder without punishment:
Reason at last, by her all-conquering arts, 995
Reduced these savages, and tuned their hearts;
Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns calls,
And towns and cities fortifies with walls:
Thus fear of justice made proud rapine cease,
And shelter'd innocence by laws and peace. 1000
These benefits from poets we received,
From whence are raised those fictions since believed,
That Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,
Tamed the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers, 1005
Drew rocks and woods, and raised the Theban towers:
These miracles from numbers did arise:
Since which, in verse heaven taught his mysteries,
And by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,
Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine. 1010
Soon after Homer the old heroes praised,
And noble minds by great examples raised;
Then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline
To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
Thus useful rules were, by the poets' aid, 1015
In easy numbers to rude men convey'd,
And pleasingly their precepts did impart;
First charm'd the ear, and then engaged the heart:
The Muses thus their reputation raised,
And with just gratitude in Greece were praised. 1020
With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,
And sacrificed to their divinity;
But want, at last, base flattery entertain'd,
And old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd:
Desire of gain dazzling the poets' eyes, 1025
Their works were fill'd with fulsome flatteries.
Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,
And verse became a mercenary trade.
Debase not with so mean a vice thy art:
If gold must be the idol of thy heart, 1030
Fly, fly the unfruitful Heliconian strand:
Those streams are not enrich'd with golden sand:
Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
Laurels and honours for their toil and pain.
But what? an author cannot live on fame, 1035
Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name:
A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to bed has hardly dined,
Takes little pleasure in Parnassus' dreams,
Or relishes the Heliconian streams. 1040
Horace had ease and plenty when he writ,
And free from cares for money or for meat,
Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
'Tis true; but verse is cherish'd by the great,
And now none famish who deserve to eat: 1045
What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and sense,
Receive the stars' propitious influence?
When a sharp-sighted prince, by early grants,
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?
Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame; 1050
Your noblest theme is his immortal name.
Let mighty Spenser raise his reverend head,
Cowley and Denham start up from the dead;
Waller his age renew, and offerings bring;
Our monarch's praise let bright-eyed virgins sing;
Let Dryden with new rules our stage refine, 1056
And his great models form by this design:
But where's a second Virgil, to rehearse
Our hero's glories in his epic verse?
What Orpheus sing his triumphs o'er the main, 1060
And make the hills and forests move again;
Show his bold fleet on the Batavian shore,
And Holland trembling as his cannons roar;
Paint Europe's balance in his steady hand,
Whilst the two worlds in expectation stand 1065
Of peace or war, that wait on his command?
But as I speak, new glories strike my eyes,
Glories, which Heaven itself does give, and prize,
Blessings of peace: that with their milder rays
Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days: 1070
Now let rebellion, discord, vice, and rage,
That have in patriots' forms debauch'd our age,
Vanish with all the ministers of hell:
His rays their poisonous vapours shall dispel:
'Tis he alone our safety did create, 1075
His own firm soul secured the nations' fate,
Opposed to all the Boutefeus of the state.
Authors for him your great endeavours raise;
The loftiest numbers will but reach his praise.
For me, whose verse in satire has been bred, 1080
And never durst heroic measures tread;
Yet you shall see me, in that famous field,
With eyes and voice, my best assistance yield;
Offer you lessons, that my infant muse
Learnt, when she Horace for her guide did choose: 1085
Second your zeal with wishes, heart, and eyes,
And afar off hold up the glorious prize.
But pardon too, if zealous for the right,
A strict observer of each noble flight,
From the fine gold I separate the allay, 1090
And show how hasty writers sometimes stray:
Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend;
A sharp, but yet a necessary friend.

THE END.

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